THE

Sacred Lute:

A COLLECTION OF SACRED MUSIC;

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF CONGREGATIONS GENERALLY,

CONSISTING OF NEW TUNES, ANTHEMS, AND CHANTS

FOR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

TO WHICH IS ADDED AN ELEMENTARY DEPARTMENT INCLUDING A VARIETY OF LIGHT GLEES, CHORUSES, &c., &c.,

FOR

THE SOCIAL CIRCLE, CONCERTS, AND MUSICAL CONVENTIONS,

BY T. E. PERKINS,

AUTHOR OF THE "NEW OLIVE BRANCH," "ORIENTAL GLEE AND ANTHEM BOOK," "SHINING STAR," "BOOK OF SABBATH ANTHEMS."

NEW YORK:

F. J. HUNTINGTON & CO., BROOME ST.

CINCINNATI AND CHICAGO: POE & HITCHCOCK.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B LIPPINCOTT & CO.—PERKINPINE & HIGGINS.

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PREFACE.

THE SACRED LUTE is intended for the use of "Christian Congregations generally," and the author has laboured with industrious care to meet the requirements of the multitudes thus designated.

In the matter of selections from American composers, he has not rested content with the fruits of sturdy begging, still less with the meagre concessions of courtesy. The works of Dr. Mason, Mr. Bradbury, and the late Mr. Woodbury have been ransacked for everything which could enrich its pages, or lend interest and variety;* while a like care has been bestowed in selections from the standard authors of olden time; yet the magnitude of the work leaves space for an amount of original music, amply sufficient, it is believed to meet the hunger for what is new.

The work contains all the metres of the Methodist Hymn Book, and therefore the metres of all hymn books in use. To meet the wants as well as furnish tunes for the metres of the M. E. Church, the author has had the able assistance of Mr. SYLVESTER MAIN, so widely and favourably known as Mr. Woodbury's assistant in the compilation of the "New Lute of Zion," and subsequently as one of the compilers of the "Methodist Hymn and Tune Book," and whom the agents of the book room, Messrs. Carlton and Porter, in the preface to that work, justly commend as "one of our most experienced and popular choristers, selected in view of his known interest in the objects of the work, his attainments in the science of music, and his acquaintance with our denominational tastes."—The Lute is divided as follows:

PART 1.—SINGING-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

Consisting of 74 pages, comprising *The Notation Department*, mostly contributed by Dr. Mason; *Progressive Singing School Exercises*, written by the author, after the popular plan adopted in the New Olive Branch; and a very large miscellaneous selection of Glees, &c., for the *Social Circle and Concert-Room*, which contains a variety of pieces suitable for Fourth of July celebrations, Literary Anniversaries, School Conventions, Temperance Meetings, &c., and a choice selection of Patriotic Songs.

PART 2.—CONTAINS THE METRICAL CHURCH MUSIC.

Short, Common, Long, and Particular. These last are numbered and arranged in regular order, as in the Methodist Hymn Book, from 1st to 40th; so that all metres of the same kind will be found together. This part of the work comprises upward of 600 tunes, including all the metres in the Methodist Hymn Book and those of other denominations, in every key, and every variety of measure.

PART 3.—ANTHEMS AND SET PIECES.

This department is unusually large, containing 101 pages, comprising most of the old favourites, with a large number of new pieces, composed expressly for this work.

PART 4.—CHANTS.

Among which will be found all those which are considered standard and useful.

PART 5.—PRAYER-MEETING DEPARTMENT.

This is a collection of the choicest melodies, old and new, for Social Prayer, the Love-feast, and Class Meeting; and for especial use in times of revival. The design is to furnish a variety of melodies which may be sung by all—easy of execution yet not light, words and music that will touch the heart as well as the ear. Many of the old melodies are written out and harmonized for the first time.

PART 6.—OLD FOLKS' DEPARTMENT.

This contains all the old familiar tunes sung by our fathers in days gone by, melodies which stir the heart, and with which many a pleasant association is interwoven, forming a chain of many links, uniting in sweetest harmony the past and the present.

To the Notation Department, mostly the contribution of Dr. Mason, who for such a service is without an equal, are added directions for voice training and culture, followed by cheerful, merry glees, and songs for Musical Conventions, and the Social Circle, in which it is thought teachers will find much to lighten their duties, and pupils equal relief from the tedium of the school-room, while they are in no wise inconsistent with the succeeding and sacred portions of the work designed exclusively for choirs and the sanctuary.

* *These gentlemen and the Estate of Mr. Woodbury are in fact parties to, and interested in, the copy right of the* SACRED LUTE.

Entered according to act of Congress, A. D. 1864, by F. J. HUNTINGTON, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York

MUSICAL NOTATION:

BEING A BRIEF EXPLANATION OF THE CHARACTERS OR SIGNS USED IN WRITTEN MUSIC.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

§ I. There are three departments in the elements of music, each of which has its respective characters or signs.

1. RHYTHMICS, treating of the *length* of Tones
2. MELODICS, treating of the *pitch* of Tones.
3. DYNAMICS, treating of the *power* of Tones.

CHAPTER II.

RHYTHMICS. OF NOTES.

§ II. The relative length and duration of tones is represented by characters called NOTES.

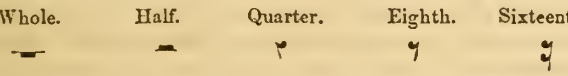
§ III. The following notes are in common use; their names indicate their representative length.

Whole. Half. Quarter. Eighth. Sixteenth.

NOTE. The same characters are also used for a Melodic purpose. See § 23.

§ IV. Characters, corresponding to the notes, are used to indicate silence, called RESTS.

Whole. Half. Quarter. Eighth. Sixteenth.



§ V. A dot (.), immediately following a note or rest, adds one half to its representative length.

§ VI. A figure three (3) placed over or under any three equal notes, reduces the length represented by them to that of two of the same kind without the figure. Tones thus represented, and notes thus written are called TRIPLETS.

CHAPTER III.

RHYTHMICS. OF MEASURES.

§ VII. The length of tones is measured by a division of time into equal portions, called MEASURES and PARTS OF MEASURES.

§ VIII. Measures and Parts of Measures may be indicated *to the ear* by counting, and *to the eye* by motions of the hand, called BEATS. Thus we are said to *count* or to *beat* the time.

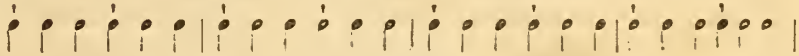
§ IX. There are four kinds of measure in common use:

1. A measure having two parts, accented on the first, is called DOUBLE MEASURE. It may be indicated by counting *one, two;* or by a *downward beat*, and an *upward beat*. Taking quarter notes as a standard (which are most convenient to begin with), it may be thus represented:

2. A measure having three parts, accented on the first, is called TRIPLE MEASURE. It may be indicated by counting *one, two, three;* or by a *downward beat*, an *inward beat* (to the left), and an *upward beat*. It may be thus represented:

3. A measure having four parts, accented principally on the first, and lightly on the third part, is called A QUADRUPLE MEASURE. It may be indicated by counting *one, two, three, four;* or by a *downward beat*, an *inward beat*, an *outward beat* (to the right), and an *upward beat*. It may be thus represented:

4. A measure having six parts, accented principally on the first, and lightly on the fourth part, is called SEXTUPLE MEASURE. It may be indicated by counting *one, two, three, four, five, six;* or by two *downward beats* (in the first the hand falling half way), an *inward beat*, an *outward beat*, and two *upward beats*. It may be thus represented:



§ X. Vertical lines (as in the foregoing examples) are used to mark the boundaries of measures in notation or to the eye; they are called BARS.

§ XI. The end of a section or period, or the final close of a piece of music, or the end of a line in poetry, is often indicated (as at the close of the foregoing examples) by a DOUBLE BAR.

NOTE.—The rules for accent, as here given, are liable to many exceptions.

§ XII. In the foregoing examples a quarter note has always been used on each part of a measure, but any other note may be thus used, producing VARIETIES OF MEASURE.

§ XIII. Figures written in the representation of fractions are often placed at the commencement of a piece of music to designate both the kind and the variety of measure. The numerator referring to the *kind* of measure, and the denominator to the *variety* of measure.

Examples of some of the common Varieties of Measure, marked by Figures.

CHAPTER IV.

MELODICS. THE SCALE.

§ XIV. Tones, considered with respect to relative pitch, are disposed in a certain series, called THE SCALE, or THE DIATONIC SCALE.

§ XV. The scale consists of a regular succession of eight tones. These are named from the names of numbers; ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT.

§ XVI. The difference of pitch between any two tones is called an INTERVAL.

§ XVII. There are two kinds of intervals, larger and smaller, in the regularly progressive scale, called STEPS and HALF-STEPS; thus the intervals between *three* and *four*, and *seven* and *eight*, are *half-steps;* all the others are *steps*.

§ XVIII. In elementary singing exercises the following syllables are used in connection with the tones of the scale:

Names of Tones,	One,	Two,	Three,	Four,	Five,	Six,	Seven,	Eight.
Syllables as Written,	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.
Syllables as Pronounced,	*Doe*,	*Ray*,	*Mee*,	*Fah*,	*Sol*,	*Lah*,	*See*,	*Doe*.

§ XIX. The relative pitch of tones is indicated to the eye by a character consisting of five parallel, horizontal lines, together with their intermediate spaces, called THE STAFF.

§ XX. Each line and each space of the staff is called A DEGREE; thus the staff contains nine degrees, there being five lines and four spaces.

§ XXI. When more degrees than nine are needed, lines and spaces above and below the staff are used, called LINES ABOVE, or SPACES ABOVE, or LINES BELOW, or SPACES BELOW.

NOTE.—These added lines are often called Leger Lines.

§ XXII. Any degree of the staff may be taken to indicate the tone one; but when this is determined the others must follow in regular order.

§ XXIII. The melodic succession of tones is indicated by notes written upon the staff.

NOTE.—The same characters (notes) are primarily used to indicate the length of tones. See § III.

CHAPTER V.

MELODICS. ABSOLUTE PITCH, SCALE PITCH, AND CLEFS.

§ XXIX. That pitch which is independent of scale relationship is ABSOLUTE PITCH. It is designated by letters, and is named from their names, as A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

§ XXV. The primitive or MODEL scale* (by which is meant the first in the universally received order of classification) is based upon C, or C is taken as one; and the order of the tones is as follows:

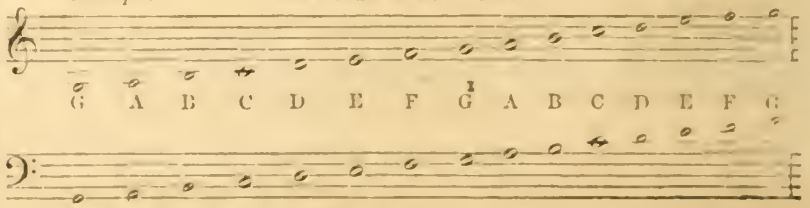
C is one, D is two, E is three, F is four, G is five, A is six, B is seven, and C is eight.

§ XXVI. Letters are used to show the pitch of the scale, and its position as written upon the staff, and when thus used they are called CLEF-LETTERS, or CLEFS.

§ XXVII. There are two clefs in common use, G or , and F or

§ XXVIII. The G clef is placed upon the second line; it is used for Treble and Alto, and frequently for Tenor voices. The F clef is placed upon the fourth line: it is used for Bass, and (when the two parts are written on the same staff) for Tenor voices.

Example. THE SCALE IN BOTH CLEFS.



* Sometimes called the Normal Scale, and also the Typic Scale.

CHAPTER VI.

MELODICS. CHROMATIC SCALE.

§ XXIX. There is another scale formed by intermediate tones between those tones of the Diatonic scale which are separated by the interval of a step. It consists of thirteen tones, and twelve intervals of a half-step each; this is called the CHROMATIC SCALE.

§ XXX. The intermediate tones are named from either of the tones of the Diatonic scale, between which they occur, with the addition of the word sharp, signifying *higher*, or the word flat, signifying *lower*, prefixed or surfixed. Thus the intermediate tone between one and two is named with respect to relative pitch SHARP ONE, or FLAT TWO, and with respect to absolute pitch, C-SHARP, or D-FLAT.

§ XXXI. Characters are used as signs of intermediate tones, *i. e.*, of the tones named sharp or flat, called SHARPS and FLATS.

§ XXXII. An intermediate tone is indicated by the same degree of the staff as is the Diatonic scale-tone from which it is named; but with the character (♯ or ♭) affixed to that degree.

§ XXXIII. Sharps and Flats (signs) continue their significance troughout the measure in which they occur, and also from measure to measure, when the same tone is repeated, or unless canceled by an intermediate note upon some other degree of the staff. They are also canceled by a sign, called a NATURAL. (♮)

CHAPTER VII.

MELODICS. MINOR SCALE.

§ XXXIV. There is another Diatonic scale, consisting also of eight tones, but arranged according to a different order of intervals from that which has already been explained, called THE MINOR SCALE.

§ XXXV. The Minor scale is used in various forms. The following are the most common.

§ XXXVI. 1. The NATURAL MINOR SCALE; consisting of the following series of tones:

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A.

2. The HARMONIC MINOR SCALE, (called also regular), as follows:
A, B, C, D, E, F, G♯, A.

3. The MELODIC MINOR SCALE (irregular), as follows:
A, B, C, D, E, F♯, G♯, A.

In connection with this form in the ascending series, the *Natural Minor Scale* is generally used in the descending series.

CHAPTER VIII.

MELODICS. TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE.

§ XXXVII. Thus far the pitch C has been taken as one, or as the basis of the scale; but this may be changed, and any other pitch may be taken as one. Such a change of pitch is called THE TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE.

§ XXXVIII. When any pitch is taken as one, the scale is said to be in the KEY of that pitch; thus if C be one, the scale is said to be in the key of C; if G be one, the scale is said to be in the key of G, etc.

§ XXXIX. Each key is noted at the commencement of the staff, immediately after the clef, by an indication of its component tones. Such an indication of the key is called THE SIGNATURE.

§ XL. As the Model Key (C) embraces none of the intermediate tones (tones named sharp or flat), so the absence of the characters by which they are indicated (sharps or flats) serves as its Signature.

§ XLI. The Signature of all other keys consists of such sharps or flats as indicate the intermediate tones [tones named sharp or flat] necessary to constitute the key represented.

§ XLII. Tabular view of the order of the succession of keys in transposition, with the signatures:

1. By Fifths.

Key of G.	Signature	one sharp, or	F♯.
" D.	"	two sharps, or	F♯ and C♯.
" A.	"	three sharps, or	F♯, C♯ and G♯.
" E.	"	four sharps, or	F♯, C♯, G♯ and D♯.

2. By Fourths.

Key of F.	Signature	one flat, or	B♭.
" B♭.	"	two flats, or	B♭ and E♭.
" E♭.	"	three flats, or	B♭, E♭ and A♭.
" A♭.	"	four flats, or	B♭, E♭, A♭ and D♭.

NOTE.—It is not supposed necessary to extend this tabular view beyond the present limits.

CHAPTER IX.

DYNAMICS. FORCE OF TONES.

§ XLIII. There are five principal degrees of Force, as follows:

1. Very soft,	PIANISSIMO,	abbreviated	pp.
2. Soft,	PIANO,	"	p.
3. Medium,	MEZZO,	"	m.
4. Loud,	FORTE,	"	f.
5. Very loud,	FORTISSIMO,	"	ff.

CHAPTER X.

DYNAMICS. FORM OR DELIVERY OF TONES.

§ XLIV. There are six principal forms of tones, as follows:

1. A tone begun, continued, and ended, with an equal degree of force, called an . . . . . ORGAN TONE.
   The Organ-tone may be indicated thus, ═══.
2. A tone beginning soft and gradually increasing to loud, called CRESCENDO.
   The Crescendo is indicated thus, <.
3. A tone beginning loud and gradually diminishing to soft, called DIMINUENDO.
   The Diminuendo (or Decrescendo) is indicated thus, >.
4. The union of the Crescendo and the Diminuendo, called the SWELL.
   The swell is indicated thus, <>.
5. A very sudden or instantaneous Crescendo, called the PRESSURE TONE.
   The pressure tone is indicated thus, > or <>.
6. A tone very suddenly, forcibly and instantly diminished, called an EXPLOSIVE TONE, or SFORZANDO, or FORZANDO.
   The sforzando is indicated thus, >.

CHAPTER XI.

DYNAMICS. DELIVERY OF TONES, CONTINUED.

NOTE. In addition to the forms already mentioned, there are certain usages of vocal delivery which may here be noticed.

§ XLV. LEGATO. When successive tones are closely bound together, they are said to be LEGATO (⌒).

§ XLVI. STACCATO. When tones are produced in a short, articulate manner, as if followed by rests, they are said to be STACCATO, and are marked thus (''''').

A less degree of Staccato is called SEMI STACCATO, and is marked (····).

§ XLVII. PAUSE. The prolongation of a tone beyond the length required by its note is called a PAUSE, or a HOLD, and is indicated by a character having the same name, thus 𝄐.

CHAPTER XII.

APPOGIATURA, AFTER NOTE, SHAKE OR TRILL, AND TURN.

§ XLVIII. Tones, not essentially belonging to a melody, are often introduced, called PASSING TONES. They are sometimes, though not always, represented by notes of smaller size. They are foreign to the harmony in which they appear.

§ XLIX. The APPOGIATURA is a passing tone that preceedes an essential tone on an accented part of a measure.

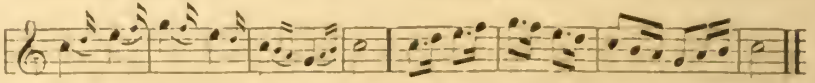
NOTE.—From the Italian APPOGIARE, *to lean or rest upon.* The voice leans or rests upon the appogiatura before taking the principal tone. It takes its time from the principal tone.

§ L. The AFTER NOTE. A passing tone that follows an essential tone on an unaccented part of a measure, is called an AFTER TONE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

APPOGIATURAS. WRITTEN. PERFORMED.

AFTER NOTES. PERFORMED.



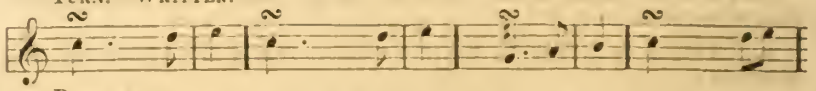
§ LI. The SHAKE or TRILL is the rapid alternation of a tone with the next one above in the scale, whether at the distance of a step or a half-step.

§ LII. The TURN is formed of a principal tone sung in rapid succession with the tone next above, and the one next below it. It has a variety of forms.

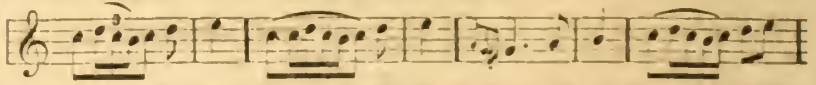
ILLUSTRATION.

TRILL. WRITTEN. PERFORMED.

TURN. WRITTEN.



PERFORMED.

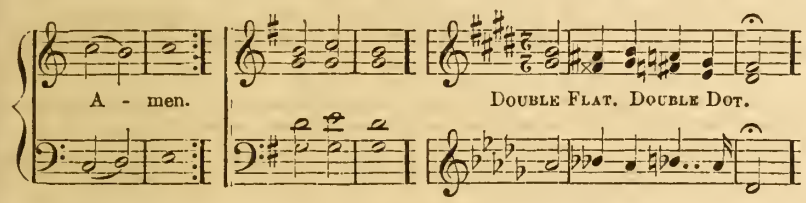


NOTE.—Neither the Trill or Turn belongs to chorus singing. The Trill at least should only be introduced by a cultivated voice after long practice.

* An Appoggiatura before a dotted note generally receives double the time it otherwise would.

§ LIII. Various Characters, some of which have not been introduced. The Brace, placed before two or more staves, show how many parts move together, or form the *score*. The Repeat shows that a portion of a piece of music is to be sung or played twice. Sometimes a repetition of a short passage is indicated by the term *Bis*. A Double Sharp is used before a note that represents a tone elevated two half-steps above the *natural* tone. Thus F ♯ is a half-step higher than F, while F𝄪 is two half-steps above F, and sounds the same to the ear as G, though occupying another degree of the staff. A Double Flat is the reverse of the Double Sharp. Thus, G𝄫 is two half-steps lower than G. A Double Sharp is canceled thus: ♮♯, and a Double Flat thus: ♮♭. A note may be twice-dotted, the second dot adding half to the length of the first.

ILLUSTRATION.



Note.—The Double Sharp is used in those keys having several sharps in their signatures, before a note representing a tone of the scale that is already marked by a sharp in the signature. In the example above we want at the second note sharp four in the Treble. In the key of E, A is four, A ♯ then will be sharp four, as written. In the Alto we want sharp two, but two in the key of E is F ♯. Therefore it will not do to put a ♯ before the note on two, as it would only indicate F ♯, which is already indicated in the signature; but a 𝄪 double sharp is used to show that not two of the scale, (F ♯), is to be sung or played, but that sharp two, which is a half-step higher than F♯, is required. This is especially necessary for the organist or pianist, where a ♯ indicates that he shall play the key next to the right, and a 𝄪, the second key to the right of the one he otherwise would play. The ♮ would not answer here to cancel sharp two, for the note following it would then represent F natural; therefore ♮♯ is used to show that one ♯ is removed, and that the note now represents F ♯, which, we know, is two in the scale, key of E. The double flat is simple the reverse of the double sharp.

The letters *D. C.* [*da capo, to the head,*] placed at the end of a piece of music, direct the performer to return to the beginning. The piece then generally ends somewhere in the middle, at a double bar, over which is the word Fine, meaning the end. Dal Segno, [*from the sign,*] in the same position, means, repeat from the sign 𝄋. A Pause or Hold 𝄐, over a note or rest, signifies that its time is to be prolonged beyond the usual length. In beating time, the hand during such prolongation must remain stationary at the point it may have reached. The 𝄐 is frequently used with or without the word Fine over a double bar, to mark the close of a position after a *D. C.*

The Slur ⌒ connects notes that are to be sung to one syllable. When placed over notes upon the same degree, it is called a Tie.

CHAPTER XIII.

§ LIV. Emission of Tone. In singing, let the tone be free, open, round, full, pure, and resonant; attacked with vigor "by a shock of the glottis" (but without a *jerk*), delivered without drawling, and held firmly, without trembling or wavering. Let it not be dry and monotonous, expressing nothing, but sympathetic like the voice in speech, where the tone itself will betray the emotions of the speaker, though we can not distinguish a word. Most especially, however, avoid that *agonizing* tone, heard from many imitators of the opera, especially Soprano singers, who sing everything, even the most spirited music and words with a tone of voice that would lead a hearer to suppose, all hope had fled, and they, poor souls! were standing on the very verge of blank despair.

§ LV. The proper Delivery of Words in Connection with Song.

Here we would observe, that a person who does not pronounce, accent and emphasize his words correctly in reading, will not do so in singing. Again, that if the tone be delivered lazily and without vigor, the words will surely be indistinct.

The general rule is to pronounce, accent, and emphasize words in singing as in reading, unless there be some purely musical reason to the contrary. More care, however, is needed in singing, by reason of the prolongation of the tones. A few hints only will be added. Form the vowels correctly, and hold them firmly without change. Who can tell *pine* from *pin*, unless the vowel in each be correctly formed? In any syllable it is the *vowel only* that is prolonged. Be careful, then, that it be prolonged without change. For example, do not sing the word *great*, grea-ce-t.

The consonants should be given quickly, forcibly, and with great precision, for on them, in a great measure, depends the distinct articulation of words. In the words say, lay, hay, ray, bay, may, nay, who can tell one from another, unless the consonant beginning it, be distinctly given? Form the habit of knowing just what elements constitute a word.

§ LVI. Taking Breath. Take breath at such places as will not injure the sense; at pauses and after emphatic words.

§ LVII. Finally let the tone be pure and the style simple; then entering into the spirit of both words and music, deliver the one distinctly, and the other neatly, and the performance will seldom fail to produce the intended effect.

CHAPTER XIV.

§ LVIII. Common Errors. Errors in pronunciation are often heard not only in choirs, but also in the singing of those who have given much attention to the cultivation of the voice. The following are some of the most common faults:

1. The sound of *a* in fate for that of *a* in fat or hat; as ātone for atone; other words in which the same error is often heard are, adore, among, amid, above, amaze, alarm, awake, away, above, about, afar, again, agree, arise, &c.

2. The sound of *i* in pine for that of i in pin; as divert for divert; other words are, digress, direct, divulge, fertile, hostile, engine, &c.

3. The sound of *o* in uo, for that of *o* in done; as, testimony for testimony; other words are, migatory, patrimony, matrimony, dilatory, &c.

4. The substitution of *er* for *ow:* as foller for follow; other words are, window, sorrow, widow, pillow, shallow, fellow, &c.

5. The omission of *g* in such words as end with ing; as runnin for running; other words are, writing, speaking, walking, singing, &c.

6. The omission of the soft *r:* as, laud for Lord; o ner words are, storm, morning, war, far, star, depart; also, fust for first, bust or burst, &c.

7. The omission of the characteristic feature, or trilling of the hard *r*, in such words as great, gracious, grand, green, repent, return, rich, rest, rough, right, wrong, and generally where the *r* precedes a vowel.

8. The omission of the letter *h*, in such words as when, why, which, while, whence, hail, heaven, hope, happy, &c.

9. The aspiration of the *h* in words in which it should be silent, as humble for umble, &c.

10. The substitution of a harsh hissing sound (snake-like) for the more mild yet penetrating whistle which the letter *s* properly represents.

11. Cammand for command; the same error is heard in the words complete, comply, commend, correct, corrupt, &c.

12. Goodniss for goodness: the same error is heard in endless, matchless, boundless, anthem, forget, &c.

13. Evidance for evidence: the same error may be observed in silence, prudence, ardent, excellent, providence, influence, contentment, judgment, even, &c.

14. Verbul for verbal; so, also, infant, dormant, countenance, musical; also in appear, arrive, abjure, gentleman, &c.

15. Regular for regular; so, also, in educate, singular, articulate, perpendicular, particular, &c.

16. Joining the last letter of a word with the following word; this is a very common fault. The following examples are excellent for illustration and practice:

A nice house, for an ice house.	The soldier's steer, for the soldier's tear.
A nox, for an ox.	That lasts till night, for that last still night
This sour, for this hour.	On neither side, for on either side.
Such a notion, for such an ocean.	Bear n' sonward, for bear us onward

17. Without any attempt at classification, the following are given as specimen of common errors:

Agin for agāin.	Mountāne for mountain.	Hev for have.
Agāne for agāin.	Fountāne for fountain.	Senee for since.
Solitood for solitude.	Pasters for pastures.	Setting for sitting.
Toon for tune.	Tew or tue for two.	Wuth for worth.
Yaller for yellow.	Shell for shall.	Fortin for fortune.
	Hed for had.	

The word *and* is often narrowed down so as to sound like end, or yeand, yet with a kind of nasal snarl or mewl, by which it is easy to be distinguished from a proper human sound. Arnd is the opposite extreme, equally to be avoided.

The word *amen* should not be sung āmen, or ay-men, but always āmen or ah-men. Awe-men is the opposite extreme.

Jerusalem is often improperly pronounced Jee-ru-say-lem, or Jee-ru-se-lum.

§ LIX. A few hints follow:

1. The indefinite article, represented by the letter a, should never receive the sound of a, (as in ale or in fate), but a sound nearly the same as is heard in had or in hat; or perhaps a shade broader, or towards that of ă; yet it must never be ȧ, (ah).

2. The definite article (t-h-e) should never receive the sound of thee, but, when it comes before a vowel, the e should receive nearly the same sound as is heard in the word pin, or perhaps a shade nearer to ē: when it occurs before a consonant, its vowel sound should be the same as that of the indefinite article.

3. The word *my* in the solemn style in which it usually occurs in psalmody, should receive the long sound of i, as my God, (mī); but in familiar style, even in sacred poetry, it should receive the short sound of i, in the passage, "I myself will awake right early," the word myself should be pronounced with the sound of i in him.

4. The termination of *ed* in chanting the psalms, in such words as bless-ed, say-ed, form-ed, prepar-ed, &c., should be distinctly pronounced as a separate syllable; solemnity of style requires it.

5. The word *wind*, in common conversation, and in reading prose, is universally pronounced with the sound of i, as in pin, win, &c. In poetry, on the contrary, it is common to give it the sound of i in mind, find, &c. Professional singers always adopt the latter usage, and pronounce the word wīnd. Which of the two shall prevail in church singing should depend upon custom. As every thing eccentric, affected, or pedantic should be avoided, perhaps the safest course for choirs is to follow the minister, and pronounce wind or wīnd, according to his example.

6. The word *heaven* is sometimes used by the poets in one, and sometimes in two syllables; thus, in the line, "Bread of heaven," it is made to consist of two syllables; but in singing, as in speech, it should always be pronounced in a single syllable, or heav'n. The words lyre, wire, hour, &c., should also be pronounced in one syllable.

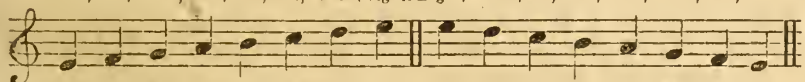
EXERCISES FOR THE SINGING SCHOOL.

We nave endeavored in the following exercises to present a systematic course of practice for the Singing-School. We begin with the Scale, and each succeeding Exercise presents some new difficulty in the easiest manner possible. Pupils should study carefully the system of notation that precedes these exercises, there learning the theory, here carrying out the practice. The teacher can commence these exercises as soon as the pupil can sing the scale, and has become somewhat acquainted with the different kinds of notes, the staff and clefs. Eight of the exercises may be sung at first without beating time, and the pupil has only the difficulty of reading the notes and giving them the correct sounds. Afterwards sing the same exercises in double measure and introduce beating time, and as they have already studied the exercises, the principle difficulty will be that of keeping time. The teacher should *present but one difficulty at a time.*

No. 1. The *Scale*, which is the foundation of all music. Let it be practiced until it is familiar to the class. From the very first exercise try and produce *a good quality of tone.* (See directions in voice training department.) Sing with numerals, then with syllables.

No. 1.

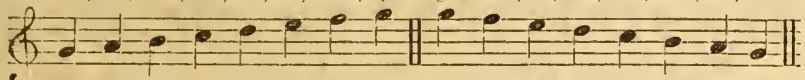
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.



Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do. Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

No. 2.

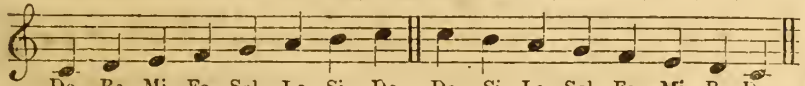
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.



Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do. Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

No. 3.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.



Do. Re. Mi. Fa. Sol, La, Si, Do. Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re. Do.

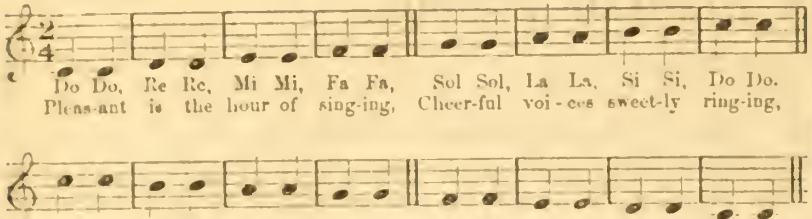
In No. 4, sing each tone of the Scale twice. This exercise is in two-part, or double measure. A double measure has two beats, which are indicated to the eye by two motions of the right hand — *down* — *up.* They are indicated to the ear by counting — *one* — *two.* In describing the motions of the hand, we say first *downward beat, upward beat*—then *down, up*—finally *one, two.* These motions of the hand are called Beating Time, and they should be very steady and exact, in order to establish an even measurement of the time.

Note.— The teacher must not allow the pupil to neglect this very important exercise in the first lessons, else both will regret it.

$\frac{2}{4}$ after the clef, signifies that there are *two* beats in the measure, and that a quarter note is given to each beat. So two quarter notes will fill the measure; singing one to the upward beat, and one to the downward beat. In double measure, we sing the first part of the measure stronger than the second part, and we say that the first part is accented, and the second part unaccented. Perpendicular lines are used to mark the boundaries of measures in notation. They are called Bars. The end of a line of poetry, or of a section or period, and the final close of a piece of music, is often indicated (as at the close of this and the preceding examples) by a Double Bar.

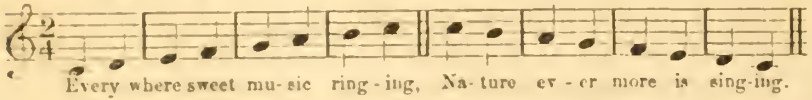
The measure is said to be in primitive form when each part is represented by a note.

No. 4.



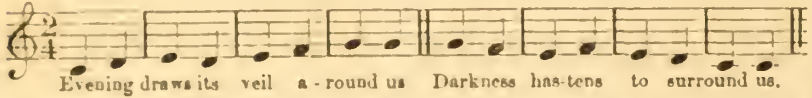
In No. 5, two *different* tones of the Scale are used in *each* measure. In all the following exercises the pupil should sing the syllables before they make use of the words.

No. 5.



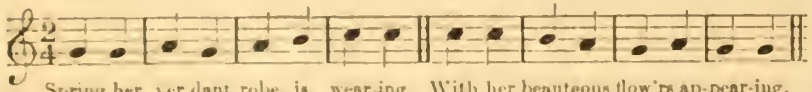
In No. 6, the tones of the Scale from one to five are used, returning finally to one.

No. 6.



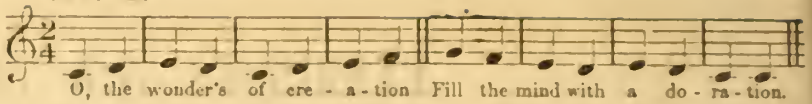
No. 7 begins with five, and, afte- ascending to eight, returns to five.

No. 7.



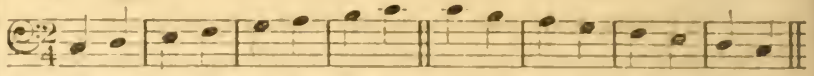
In No. 8, more variety is presented, as the melody moves in various directions.

No. 8.



In No. 9 we have the Scale with the *Base clef*, and one is on the second space. Both ladies and gentlemen should practice reading in this clef, until familiar with it.

No. 9.

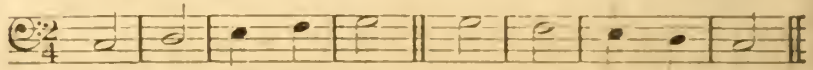


No. 10. We have thus far used sounds of but one length, and represented them by quarter notes, to each of which we gave one beat. We now introduce half notes, which are twice as long as quarter notes, to each of which we give two beats. So a half note will fill the measure. Where two parts of a measure are united and sung to one sound, the measure is said to be in derived form. The first measure in this exercise is primitive, the second derived.

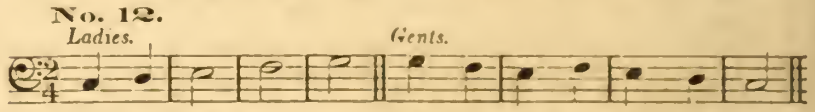
No. 10.

In Nos. 11 and 12, Half and Quarter notes differently arranged.

No. 11.

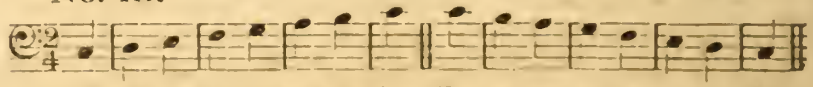


No. 12.



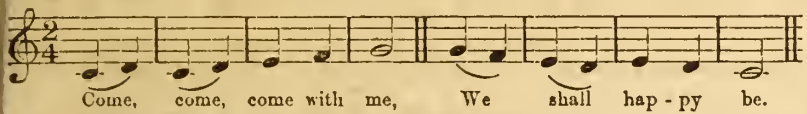
No. 13. The exercise begins with the second part of the measure.

No. 13.



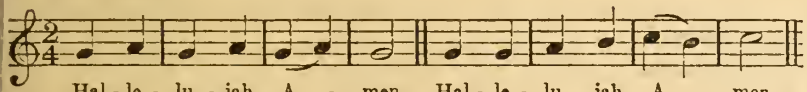
In No. 14 the Slur is introduced. When two or more notes are connected by a slur they are to be sung to one syllable. Observe the words *come, come, we shall.*

No. 14.



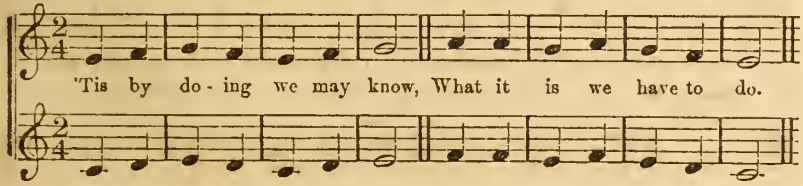
In No. 15, exercise in use of slur continued.

No. 15.

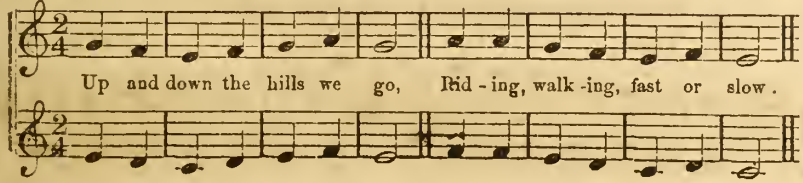


Heretofore we have sung tunes of but one part. A single succession of sounds is called a Melody. When two or more parts move together, they form Harmony. A tune of only two parts is called a Duet. We will now try an exercise of two parts, and to do this well, we must divide our class. The ladies sing one part, the gentlemen the other part. In order to give variety, the ladies may sing, sometimes, the upper part, and sometimes the lower part. The gentlemen singing alternate parts. Another change may be made by giving half the ladies and half the gentlemen the upper part, and the other half the lower, or vice versa. See exercises 16 & 17. The line just before the clefs connecting the two staves together is called a Brace. A Brace may be used to connect two, three, or four staves together.

No. 16. DUET.

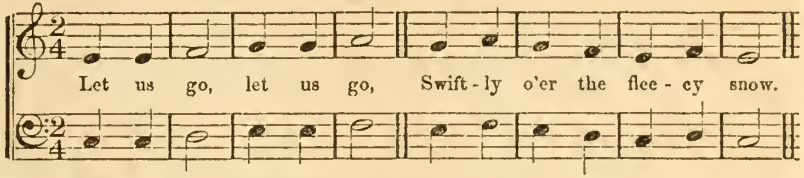


No. 17.

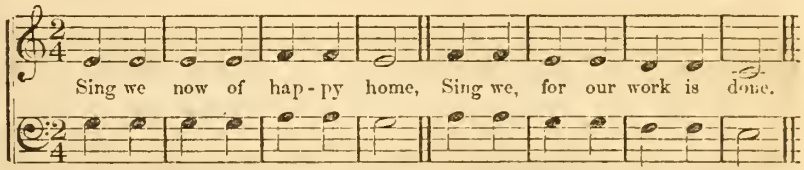


In Nos. 18 and 19, the Base and Treble clefs are used in the Duet. Usually the ladies sing from the Treble clef, and the gentlemen from the Base clef. All, however, should practice reading in both clefs.

No. 18.

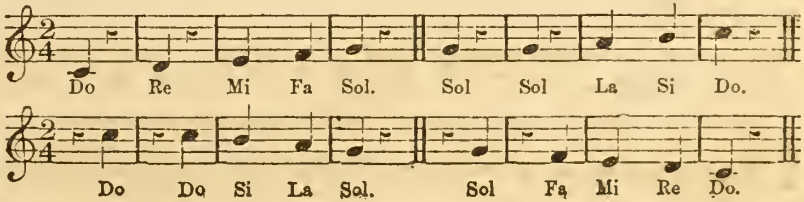


No. 19.



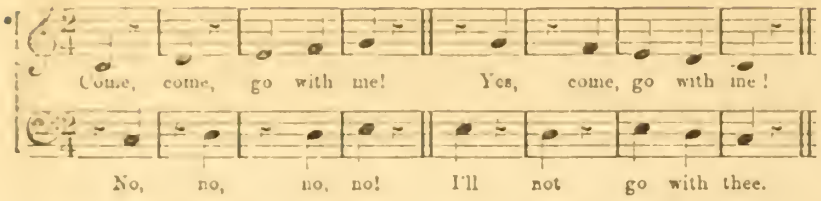
In performing a piece of music it is often both pleasant and necessary, to pass over portions of time in silence. The time of silence must be measured the same as the time of sound. Characters called rests, corresponding in length with the different notes we use, are employed to indicate the time of silence. In No. 20 we use the Quarter Rest and give it one beat, the same as the note. The rest sometimes occurs in the first, and sometimes in the second part of the measure. We must beat the time with great care and steadiness, so that we may both rest and sing together. It is a good plan to divide the class and let half count and beat the time, while the other half sing; than change and let those who marked the time sing, and those who sung do the counting and beating. It is well at first to count aloud during the rests, afterwards beat without counting.

No. 20.



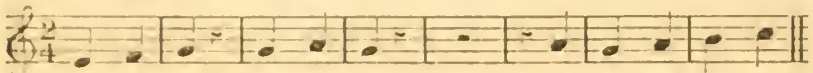
In No 21, the rests are used in a two-part Song or Duet.

No. 21.



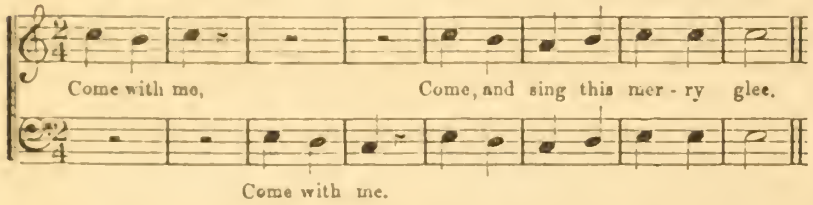
In No. 22, Half-note rest introduced. Like the half note it must have two beats.

No. 22.



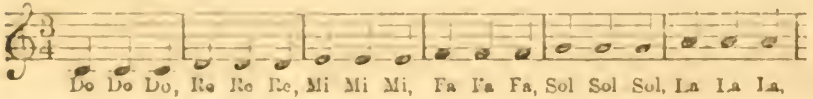
No. 23, Exercise with half rests.

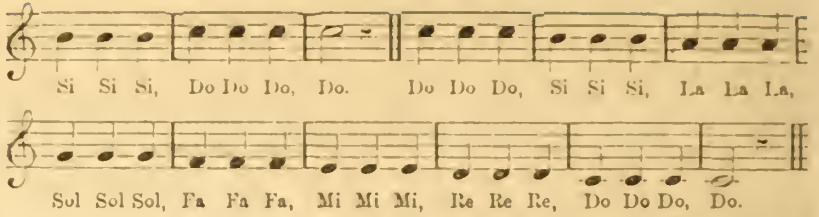
No. 23.



In No. 24, a measure having three parts is introduced, and is called a Three-part or a Triple measure. It has three beats, and the motions of the hand are Down, Left, Up, or we say downward beat, hither beat, upward beat, and finally one, two, three. In Triple measure, the *first* beat is accented, the second and third unaccented. The measures in this Exercise are in primitive and derived form.

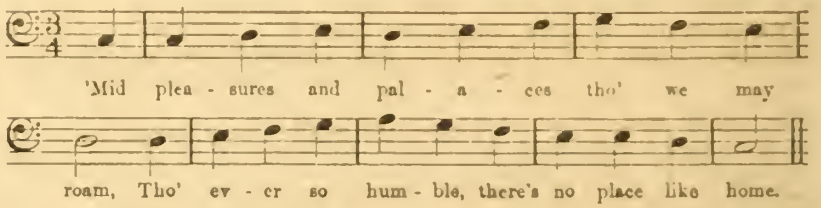
No. 24.





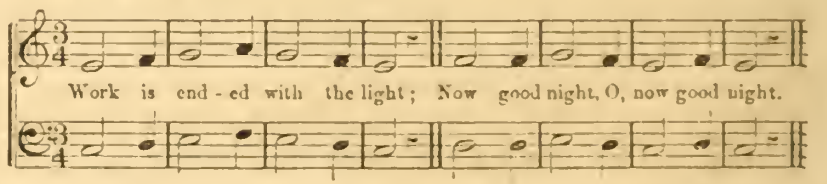
In No. 25, the exercise commences on the last part of the measure, and is written in the Base clef.

No. 25.



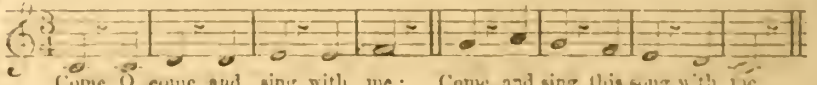
No. 26. Exercise in triple measure continued in a Duet.

No. 26.



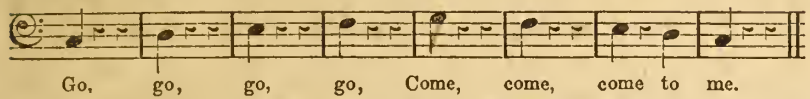
No. 27 introduces the quarter rest on the second part of the measure. The sound must not be prolonged after the first beat.

No. 27.



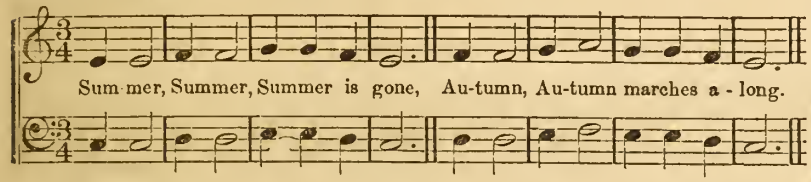
No. 28 introduces two quarter rests in some of the measures.

No. 28.



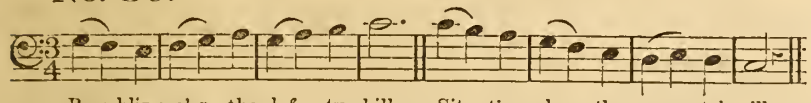
No. 29. Half and Quarter notes differently arranged. The accent comes, as it generally should, with the accented part of the word. Hold the tone steady through the half note, and beat the time steady.

No. 29.



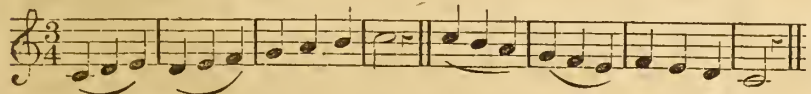
No. 30 introduces a slur in triple measure, with two notes to one syllable.

No. 30.



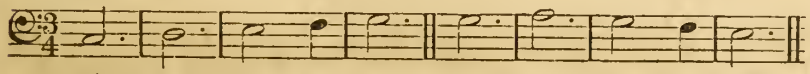
No. 31 introduces the slur again. Here three notes are sung to one syllable. Make the sounds in a smooth and even manner.

No. 31.



No. 32. A dot placed after a note adds to its value one half its previous length. Thus a half note has two beats. A dotted half note will have three, and just fills a measure of three-fourth time.

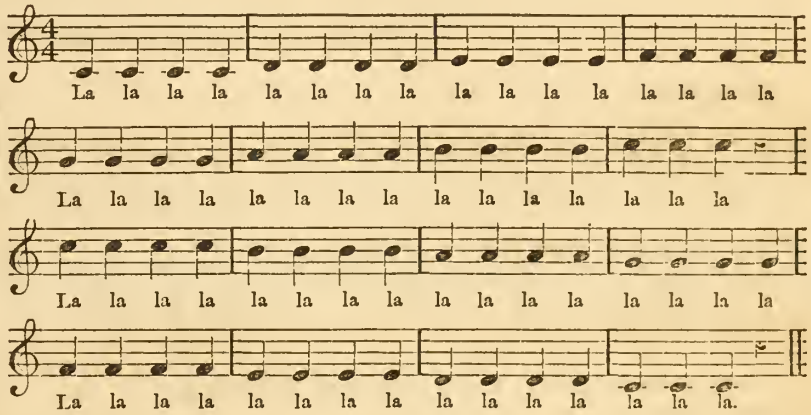
No. 32.



In No. 33, we introduce the Quadruple measure, having four beats. The motions of the hand are, *down*, *left*, *right*, *up*, or Downward beat, Hither beat, Thither beat, Upward beat. There are two accents in this measure, occurring on the first and third beats. The one occurring on the first beat is called *primary*, and that on the third beat, *secondary*. The first being louder than the second.

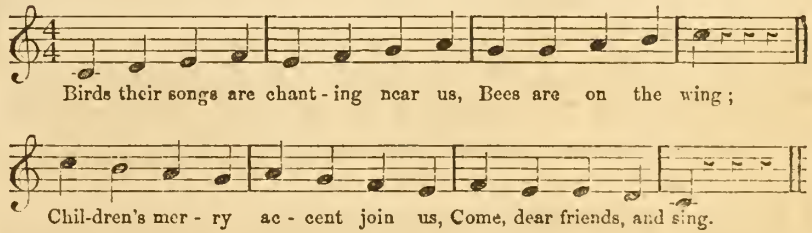
The $\frac{4}{4}$ after the clef, signifies that four Quarter notes fill the measure. The class should first count four, eight, or twelve Quadruple measures, and beat the time while counting.

No. 33.



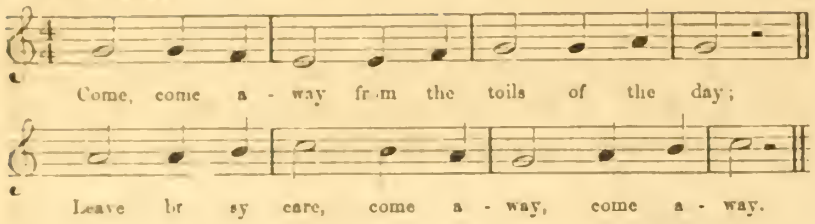
In No. 34, different tones are used in each measure, to give pleasant variety.

No. 34.



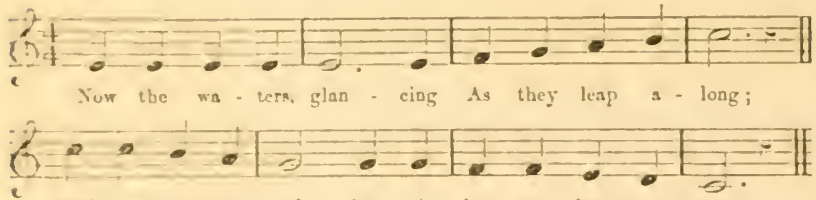
No. 35. First derived form of Quadruple measure. Writing first and second parts of the measure

No. 35.



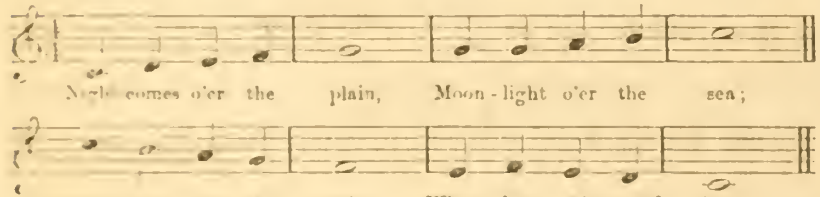
No. 36. Second derived form. Uniting first, second and third parts of the measure.

No. 36.



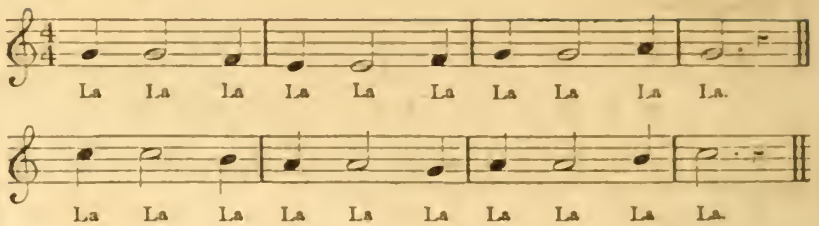
No. 37. Third derivative. All the parts of the measure united.

No. 37.



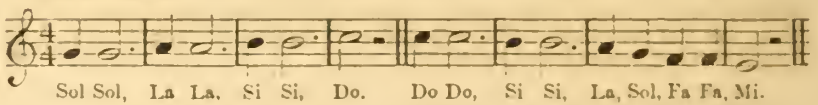
No. 38. First Derivative. Second class, so-called, because the union commences on the second part of the measure. Accent the half notes instead of the quarter-notes. When the accent is changed from the first to the second part of the measure, it is said to be a syncopated measure.

No. 38.



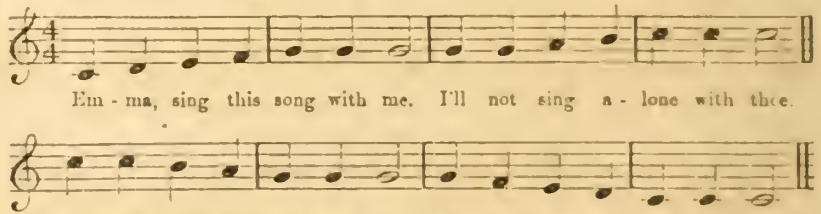
No. 39. Second derivative. Second class.

No. 39.



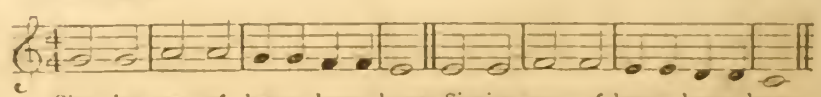
No. 40. First derivative. Third class. Union commences with third part of the measure.

No. 40.



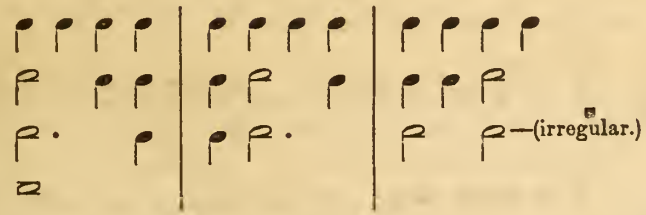
No. 41. Second derivative. Third class. (Styled an irregular.)

No. 41.



No. 42 presents a tabular form of the primitive, and the several derived forms in quadruple measure.

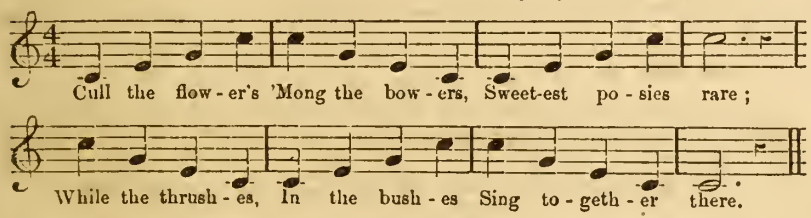
No. 42.



So far in our exercises we have moved but one degree of the scale at a time, as from one to two, two to three, &c. In No. 43 we introduce skips. Moving more than one degree at a time, as from one to three, three to five, five to eight. Sing with both numerals and syllables.

No. 43.

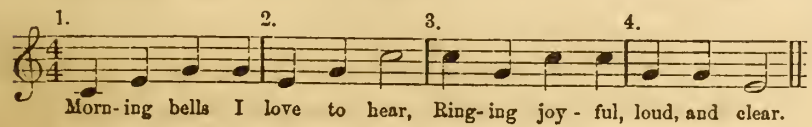
Words partly from "The Hallelujah."



No. 44. Skips, using 1, 3, 5 and 8 in different ways.

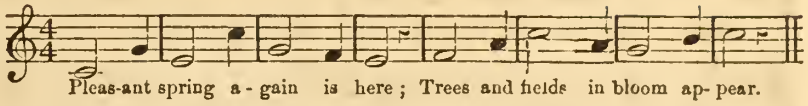
A Round is a piece of two, three, or four parts, so arranged that all these parts may be sung at one time, producing Harmony. The singers are divided into four parties. After No. 1 has sung through the first part, No. 2 begins. When No. 2 has sung the first part, No. 3 begins. And so with No. 4.

No. 44. ROUND.



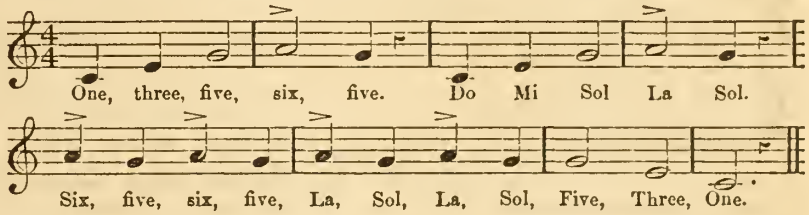
No. 45 introduces skips of a more difficult character.

No. 45.



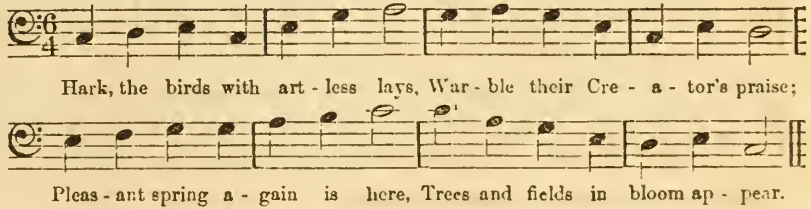
In No. 46, the explosive tone is used. Sometimes called the *Forzando*, (pronounced fortzando), sign >. The mark > indicates that the notes over which they are placed, are to be sung with the explosive tone, which is done by giving them a sudden force and diminishing rapidly.

No. 46.



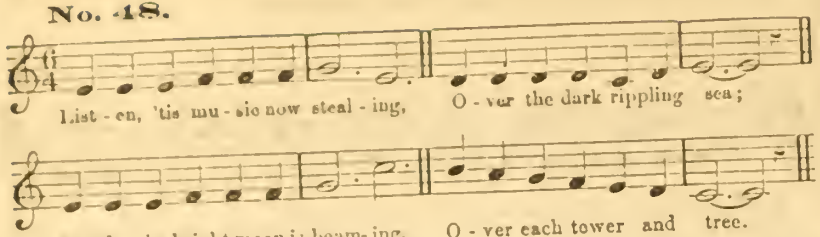
No. 47. Two and six are prominent tones.

No. 47.



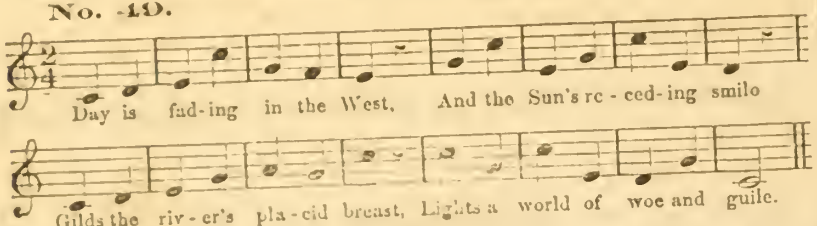
No. 48 introduces a sextuple measure, which has six beats described as follows: down, down, left, right, up, up. The $\frac{6}{4}$ signifies six beats, with a quarter note to each beat. When sextuple measure is quick, we usually give but two beats to the measure.

No. 48.



No. 49 introduces skips from *three* to *eight*.

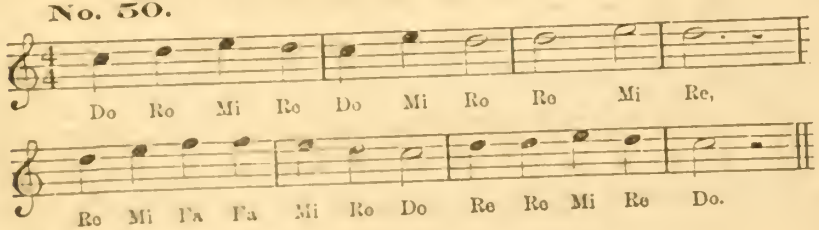
No. 49.



No. 50. The teacher will introduce the extension of the scale, first without the notes, then with exercises on the board. Afterwards sing the Exercises here laid down.

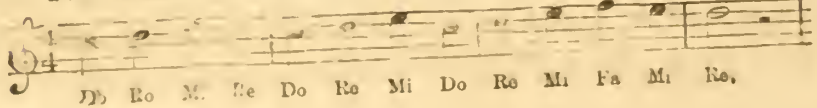
Take the exercises two notes lower for the Alto and Base Voices.

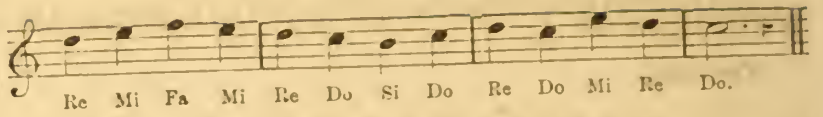
No. 50.



No. 51. Exercise of the extended Scale.

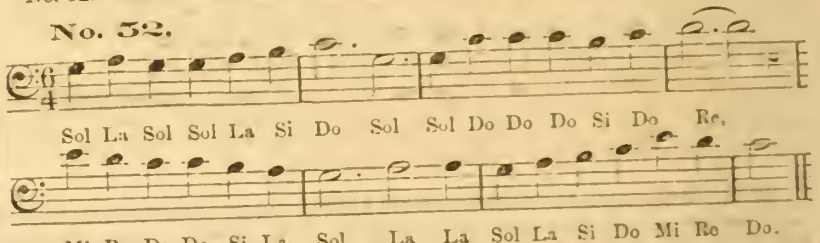
No. 51





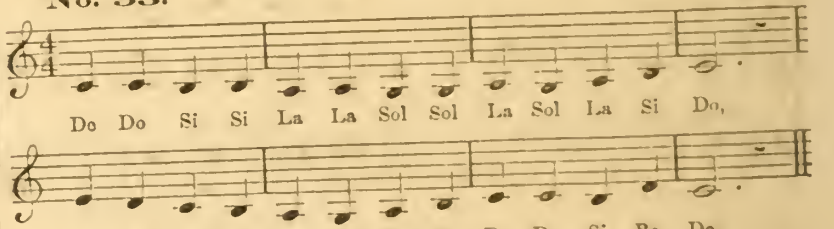
No. 52. Extended Scale in Base-clef.

No. 52.



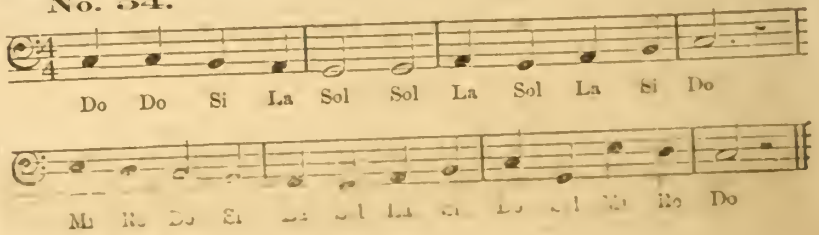
No. 53. Scale extended down to *five* below. Practice well, and you will soon become familiar with the new tones.

No. 53.



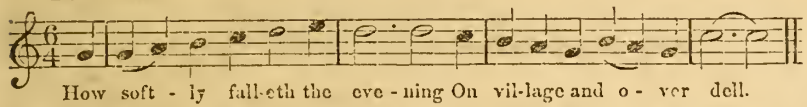
No. 54. The Base-clef used in the extended Scale.

No. 54.



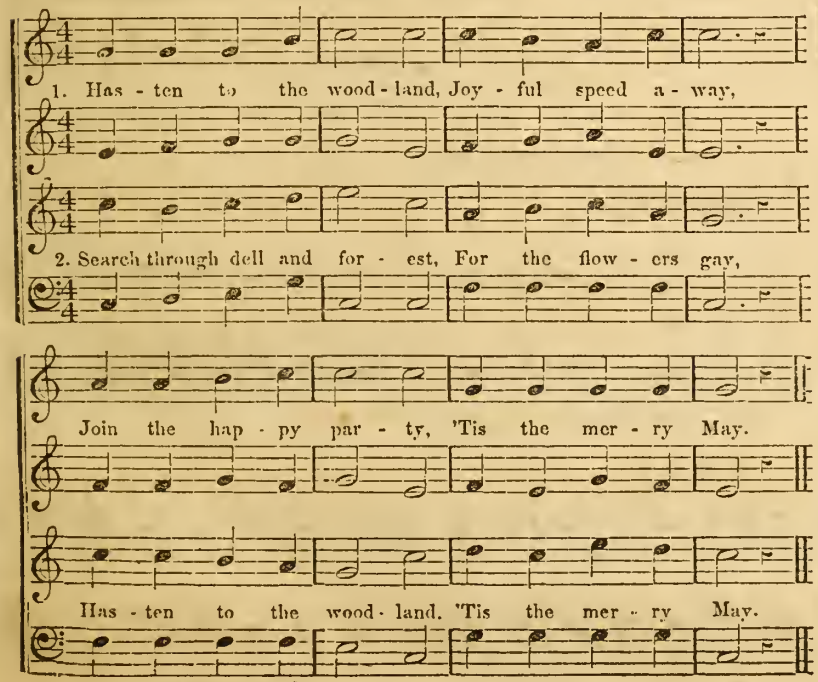
No. 55. Tie introduced. Where two notes are connected by the tie, the sound is continued from the first to the second, with repeating the word or syllable to the second note.

No. 55.



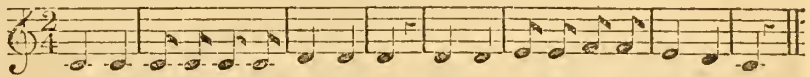
No. 56. Exercise arranged in four parts, for the four voices, Soprano, Tenor, Alto and Base. Those Ladies who have high voices should sing Soprano, those who have low voices should sing Alto. Gentlemen with high voices will sing Tenor, those who sing low will sing Base. Practice each part separately. After each part can sing well alone, unite all the parts.

No. 56. WOODLAND SONG.



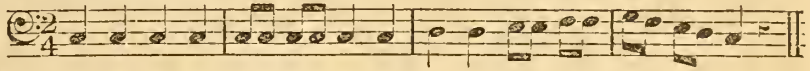
In No. 57 Eighth notes are introduced which are half as long as a quarter note. Two of them will be sung to one beat.

No. 57.



In No. 58 Eighth notes are used with the Base clef.

No. 58.

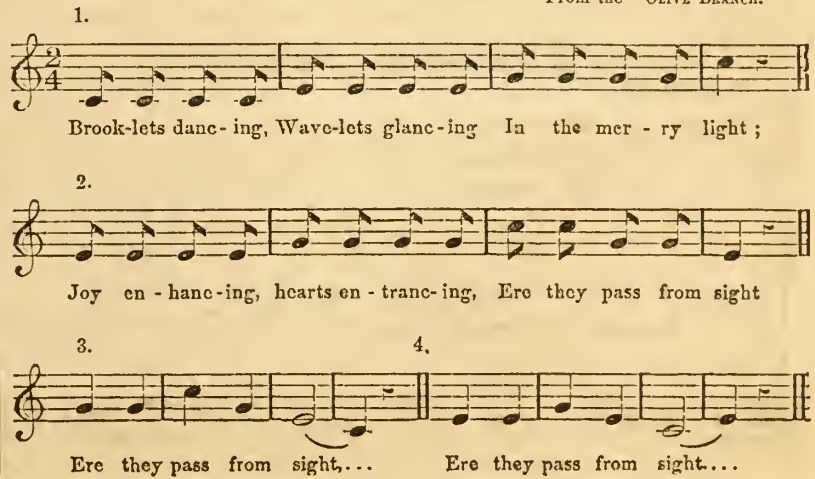


In No. 59 we have a Round with four parts, using half, quarter and Eighth notes.

No. 59.

ROUND IN FOUR PARTS.

From the "Olive Branch."



No. 60 is a four-part piece, using dotted quarter, quarter and Eighth notes. A dot placed after any note or rest lengthens it one half.

No. 60.

I AM A FALLING LEAF.

From "HALLELUJAH," by Permission

1. I am a fall - ing leaf, The chil - ly winds have found me, I fade with those a - round me, All murm'ring life is brief.

2. I saw the sky so blue, The birds were sing - ing o'er me; The flow'rs spring up be-fore me, Of ev - ery changing hue.

3. We fade as all else must, No more the birds are call - ing, The flow'rs and leaves are fall-ing; To - mor-row we are dust.

In No. 61 we introduce a Scale having the same signature as the Scale of C, but commence upon A, a minor third below C: It is called the Minor Scale.

No. 61.

In No. 62 we have an exercise in the Minor Scale.

No. 62.

Cold the wind is blow - ing, And the storm is loud; Now the rain is pour - ing From the black-ened cloud.

In No. 63 we introduce Sharp Four.

No. 63.

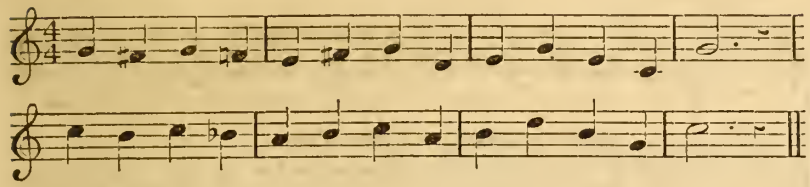
In No. 64 Flat Seven is introduced.

No. 64.

In No. 65 we introduce Sharp Four and Flat Seven.

No.

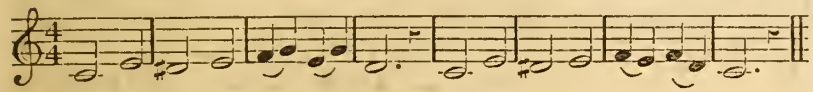
From the "Hallelujah."



In No. 66 we introduce Sharp Two. Three guides us to this tone.

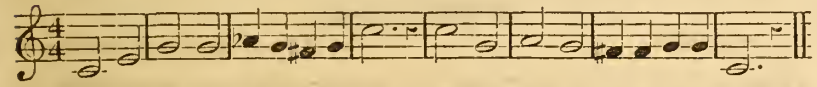
No. 66.

From "Musical Album."



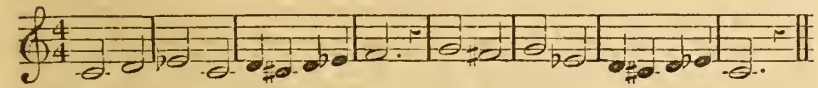
In No. 67 we introduce Sharp Four and Flat Six.

No. 67.



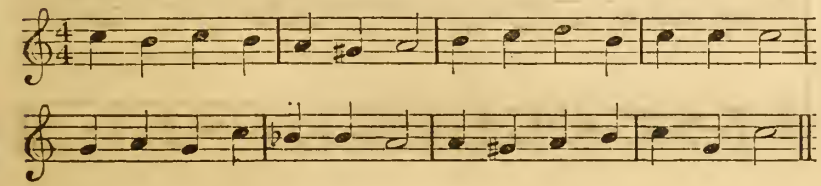
In No. 68 we introduce sharp One and Flat Three.

No. 68.



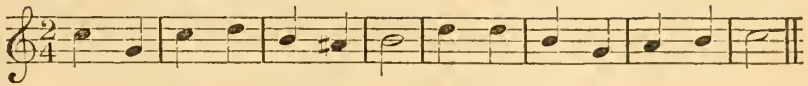
In No. 69 Sharp Four is introduced with Flat Seven.

No. 69.



In No. 70 Sharp Six is introduced.

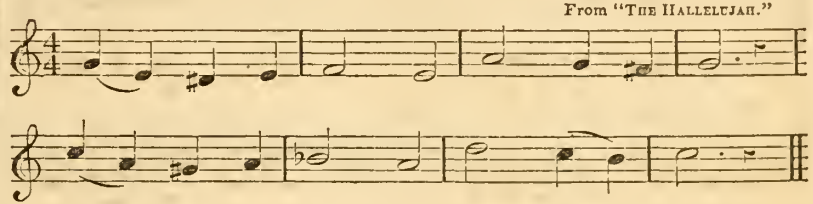
No. 70.



In No. 71 Sharp Two, Sharp Four, Sharp Five and Flat Seven are introduced.

No. 71.

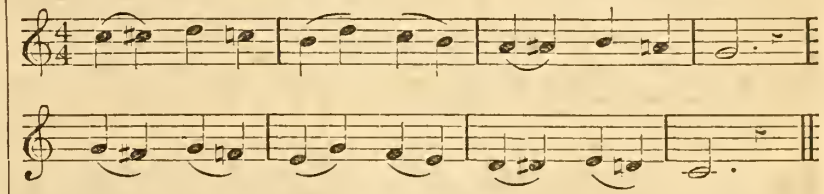
From "The Hallelujah."



In No. 72 Sharp Eight, Sharp Six, Sharp Four and Sharp Two are introduced.

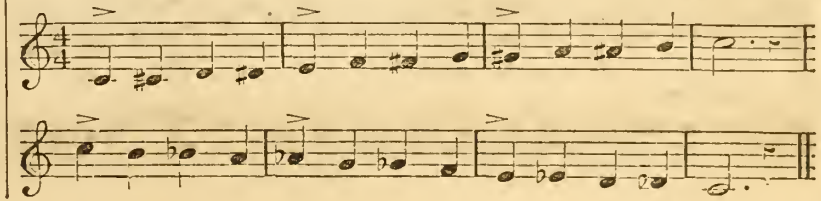
No. 72.

From "The Hallelujah."



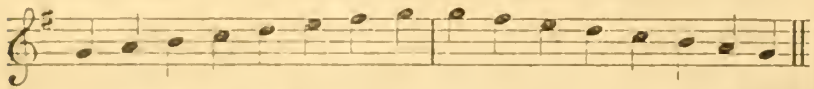
In No. 73 we introduce the Chromatic Scale. Be sure and accent strongly the first note in each measure both ascending and descending.

No. 73.



In No. 74 we introduce a new key—that of G. The teacher will here explain the transposition and exercise the class on the black-board in this key. *Do* or *One* of this Scale is now placed on the second line of the Treble staff, and the first line of the Base staff. The sign of the new key is one Sharp, placed immediately after the clef. We use in this Key one new tone, F Sharp, that we do not use in the Key of C. It is the same as Sharp Four in the Scale of C.

No. 74.

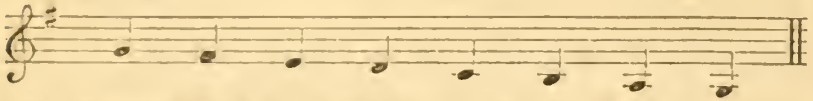


No. 75, Scale of G,—Base Clef.

No. 75.

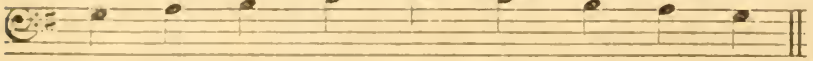
No. 76, Scale extended down in the Treble Clef.

No. 76.



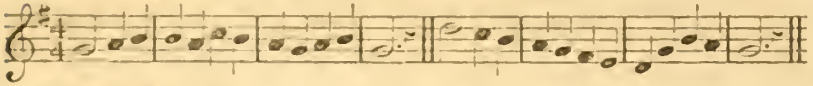
No. 77, Scale extended up in Base Clef.

No. 77.

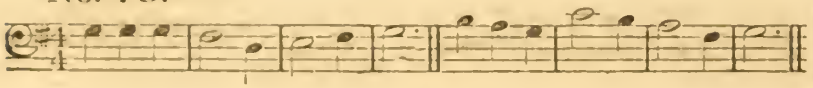


Nos. 78 and 79 are simple Exercises in Key of G.

No. 78.



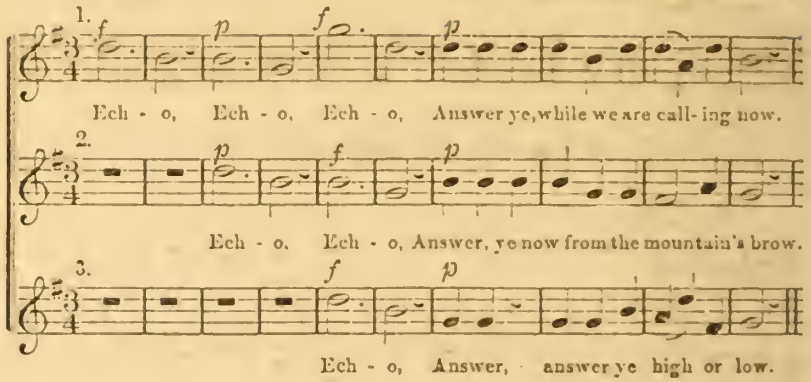
No. 79.



No. 80 is a Round in three parts.

No. 80.

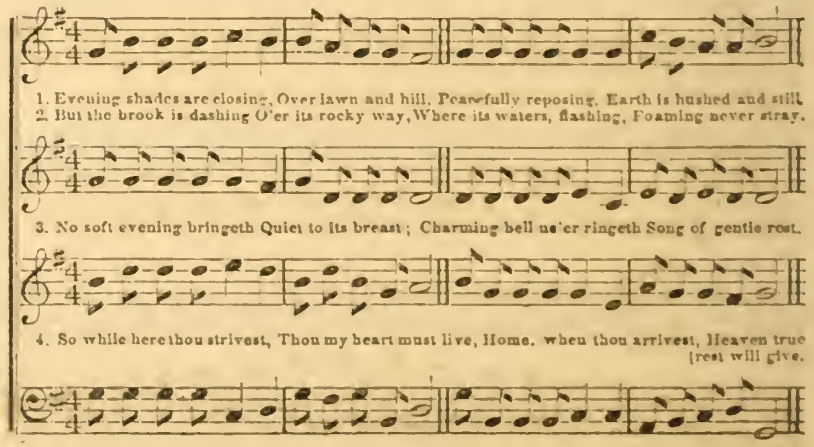
From "Musical Album," by Permission.



No. 81.

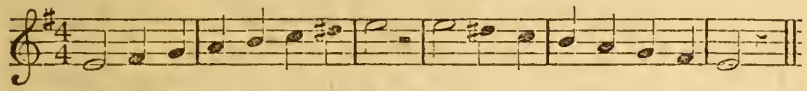
EVENING SONG.

From "Asaph," by Permission.



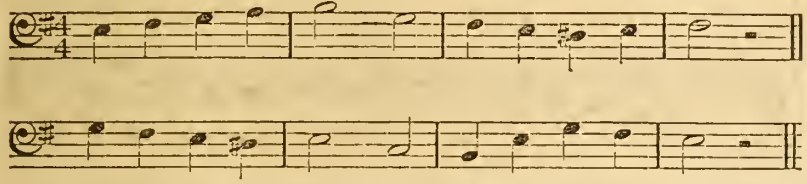
No. 82 presents the Scale of E minor; which is the relative minor Scale of G, having the same signature.

No. 82.



No. 83. Exercise in Base Clef, Scale of E minor.

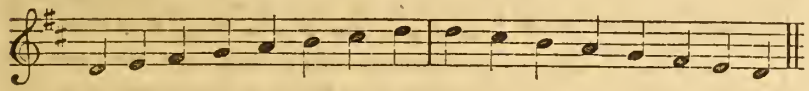
No. 83.



NOTE. The teacher should practice reading plain church tunes both in the Key of C as well as G, so that the pupils may be familiar with both keys, also their relative Minor keys. See Teacher's index for selecting tunes for Singing School practice, page 400.

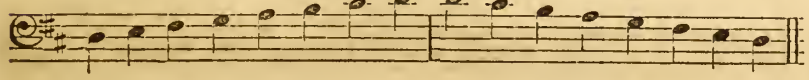
No. 84 introduces the Key of D, having for its signature two Sharps. This key should be explained and practiced as was the Key of G. *Do* is placed on the space below the Treble staff, and on the third line of the Base staff.

No. 84.



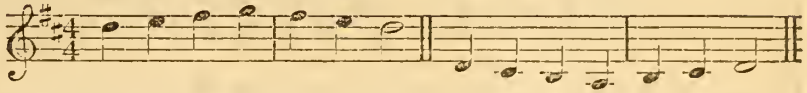
No. 85. Exercise in Key of D, Base staff.

No. 85.



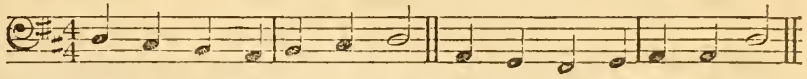
No. 86. Scale extended in Key of D, both up and down, Treble Clef.

No. 86.



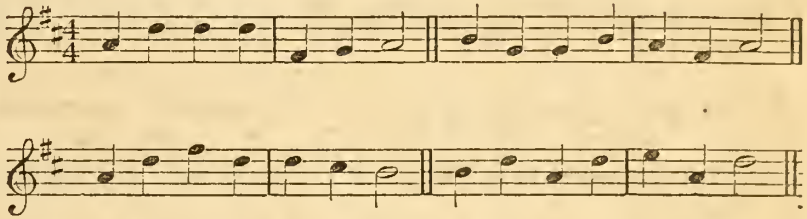
In No. 87 the Scale is extended down in the Base Clef.

No. 87.



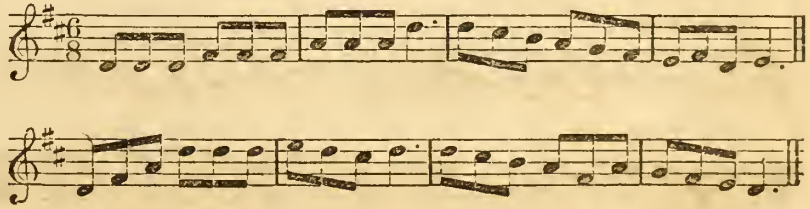
In No. 88 we have varied skips in Key of D.

No. 88.



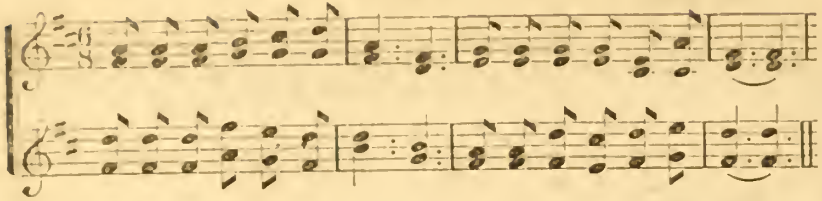
No. 89 gives us an exercise in Eighth notes.

No. 89.



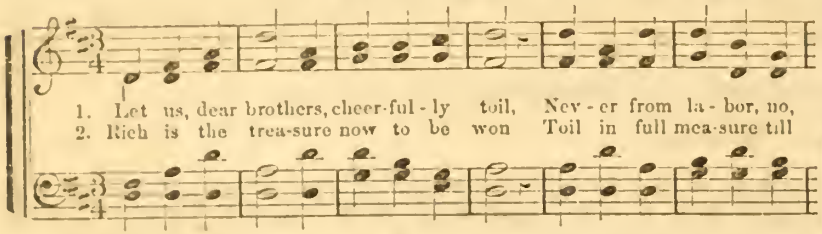
No. 90. Exercise in 8th notes.

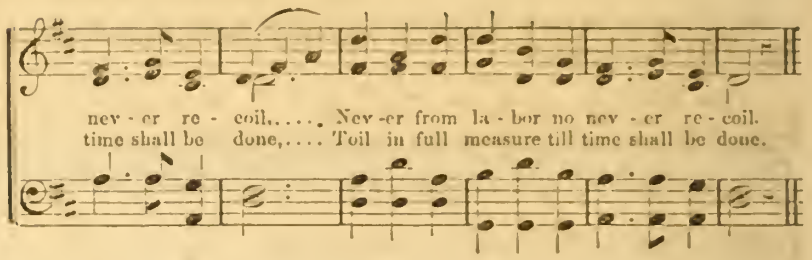
DUET.



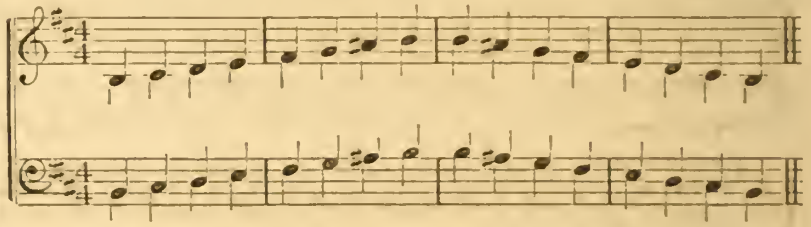
No. 91. Four-part Song written on two staves.

CHEERFUL LABOR. DR. MASON.



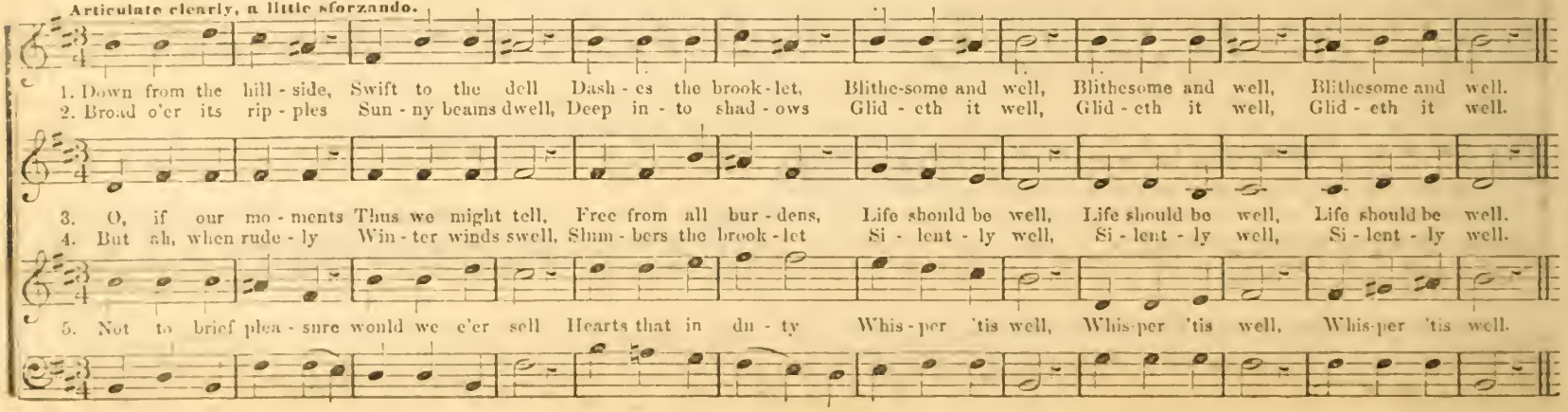


No. 92. Scale of B Minor. The relative Minor of D having the same signature.

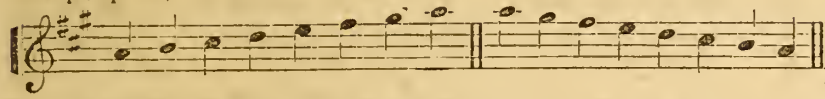


No. 93. Four-Part Song in B Minor. **DOWN FROM THE HILL-SIDE.** DR. L. MASON.

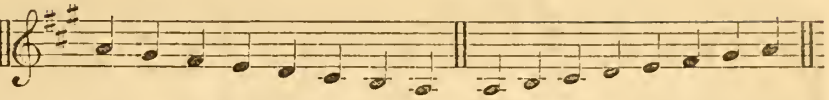
Articulate clearly, a little sforzando.



No. 94. Introduces the Scale of A. Having for its signature threo Sharps, upon F, C, and G.



No. 95. Another form of the Scale of A.

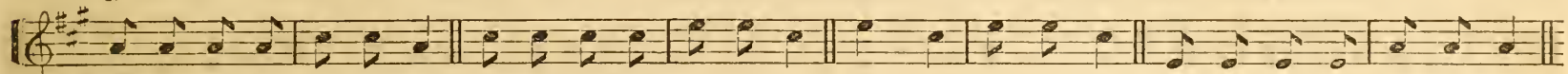


No. 96. Scale of A—Base Clef.

No. 97. Round in four parts

From "The Olive-Branch."

1. Sing we now a pleas - ant song?
2. Pray, don't dwell up - on it long,
3. Loud - er, loud - er, pray,
4. Loud - er, loud - er yet I say.



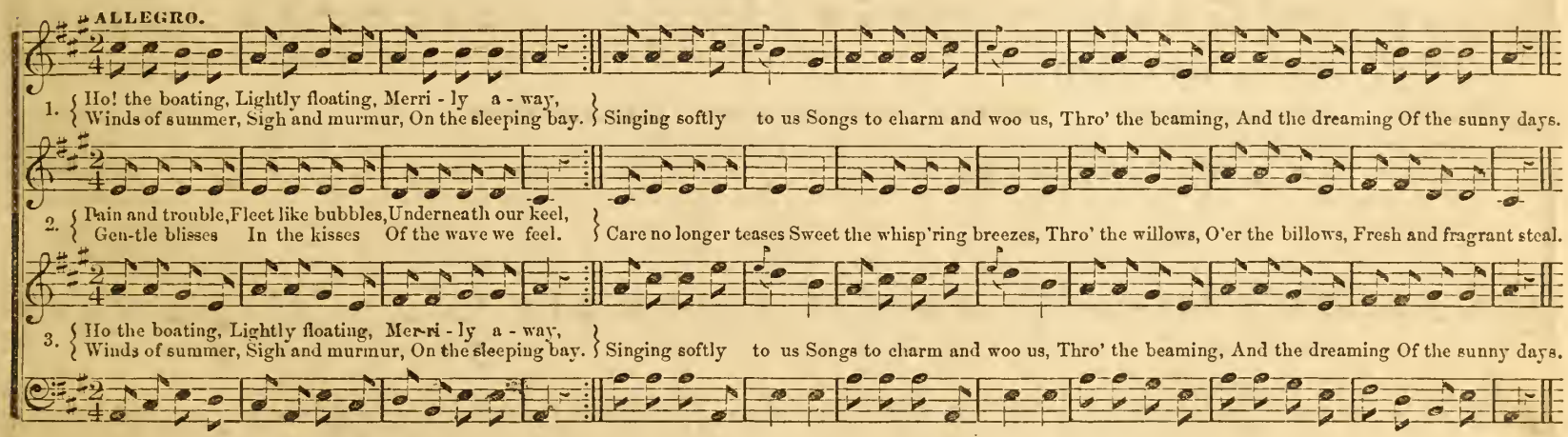
No. 98. BOATING SONG. Dr. L. MASON.

ALLEGRO.

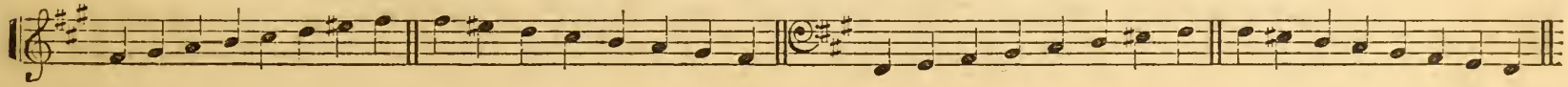
1. { Ho! the boating, Lightly floating, Merri - ly a - way, Winds of summer, Sigh and murmur, On the sleeping bay. } Singing softly to us Songs to charm and woo us, Thro' the beaming, And the dreaming Of the sunny days.

2. { Pain and trouble, Fleet like bubbles, Underneath our keel, Gen-tle blisses In the kisses Of the wave we feel. } Care no longer teases Sweet the whisp'ring breezes, Thro' the willows, O'er the billows, Fresh and fragrant steal.

3. { Ho the boating, Lightly floating, Mer-ri - ly a - way, Winds of summer, Sigh and murmur, On the sleeping bay. } Singing softly to us Songs to charm and woo us, Thro' the beaming, And the dreaming Of the sunny days.



No. 99. Scale of F Sharp Minor—relative of C Major. Let the Ladies sing their part alone, then Gent's the same, then unite the parts.



No. 100. Exercise in Key of F♯ Minor. **WANDER WITH ME.** Dr. L. MASON.

Slowly, two beats in a measure.

1. Wander with me in the for-est, Linger in paths that are blest; Hearts that are weary and sor-est, There shall be soothed into rest, be soothed..... in - to rest.

2. Quiet that dwells there is brok-en On-ly by birds and the strains, Softer than words that are spoken, Music shall lull thee in dreams, shall lull..... thee in dreams.

No. 101. Scale of E.

No. 102. Exercise in Key of E.

No. 103. Key of E. **EVENING.** Dr. L. MASON.

Moderato.

1. De - scend up - on our dwell - ing, O qui - et ev once more, While we in songs are tell - ing, Thy gen - tle beau - ties o'er.
2. Al - read - y, swift ad - van - cing, Thou blush - est on thy way And on us now is glan - cing, The sun - set's part - ing ray.
3. O'er all its si - lence reign - ing, Save where in for - est dim, Some lit - tle bird is plain - ing, Its ten - der ves - per hymn.
4. De - scend up - on our dwell - ing, O qui - et eve once more, While we in songs are tell - ing, Our Ma - ker's prais - es o'er.

No. 104 introduces the Scale of F.

No. 105. Key of F. HASTE THEE, WINTER, HASTE AWAY.

Arranged by Dr. L. MASON.

1. Haste, thee, Win - ter, haste a - way, Far too long has been thy stay; Far too long thy winds have roar'd, Snows have beat and rains have pour'd,

2. Haste, thee, Win - ter, haste a - way, Let me feel the spring-tide ray; Let the fields be green a - gain, Quick - ly end the drear - y rain,

Haste thee, Win - ter, haste a - way, Far too long has been thy stay.

Haste thee, Win - ter, haste a - way, Far too long has been thy stay.

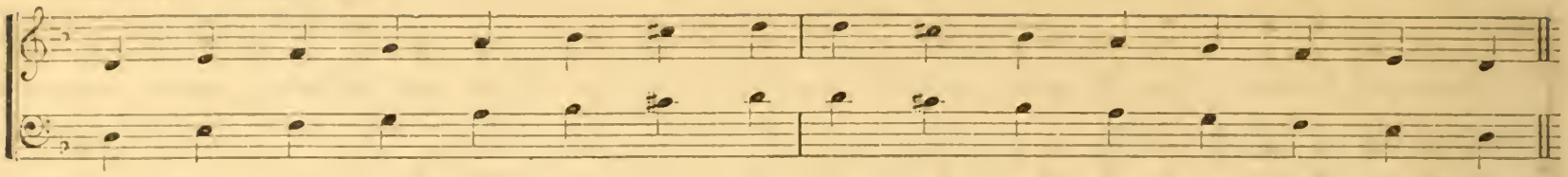
No. 106. AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

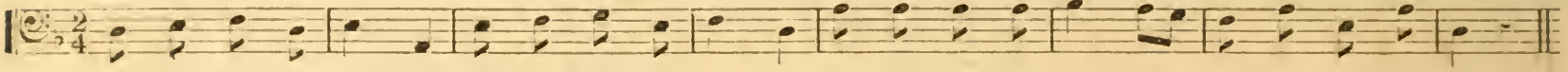
Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride, From ev - ery moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.

Sweet free - dom's song! Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break,—The sound pro - long!
To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

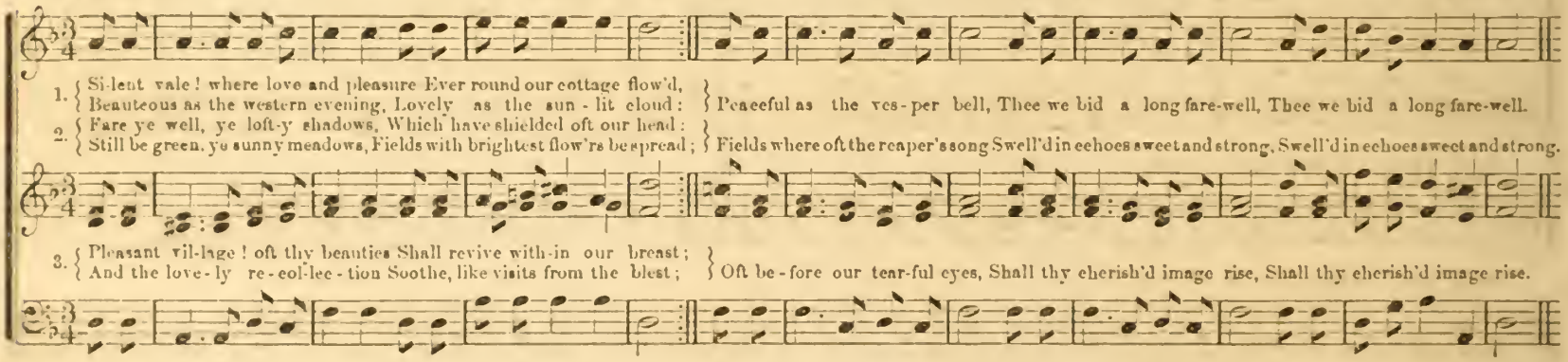
No. 107. Scale of D Minor.



No. 108.
Not too fast.



No. 109. FAREWELL TO THE VILLAGE. DR. L. MASON.

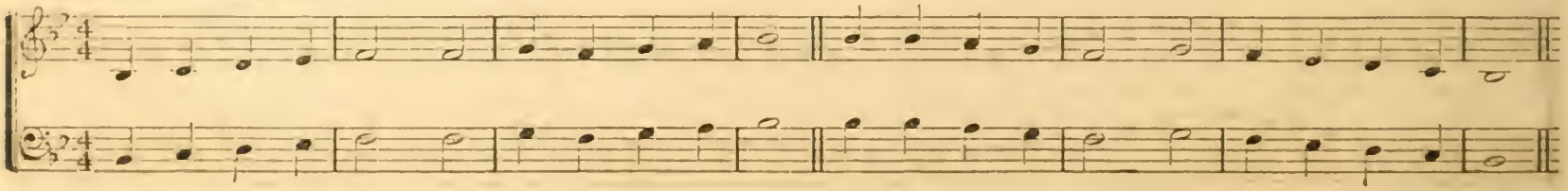


1. { Si-lent vale! where love and pleasure Ever round our cottage flow'd, Beauteous as the western evening, Lovely as the sun-lit cloud: } Peaceful as the ves-per bell, Thee we bid a long fare-well, Thee we bid a long fare-well.

2. { Fare ye well, ye loft-y shadows, Which have shielded oft our head: Still be green, ye sunny meadows, Fields with brightest flow'rs be spread; } Fields where oft the reaper's song Swell'd in echoes sweet and strong, Swell'd in echoes sweet and strong.

3. { Pleasant vil-lage! oft thy beauties Shall revive with-in our breast; And the love-ly re-col-lec-tion Soothe, like visits from the blest; } Oft be-fore our tear-ful eyes, Shall thy cherish'd image rise, Shall thy cherish'd image rise.

No. 110. Scale of B Flat.



No. 111. OUR COUNTRY'S BIRTH-DAY. T. J. COOK.

1. Lift your voi - ces, loud - ly sing! Sons of Free - dom, join the lay; Hill and val - ley joy - ful ring,
2. Glo - rious theme— Co-lum - bia's free! She fears no cru - el des - pot's sway; Her ban - ners wave o'er land and sea,
3. Lift your voi - ces, young and old, Let not ty - rants proud - ly say, Dis - cord's ban - ner is un - furled;
4. Lift your voi - ces, swell each breast, One in spir - it, come what may, South and North, and East and West,

Hail Co - lum - bia's Na - tal day!
Hail her glo - rious Na - tal day!
Hail our glo - rious Na - tal day!
Hail Co - lum - bia's Na - tal day!
With one loud voice Let all re - joice, Hail our coun - try's Na - tal day.

No. 112. Scale Lesson—G Minor.

No. 113. Scale Lesson—G Minor.

No. 114. Scale of E Flat.

No. 115. Scale Exercise E Flat.

No. 116.

ALLEGRETTO.

WE ALL ARE HAPPY ROVERS.

DR. L. MASON.

1. We all are hap - py rov - ers, No heav - y hearts we bear, no, no! Sweet na - ture's loy - al lov - ers, We seek the good and fair.
2. No cloud of fan - cied sor - row Shall dark - en o'er our way, no, no! What tho' it rain to - mor - row, If skies are bright to - day.

3. The sun his light shall send us, When winds are soft and warm, yes, yes! And night shall e'er be - friend us, With shel - ter from the storm.

We haste a - way o'er land and sea, No bird more light - ly flits than we, O'er beauteous re - gions roam - ing, Our song is full and free.
We haste a - way o'er land and sea, No bird more light - ly flits than we, O'er beauteous re - gions roam - ing, Our song is full and free.

We haste a - way o'er land and sea, No bird more light - ly flits than we, O'er beauteous re - gions roam - ing, Our song is full and free.

No. 117. Introduces Scale of C Minor.

No. 118. Key of C Minor.

SLOWLY.

SERENADE.

DR. L. MASON.

1. { O, why art thou not near me. O! my love! / The stars would mildly cheer thee, O! my love! } The moon now dimly glowing, Her waning light is throwing, Good night, good night, good night, my dearest love.

2. { Soft heaves the o - cean bil-low, O! my love! / Rest sweetly on thy pil-low, O! my love! } I wander forth despairing, To-night my woes declaring, Good night, good night, good night, my dearest love.

3. { The tho't my heart is rend-ing, O! my love! / With grief and joy contending, O! my love! } That I thy cares will cherish, Till all things else shall perish, Good night, good night, good night, my dearest love.

No. 119. Scale of A Flat.

No. 120. Four part Exercise—A Flat.

LET'S GO A-MAYING.

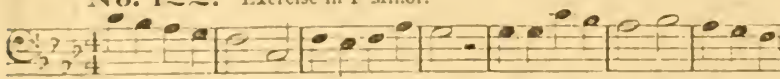
1. Fair May un-veils her rud - dy cheek, And decks her brow with dais - ies, And seat - ters blos-soms as she goes Thro' fields and for - est maz - es.
2. Ten years have passed since first I saw Thy fresh and bud- ding beau - ty, And love has rip- ened with the grass, And linked it - self with du - ty.
3. Leave house af- fairs to shift a-while, Leave work, and care and sor - row; We'll be the mer - ri - er to - day, And hap - pi - er to - mor - row

CHORUS.

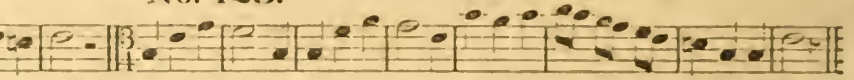
Let's go a - may-ing, go a - may - ing, go a - may- ing, May - ing the wood's de - light, The fields in - vite, Let's go a - may - ing, may - ing.

No. 121. Scale of F Minor.

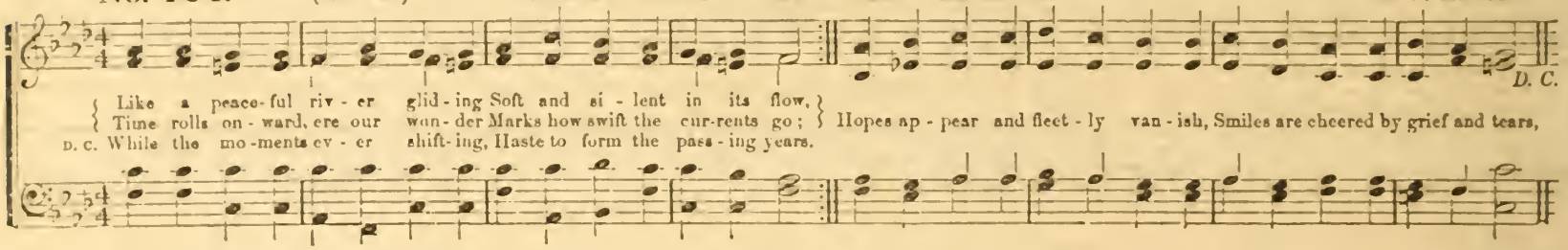
No. 122. Exercise in F Minor.



No. 123.



No. 124. (9th P. M.) PEACEFUL RIVER. 8s & 7s. DR. L. MASON.



EXPLANATION OF MUSICAL TERMS.

Adagio, or *Adasio*—slow.
Adagio Assai, or *Molto*—very slow.
Ad Libitum—at pleasure.
Affettuoso—tender and affecting.
Allegretto—less quick than Allegro.
Allegro—quick.
Allegro Assai—very quick.
Amabile—in a gentle and tender style.
Amoroso, or *Con Amore*—affectionately, tenderly.
Andante—gentle, distinct, and rather slow, yet connected.
Andantino—somewhat quicker than Andante.
Animato or *Con Anima*—with fervent, animated expression.
Animoso or *Con Animo*—with spirit, courage, and boldness.
Antiphons—music sung in alternate parts.
Ardito—with ardor and spirit.
Arioso—in a light, airy, singing manner.
A Tempo—in time.
A Tempo Giusto—in strict and exact time.
Bis—twice.
Brillante—brilliant, gay, shining, sparkling.
Cadenza—closing strain; also a fanciful extemporaneous embellishment, at the close of a song.
Cadenze—same as the second use of Cadenza. See Cadenza.
Calando—softer and slower.
Cantabile—graceful singing style; a pleasant, flowing melody.
Canto—the treble part in a Chorus.
Comodo, or *Commodo*—in an easy and unrestrained manner.
Con Affetto—with expression.
Con Dolcezza—with delicacy.
Con Dolore, or *Con Duolo*—with mournful expression.
Con Espressione—with expression.
Con Fuoco—with ardor, fire.
Con Moto—with emotion.
Con Spirito—with spirit, animation.

Da Capo—from the beginning.
Declamando—in the style of declamation.
Decrescendo—diminishing, decreasing.
Dal Segno, or *D. S.* repeat from the sign.
Devoto—devotedly, devoutly.
Dolce—soft, sweet, tender, delicate.
Dolcemente, *Dolcezza*, or *Dolcissimo*—See Dolce.
Dolente, or *Doloroso*—mournful.
Doloroso—in a plaintive, mournful style.

Elegante—elegance.
Energico, or *Con Energia*—with energy.
Espressivo—expressive.

Fine, *Fin*, or *Finale*—the end.
Forzando, *Forz*, or *Fz*—sudden increase of power.
Fugue, or *Fuga*—a composition which repeats or sustains, in its several parts, throughout, the subject with which it commences, and which is often led off by some one of its parts.
Fugato—in the fugue style.
Fugletto—a short fugue.

Giusto—in just and steady time.
Grazioso—smoothly, gracefully.
Grave—a slow and solemn movement.

Lacrimando, or *Lacrimoso*—mournful, pathetic.
Lamentevole, *Lamentando*, *Lamentabile*—mournfully.
Larghetto—slow, but not so slow as Largo.
Larghissimo—extremely slow.
Largo—slow.
Legato—close, gliding, connected style.
Lentando—gradually slower and softer.
Lento, *Lentamente*—slow.

Maestoso—majestic, majestically.
Marcato—strong and marked style.
Moderato, or *Moderatamente*—moderately, in moderate time.
Molto—much or very.
Molto Voce—with a full voice.
Morendo—gradually dying away.
Mordente—a beat, or transient shake.
Moto—motion. *Andante Con Moto*; quicker than Andante.
Pastorale—applied to graceful movements in sextuple time.
Perdendo, or *Perdendosi*—same as Lentando.
Piu—more; *Piu Mosso*; with more motion, faster.
Poco—a little. *Poco Adagio*—a little slow.
Poco A Poco—by degrees, gradually.
Portamento—the manner of sustaining and conducting the voice from one sound to another.
Presto—quick.
Prestissimo—very quick.
Rallentando, or *Allentando*, or *Slentando*—slower and softer by degrees.
Recitando—a speaking manner of performance.
Recitative—musical declamation.
Rinforzando, *Rinf.*, or *Rinforzo*—suddenly increasing in power.
Ritardando—slackening the time.

Semplice—chaste, simple.
Sempre—throughout, always, as *Sempre Forte*, loud throughout.
Senza—without, as *Senza Organo*, without the organ.
Sforzando, or *Sforzato*—with strong force or emphasis, rapidly diminishing.
Siciliana—a movement of light graceful character.
Smorendo, *Smorzando*—dying away.
Soave, *Soavement*—sweet, sweetly. See Dolce.
Solfeggio—a vocal exercise.
Solo—for a single voice or instrument.
Sostenuto—sustained.
Sotto—under, below. *Sotto Voce*; with subdued voice.
Spiritoso, *Con Spirito*—with spirit and animation.
Staccato—short, detached, distinct.
Subito—quick.

Tace, or *Tacet*—silent, or be silent.
Tardo—slow.
Tempo—time. *Tempo A Piacere*; time at pleasure.
Tempo Giusto—in exact time.
Ten Tenuto—hold on. See Sostenuto.
Tutti—the whole, full chorus.

Un—a; as *Un Poco*, a little.

Va—go on, as *Va Crescendo*, continues to increase.
Verso—same as Solo.
Vigoroso—bold, energetic.
Vivace—quick and cheerful.
Virtuoso—a proficient in art.
Voce Sola—voice alone.
Volti Subito—turn over quickly

VOICE-TRAINING.

In this department we shall, very briefly, refer to a few things, that demand the early attention of those who desire to make singing a healthy as well as pleasing exercise. The attention of the student is first directed to the *position* we take in singing. Standing is the best. Head erect, though not stiffly so; arms hanging by the side; mouth in that position as if you were just ready to smile. Now we are ready for the study of *Respiration.* This exercise is divided into two parts: 1st. That of *inhaling* or supplying the lungs with air. 2d. That of *exhaling* or throwing from the lungs, after retaining it an instant, the air that we inhaled. To do this properly, requires system and systematic practice. The organ which chiefly governs the act of respiration is the Diaphragm, assisted, however, by the abdominal muscles. The Diaphragm, in a state of rest, is in an *arched form.* When we inhale, it gradually loses this form; and, rising a little, becomes an almost plane, or level surface. When we exhale, it resumes its natural or arched position. In your practice observe the following rules: 1st. Close the mouth with the exception of a very slight opening, and then inhale or draw in slowly and gently, giving the lungs all the air they can comfortably contain. 2d. After retaining the air for two or three seconds, let it pass from the lungs, in the same easy, quiet manner. The air, being now pretty nearly forced from the lungs, keep them in that condition, two or three seconds, then repeat the exercise. (*See note.*)

By placing the hand at the base of the chest, the student will readily perceive the movement of the Diaphragm; he will find that, as this organ rises to a level surface, the lower ribs gradually expand, returning to their natural position as the Diaphragm sinks to its normal state.

Note 1. In order to aid the student, we divide the exercise of respiration as follows: three to five seconds, inhaling; three to five seconds, retaining the air in the lungs; three to five seconds, exhaling; three to five seconds, lungs empty. Be careful, however, not to crowd the organs at first, for we have known serious results occurring from too much practice at one time.

THE LARYNX.

This organ also takes part in the act of respiration, and is the *organ of sound.* It is that protuberance seen in the front part of the throat, familiarly known as Adam's Apple. (For description see Physiology.) The singer's success depends almost entirely on the healthy condition of this organ. It can be made to move up and down in the throat, according to the kind of tone to be produced. For instance, in a groan the Larynx descends to the lowest point possible in the throat. On the contrary, in a shriek, it ascends to the highest point. If, therefore, the tones we use in singing are of a solemn or grave character, the Larynx will be more or less low in the throat; if the tones are shrill, sharp or thin, then it will be more or less high. If the organ is stiff and clumsy the execution will be the same. If it is elastic, and springy, then the facility for execution will, in the same ratio, increase.

THE PHARYNX

Is the cavity seen in the back part of the throat. This organ has great powers of expansion and contraction, and when expanded to its greatest point, the Larynx is forced down the throat; on the contrary, when contracted the Larynx is raised more or less high. So, when the tones used are grave, sombre, full of pathos, then the Pharynx is expanded,—when the tones are clear, penetrating or acute, then it is contracted: thus *modifying* the sound. The student will at once see that upon his ability to control their powers of expansion and contraction, depends, in a great measure, his success in giving character to his singing.

REGISTERS OF THE VOICE.

We simply give the opinion of great Physiologists in saying that there are but *two* registers of the voice, called *chest* and *falsetto*; and the passing from one register to the other is the great difficulty experienced by the singer. It is only to be overcome by patience and long practice. We can produce several qualities of sound in the falsetto register, and the change, from one quality to another, is very easily discerned, as the tone changes from a reedy sound to that clear character peculiar to the flute.

THE TIMBRES OF THE VOICE.

The two principal qualities or timbres of the voice, that we study, and which are used most in music, are called the *clear* and *sombre.* As we have said before, in the production of the grave or sombre timbre, the Pharynx enlarges, the air column increases in size, and the Larynx is lowered in the throat. When, however, we use the clear timbre, the Pharynx contracts its capacity, the larynx rises in the throat, and the air column is smaller, but has more force. In voice-training, the clear timbre is always used; that is, we use the natural tone of the voice, preserving as nearly as we can, the natural position of the organ. The sombre voice, however, is full of pathos and feeling, hence is the most desirable, but its cultivation and study is postponed until we have fully established the clear timbre.

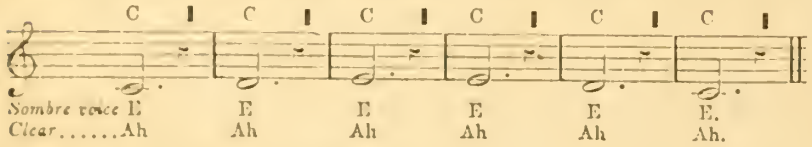
NOTE 2. The air column seems to influence the position of the organs of the throat, in its movement in or out: that is, when we inhale, the organs are slightly depressed; when we exhale, they are slightly raised. The pupil will specially observe that the proper position of the larynx, when we attack or produce a tone, is that which it presents immediately after inhaling.

NOTE 3. When the voice is very sombre use the element E in the chest-register, but when the clear timbre is established use the element A pronounced as in *Father*.

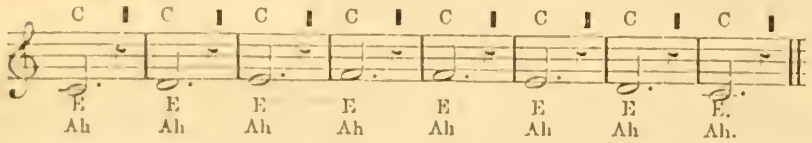
Chest-tones are marked ..... C.
Falsetto " " ..... F.
Head-tones " " ..... H.
Breathing mark ..... I.

The exercises are written for the Soprano voice.

No. 1. CHEST TONES. Take the respirations slow and full.



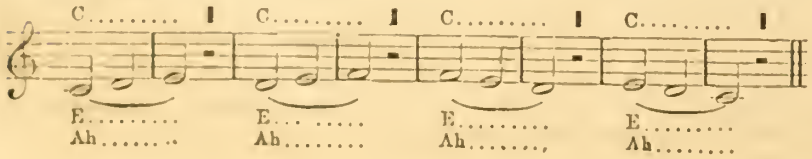
No. 2.



PORTAMENTO OF THE VOICE.

The portamento is executed by passing from one note to the other with the same volume of sound; the action proceeds from the diaphragm.

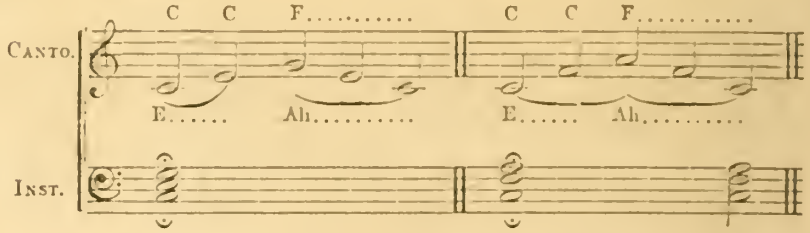
No. 3.



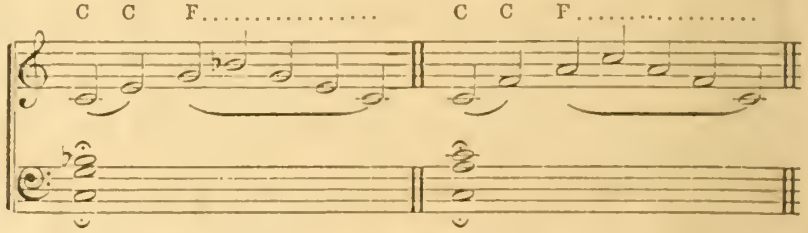
No. 4 to 10. EXERCISES TO SECURE THE FALSETTO.

Sing the two first notes with the *Portamento* in an energetic manner. The others are simply slurred together, and less power or force is used. The break that naturally exists between the two registers should be quite decided. As the Falsetto improves in strength it will gradually disappear. Nature sometimes does this work herself, but such voices are rare. Use element E to the chest tones until they become sufficiently clear.

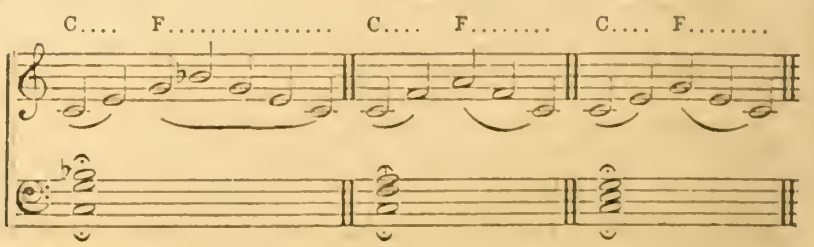
No. 4. **No. 5.**



No. 6. **No. 7.**

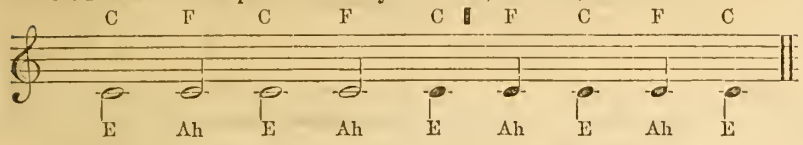


No. 8. **No. 9.** **No. 10.**

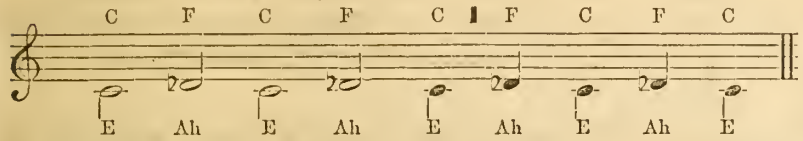


FOR THE UNION OF THE CHEST AND FALSETTO REGISTERS.

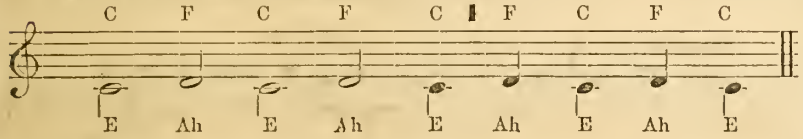
No. 11. To be practiced in Keys of D-flat, D, E-flat, E and F.



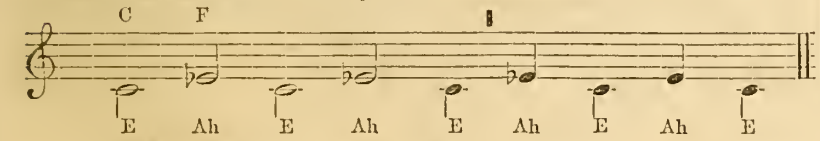
No. 12. Practice D-flat, D, E-flat, E and F.



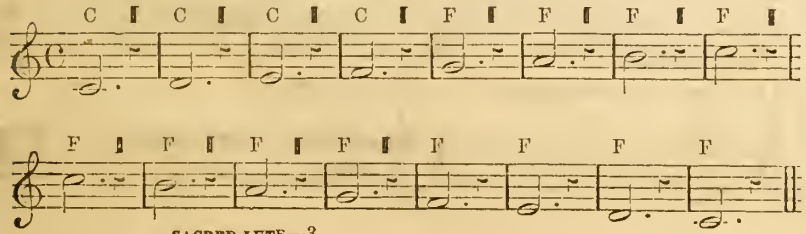
No. 13. Practice in Keys of D-flat, D, E-flat, E and F



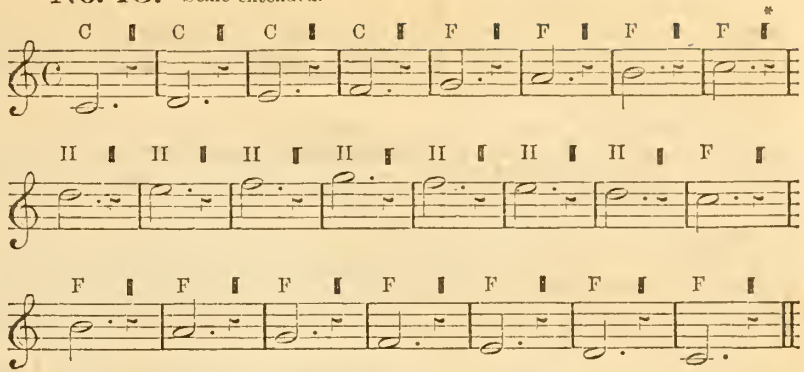
No. 14. Practice in all Keys to F.



No. 15. Combining two registers, Chest and Falsetto. Respiration, Slow and Full.

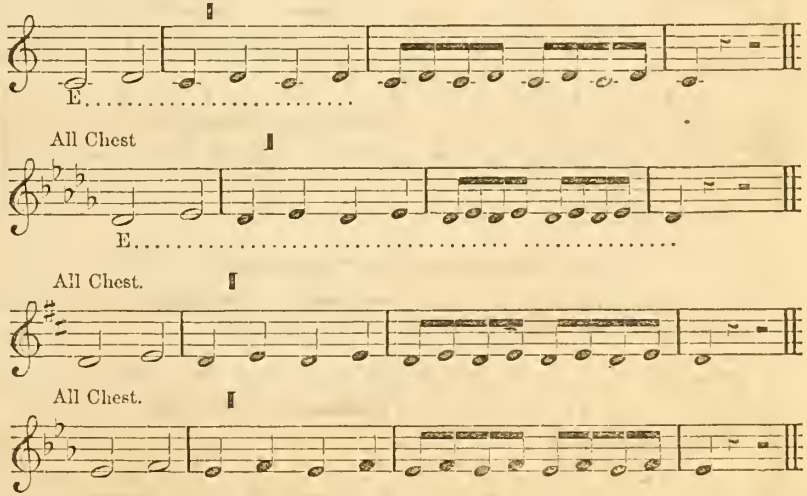


No. 16. Scale extended.



EXERCISE ON TWO NOTES.

No. 17. All Chest—clear timbre.



* At this point the female voice loses that reedy quality, peculiar to the low notes of the Falsetto register, and become clear in its character like the tone of a flute, so we mark them Head, or II.

Chest and Falsetto alternate.

C F C F C F

Chest and Falsetto.

C F

All Falsetto.

All Falsetto.

All Falsetto.

All Falsetto.

All Falsetto.

All Falsetto.

Falsetto and Head.

Falsetto and Head.

All Head.

All head.

All Head.

All head.

Our limited space allows us only to give but one example each of the following *Scale Exercises*, but the pupil should (as in No. 17) practice the exercises in all the Keys never carrying the chest-voice above F or F-sharp, and taking the Head-tones at D, observing the different timbres of the registers same as in preceeding exercise.

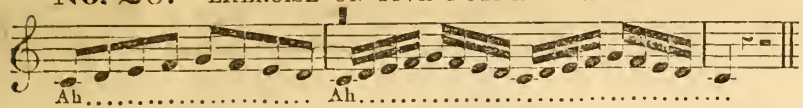
No. 18. EXERCISE ON THREE NOTES. *Slow and even.*

Ah..... Ah.....

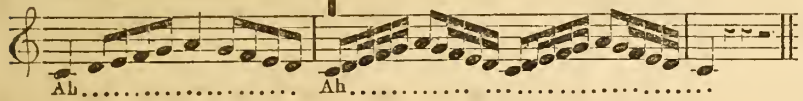
No. 19. EXERCISE ON FOUR NOTES. *Slow and even.*

Ah..... Ah.....

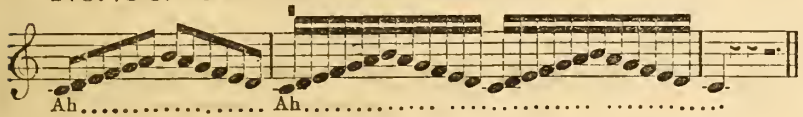
No. 20. EXERCISE ON FIVE NOTES. *Slow and even.*



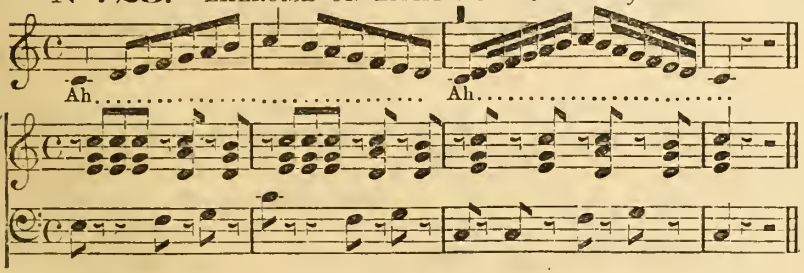
No. 21. EXERCISE ON SIX NOTES. *Slow and even.*



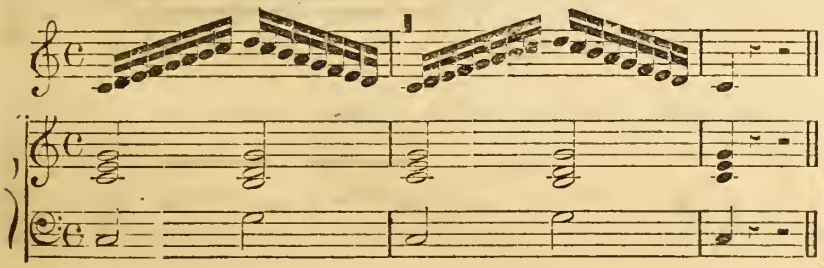
No. 22. EXERCISE ON SEVEN NOTES. *Slow and even.*



N . 23. EXERCISE ON EIGHT NOTES. *Slowly.*



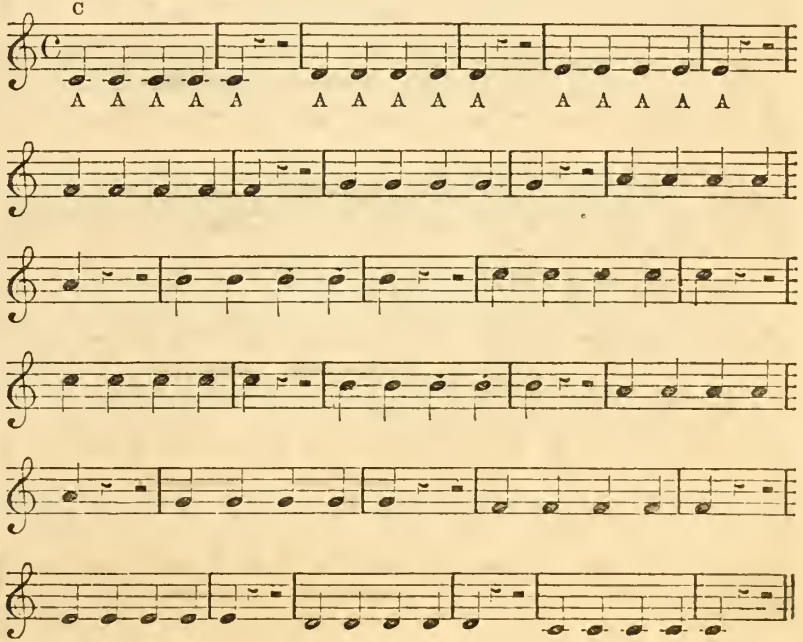
No. 24. EXERCISE ON NINE NOTES.



SHOCK OF THE GLOTTIS.

No. 25.—See that the position is right. Mouth and organs of the throat to be in an easy, relaxed condition. Inhale slowly, and when the lungs are full of air, without stiffening either the larynx or any other part of the throat or mouth, attack neatly the tones by a slight motion of the glottis with the vowel A. Let the A proceed from as low a point in the throat as is possible, so that no obstacle may oppose the emission of the tone. The action of the glottis is similar to that of the lips when we pronounce the letter P.

No. 25. Use Falsetto from G.

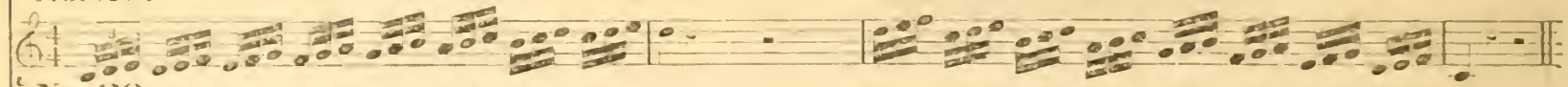


No. 26.

No. 27.

No. 28.

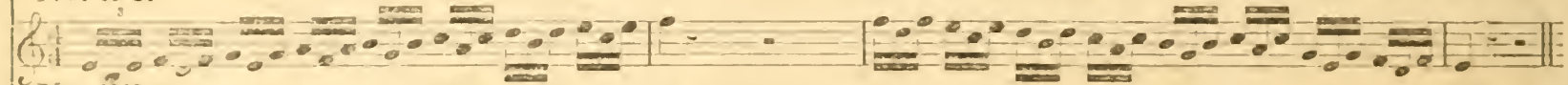
No. 29.



No. 30.

No. 31.

No. 32.



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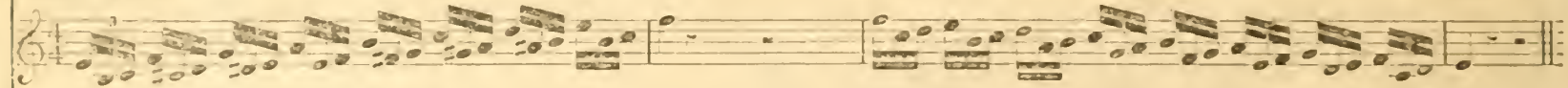

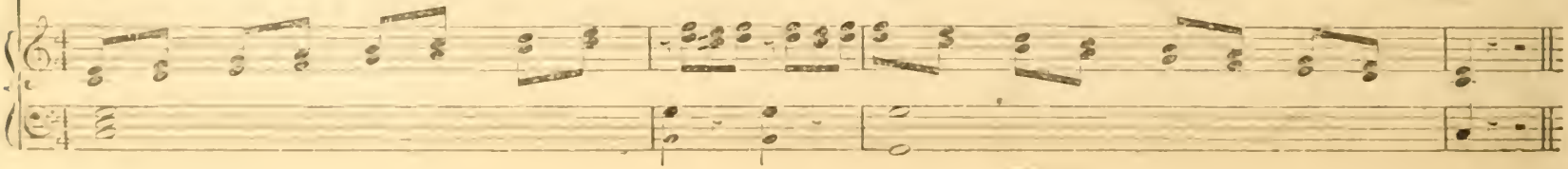

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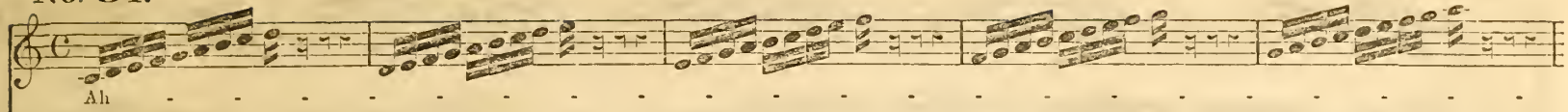

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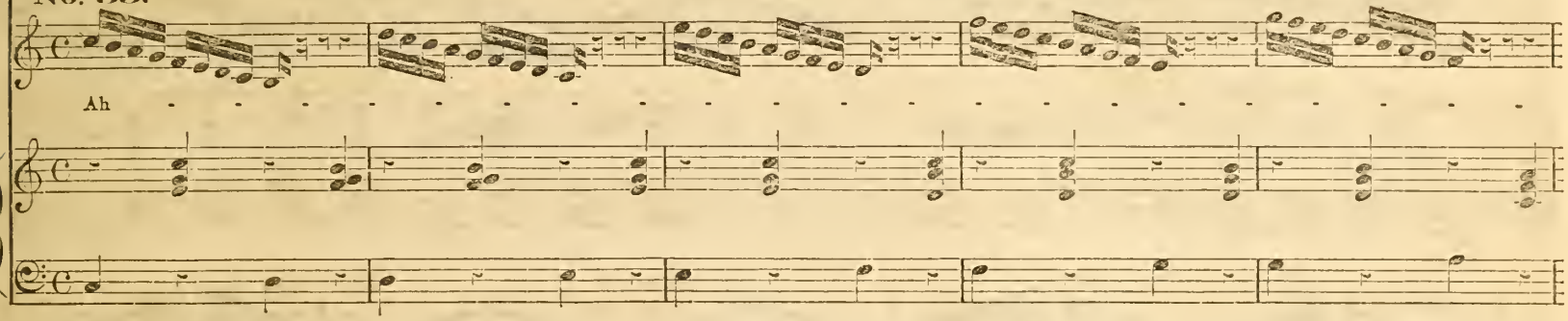
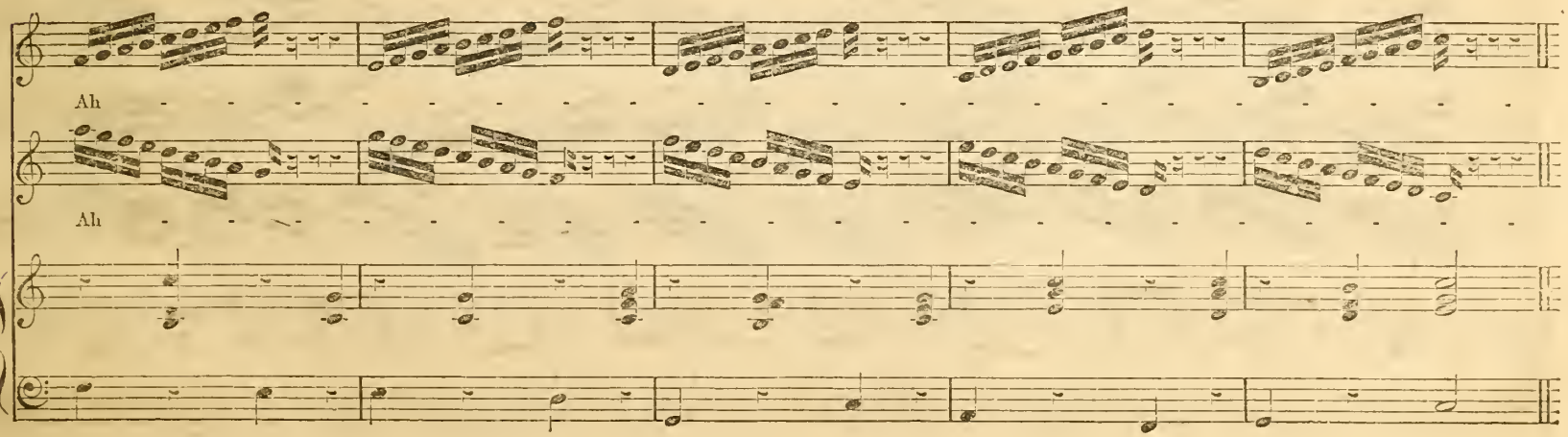


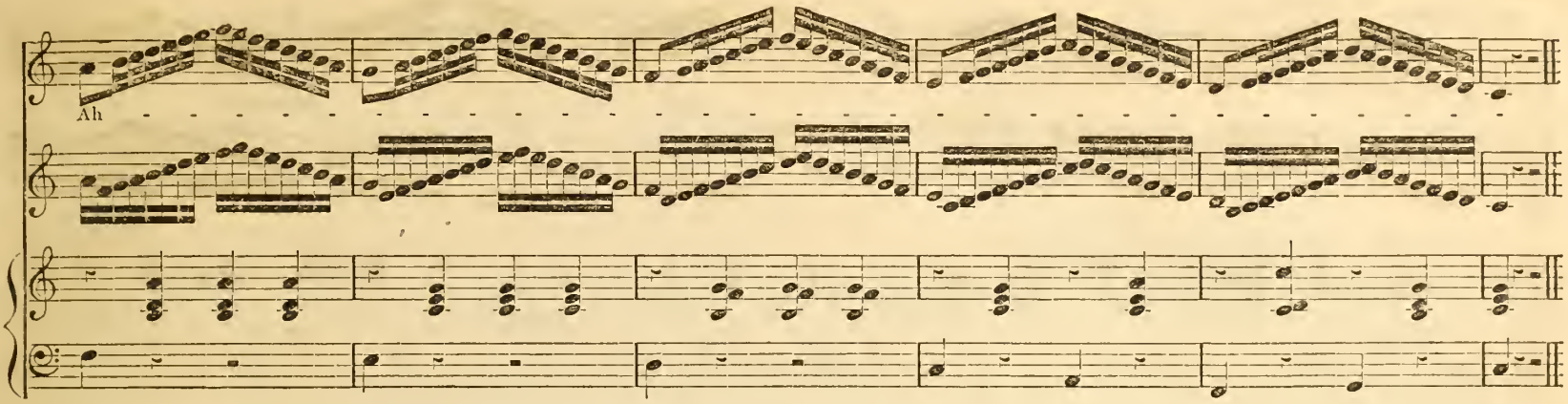


No. 36.

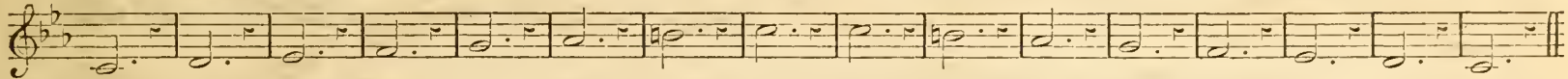
Ah

No. 37.

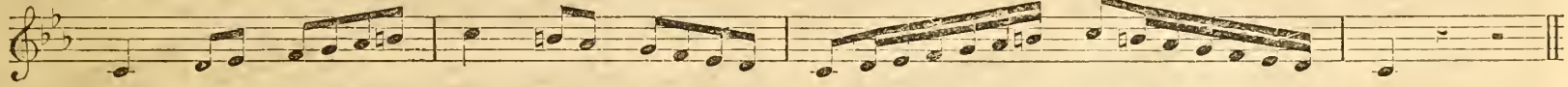
No. 38.



No. 39. MINOR SCALES.

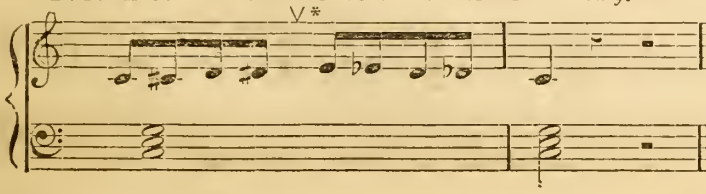


No. 40. FIRST FORM. *With Expression.*



No. 41. SECOND FORM.

No. 42. CHROMATIC SCALE PRACTICE. *Slowly.*



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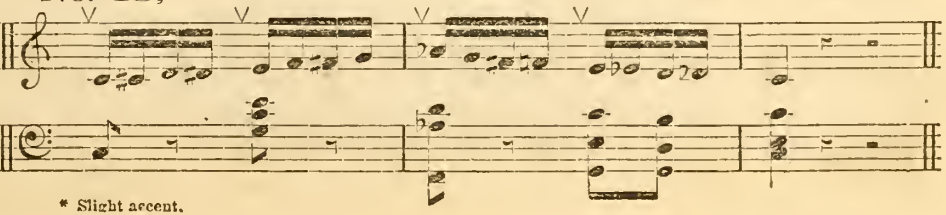


* Slight accent.

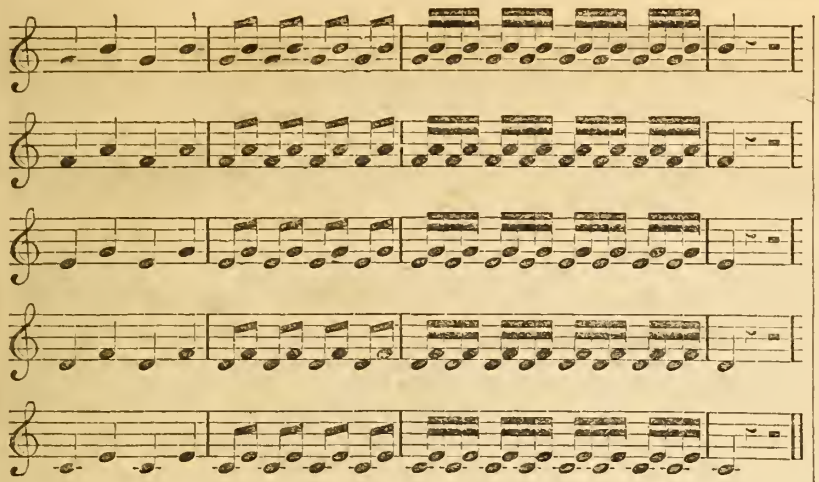
No. 44. CHROMATIC SCALE.

No. 45. CHROMATIC SCALE EXTENDED.

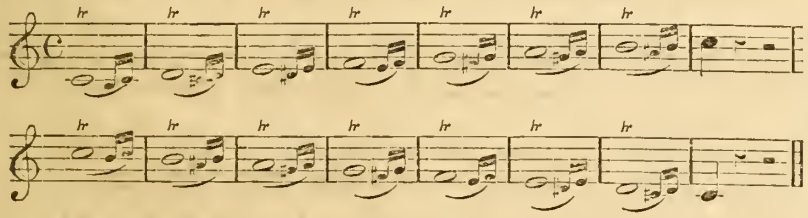
THE TRILL.

The trill is produced by a more or less rapid motion of the larynx up and down in the throat. The exercise must be slow at first, and when sure of the right motion of the larynx, increase its rapidity little by little, until we reach the right point. Both notes should be perfectly even. In order to insure the proper action of the larynx we take the interval of the third for the first study.

No. 46.



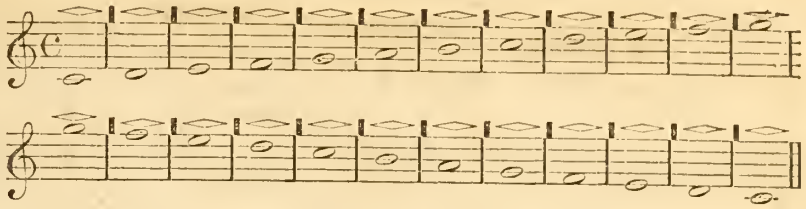
No. 47. In study of the Trill be sure that the notes are exactly equal. Time is *ad libitum.*



THE SWELL.

This is the final and great accomplishment of the singer, and can only be effectively studied when the pupil has control of the organs of respiration, of the shock of the glottis, of the union of the two registers, chest and falsetto, and of the two timbres, clear and sombre. Commence on C (1st leger line below the staff), with falsetto register, and pass to the chest-register; also begin with the sombre timbre, and in swelling pass to the chest timbre, keeping this quality when the greatest power is used. From G (second line), the falsetto is used up to D, where the head-tones commence.

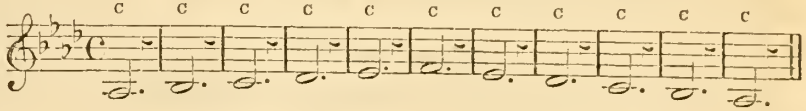
No. 48.



CONTRALTO METHOD.

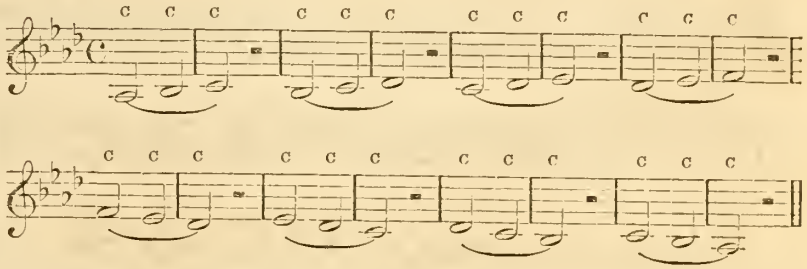
Observe the same rules in regard to position of the body and mouth and C F as in Soprano Method. Use element E in Chest-register until the timbre is sufficiently clear.

No. 1. Practice also in key of A. Use clear timbre.

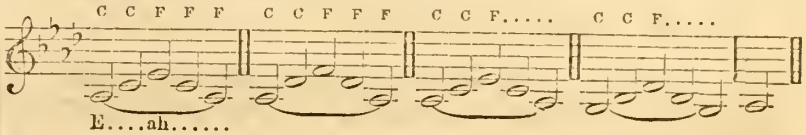


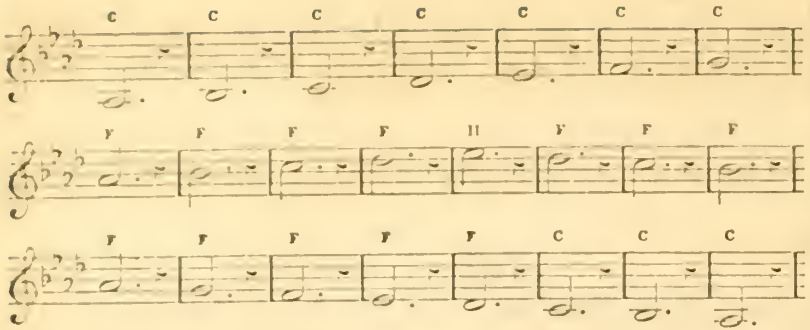
PORTAMENTO OF THE VOICE.

No. 2. Practice also in A.



No. 3. Practice in keys of A, B♭, B, C, and D♭.



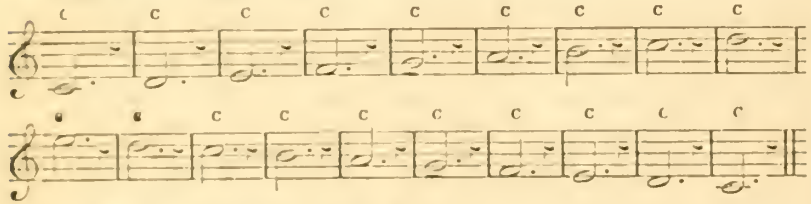


The Contralto singer may now use the exercises written for the Soprano voice, only in going up carry the chest-tones to G and A♭, and in going down bring the falsetto down to D. Transpose Soprano exercises one minor third lower. Begin with Exercise No. 11.

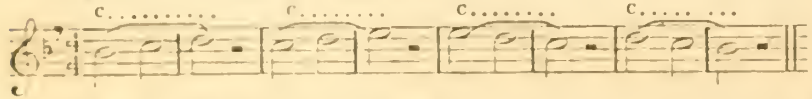
TENOR METHOD.

For directions in regard to position, see Soprano part. Use element E in the chest-register until the timbre is clear.

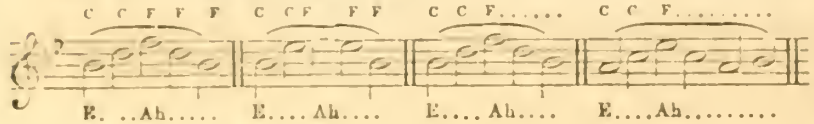
No. 1. Practice in D♭.



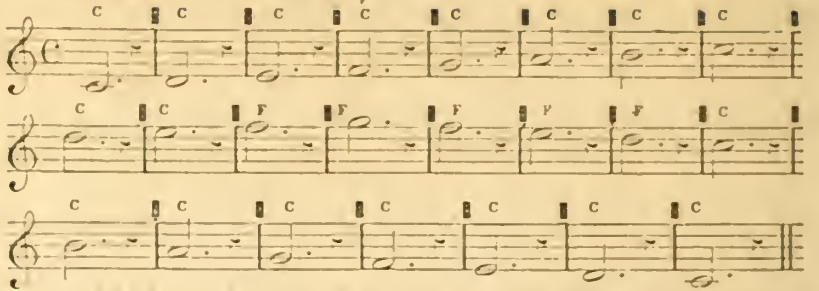
No. 2. Portamento of the Voice.



No. 3. Practice in B, C, and D♭.



No. 4. Practice same in D♭.

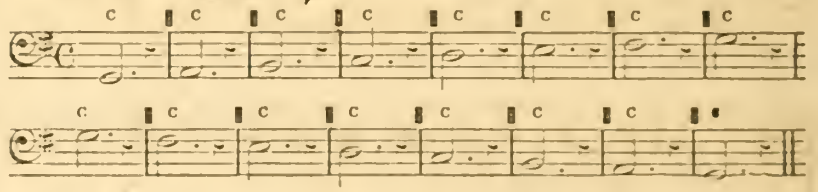


The Tenor singer may now use the exercises written for the Soprano, commencing with No. 11. Be careful not to carry the chest-voice above F, fifth line, and bring the falsetto down to D or C, fourth line or third space.

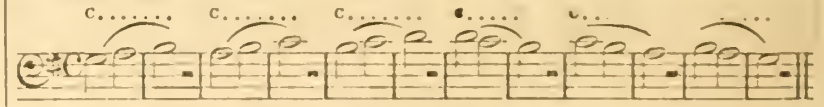
THE BARITONE METHOD.

The best and most effective tones of the Baritone voice are those of the chest-register For rules for position, respiration, &c., see Soprano Method.

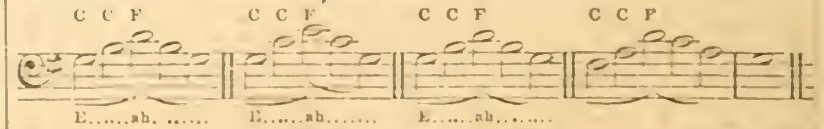
No. 1. Practice in A♭.



No. 2.



No. 3. Practice in A♭ and A.



The student will now use the exercises written for the Soprano voice, commencing with No. 11. singing them, however, a minor third lower than is written. He must always use the chest-voice as high as he can conveniently, without much effort. When the falsetto is used, commence it at F going up, and in coming down resume the chest at C.

CHORUSES, GLEES, QUARTETS, AND SONGS.

FOR SINGING-SCHOOLS, MUSICAL CONVENTIONS, AND THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

THE PIRATE'S CHORUS.

ALLEGRO MODERATO. FROM BALFE.

p

Ev - er be hap - py and light as thou art, Pride of the Pi - rate's heart! Ev - er be hap - py and light as thou art, Pride of the Pi - rate'

f

heart! Long be thy reign. O'er land and main, By the glaive, by the chart, Queen of the Pi - rate's heart! Queen! Ev - er be hap - py and

f *ff*

light as thou art, Pride of the Pi - rate's heart! Pride, pride of the Pi - rate's heart, Pride, pride of the Pi - rate's heart!

Words by GEO. BAKER.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

Music by Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

1. Close his eyes; his work is done! What to him is friend or foe-man, Rise of moon, or set of sun, Hand of man, or kiss of wo-man?
2. As man may, he fought this fight, Proved his truth by his en-deav-or. Let him sleep in sol-emn night, Sleep for-ev-er and for ev-er.
3. Fold him in his coun-try's stars; Roll the drum, and fire the vol-ley! What to him are all our wars, What but death-be-mock-ing fol-ly.
4. Leave him to God's watching eye; Trust him to the hand that made him; Mor-tal love weeps i-dly by; God a-lone has power to aid him.

Lay him low, lay him low, In the clo-ver or the snow; What cares he? he can-not know: Lay him low! Lay him low!

Lay him low, lay him low, In the clo-ver or the snow; What cares he? he can-not know: Lay him low! Lay him low!

MAESTOSO. (19th P. M.) **DORT.** 6s & 4s. **Prayer for our Country.**

1. God bless our native land, Firm may she ever stand Thro' storm and night! When the wild tempests rave, Ruler of wind and wave! Do thou our country save, By thy great might.
2. For her our prayer shall rise, To God above the skies; On him we wait. Thou who hast heard each sigh Watching each weeping eye, Be thou forever nigh: God save the State.
3. Bless thou our native land, Firm may she ever stand Thro' storm and night! When the wild tempests rave, Ruler of wind and wave! Do thou our country save, By thy great might.

1. How sounds the deep - toned bell..... With slow and sol - emn toll, with sol - emn toll.....

2. Come with a si - lent tread, a si - lent tread; Come, where must low - ly sleep, must low - ly sleep, The

Sound - ing the last long mourn - - ful knell..... Of the de - part - ed soul, de - part - ed soul ....

no - ble..... but un - time - - - ly dead..... Come to his grave and weep, his grave and weep....

Of the de - part - ed soul, Of the de - part - - - - ed soul.

Come to his grave and weep.

Come to his grave and weep, Come to his grave and weep.

3. Come weep, but not with tears,
In hopeless sorrow shed,
That which ye fondly loved for years,
But sleeps, and is not dead.

4. Then come with holy trust,
While sounds the mournful bell,
And hopeful house the hallowed dust,
Of him ye loved so well.

Words by W. WILSON. **LAST OF THE YEAR, ROLL ON!** S. J. VAIL.

1. Roll on, Roll on! Last of the year, Roll on, Last of the year, Roll on! Nor cease thy flight, By day or night, But at his will The cy - cle fill—Roll on, Roll on! Nor cease thy flight, By day or night,

1. Roll on, Roll on! Last of the year, Roll on, Last of the year, Roll on! Nor cease thy flight, By day or night; But at his will The cy - cle fill,— Roll on, Roll on! Nor cease thy flight, By day or night,

1. Roll on, Roll on! Last of the year, Roll on, Last of the year, Roll on! Nor cease thy flight, By day or night, But at his will The cy - cle fill—Roll on, Roll on! Nor cease thy flight, By day or night,

FIRM. Words by F. H. S. **VOLUNTEER SONG. For Male Voices.** Music by JAS. M. NORTH.

1. From the mountain, from the riv - er, From the val - ley, from the plain, We are sweep - ing to the res - cue, Like the bil - lows of the main; For the
2. By the fire the pil-grims light-ed, On the old New Eng-land shore, By the ash - es of the statesman, Who "still liv - eth" ev - er - more: By our
3. So we're gathering to the res - cue With our mil - lions for de - fence, And we pause not in the strug - gle, Till each foe is driv - en hence; For the

LAST OF THE YEAR, ROLL ON! Concluded.

Nor cease thy flight, By day or night, But at his will The cy - cle fill— Roll

By day or night, Nor cease thy flight, By day or night, But at his will The cy - cle fill—

Nor cease thy flight, By day or night, Nor cease thy flight, By day or night, But at his will The cy - cle fill— Roll

Ad lib.

on, Roll on! Roll..... on, Roll on, Roll on!

on, Roll on! Roll..... on, Roll on, Roll on!

2. Last of the year,
Roll on!
And as we raise
Our voice of praise,
For gifts of love,
Sent from above,
Roll on!

3. Last of the year,
Roll on!
And thus may we,
On life's dark sea,
Borne on its tide,
Our end abide,
Roll on!

VOLUNTEER SONG. Concluded.

ff

trai - tor's hand is lift - ed, And our Fa - ther's sa - cred trust, And our country's star - ry ban - ner Is now trail - ing in the dust.
no - ble con - sti - tu - tion, Which hath lift - ed us on high, In thy strength, O, God of bat - tles, We must con - quer or we die.
trai - tor's hand is lift - ed, And our Fa - ther's sa - cred trust, And our country's star - ry ban - ner Is now trail - ing in the dust.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the ban - ner we love, On the land and seas, Brave hearts are un - der it,

2. Float - ing high a - bove us, Glow - ing in the sun, Speak - ing loud to all hearts Of a free - dom won. Who dares to sul - ly it,

FINE.

Let the trai - tors brag, Gal - lant lads, fire a - way, And fight for the flag. { Their flag is but a rag. Ours is the true one; Up with the stars and stripes, Down with the new one. }

Bought with pre - cious blood, Gal - lant lads, we'll fight for it, Tho' ours should swell the flood. { Raise, then, the ban - ner high, Ours is the true one; Up with the stars and stripes, Down with the new one. }

m *sempre cres.* *ff* D.C.

Let our col - ors fly, boys, Guard them day and night, For vic - to - ry is lib - er - ty, And God will bless the right.

Let our col - ors fly, boys, Guard them day and night, For vic - to - ry is lib - er - ty, And God will bless the right.

WE DO NOT FORGET THEE. Quartet.

T. H. TANNER.

1. We do not forget thee, sweet sister, Although we have laid thee to rest, And the flowers have blossomed and faded, Where they piled the dark earth o'er thy breast. Ah,

2. We do not for - get thee, sweet sister, Each zephyr that strays o'er the lea, Each flower thou hast loved, and each song-bird, Brings some recollection of thee. We

3. But sweetly thou sleepest, dear sis-ter, Undisturbed by a grief or a care,.. And the dark, lowly bed they have made thee, We've bedewed by many a tear. A

No? tho' the grave-clod for ev - er, Hath veiled thy loved form from our sight, And Death, with his cold, ruthless fingers, Hath dimmed thy dark eyes, once so bright!

list for thy loved tones at e - ven, And sigh for thy com-ing at morn, But ev - er we hear a sad whis - per, An ech - o thou'rt gone, thou art gone!

- las, that farewells must be whispered, That loved ones are born but to die, But thy smile shall be a bright bea - con To light us, dear sis- ter, on high!

SMOOTHLY.

THE VILLAGE OF THE VALE. Quartet.

T. E. P.

FINE

1. Lit - tle vale with fair - y mea- dows, Trees that spread your leaf-y hands, Flow- ers clothed in soft- est beau - ty, Love - li - er than east - ern lands.
2. In thy green and sun-ny pas - tures, Near thy bright and glas - sy streams, Free from care we love to wan - der, Cheered by summer's ra- diant beams.

SPIRITED.

THE MORNING SONG.

T. E. P

1. Cheer - ly, cheer - ly greet the morn, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sound the horn, Here we stand, yes, Here we stand. Who at home has dared to stay,

2. Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sound the strain, Hap - pi - ly, hap - pi - ly met a - gain, All are here, yes, All are here. All who love the morning's prime,

Who has loitered by the way, And who, for i - dle play, Do we miss from our band. Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly sound the horn, greet the morn.

All who feel the worth of time, Will join our mer-ry band, All will join our merry band. Sound the horn.....

Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly sound the horn

THE VILLAGE OF THE VALE. Continued.

Vil - lage home of ev - ery trea - sure, Thee we sing in strains of plea - sure, Vil - lage in the si - lent vale, Love-ly vil - lage, thee we hail
Scenes of sweet - est re - col - lec - tion, Sa - cred to the soul's re - flec - tion, Vil - lage, &c.

THE MORNING SONG. Concluded.

Cheeri - ly sound the horn, Mer-ri - ly greet the morn, Cheeri - ly sound the horn, Merri - ly greet the morn.

Cheeri - ly, cheeri - ly greet the morn, Cheeri - ly sound the horn, Mer-ri - ly greet the morn, Cheeri - ly sound the horn, Merri - ly greet the morn.

ALLEGRETTO.

THE CHASE. A Round for three Voices.

FERRARI.

1. A souther-ly wind and a cloud-y sky Pro - claim it a hunt - ing morning; Be - fore the sun rises a - way we fly, Dull sleep and a drowsy bed scorning.

2. To horse, my brave boys, and a-way, Bright Phœ-bus the hills is a - dorn-ing; The face of all na-ture looks gay, 'Tis a beau-ti-ful hunt - ing morning.

Hark! hark! forward! Tanta - ra, tantara, tanta - ra! Hark! hark! for-ward! Tanta-ra, tantara, tanta - ra!

INST.

THE VILLAGE OF THE VALE. Concluded.

1. Lit - tle vale with fair - y mea - dows, Trees that spread your leaf-y hands, Flow - ers clothed in soft - est beau - ty, Love - li - er than east - ern lands.
2. In thy green and sun-ny pas - tures, Near thy bright and glas - sy streams, Free from care we love to wan - der, Cheered by summer's ra - diant beams.

Words by J. G. CLARK.

MY MOTHER IS NEAR. Quartet.

Music by E. MOORE.

1. Sweet moth - er, the birds from our bow - ers have fled, The Reap - er has gath - ered his sheaves; The glo - ri - ous sum - mer lies
2. I won - der some-times if the souls that have flown, Re - turn to the mourn-ers a - gain; And I ask for a sign from the
3. The cold world may cov - er my path-way with frowns, And min - gle with bit - ter each joy, It may load me with cross - es, and

si - lent and dead, And the land like a pale mourn-er grieves. But the gar - den of mem' - ry is bloom-ing to - day, With flow - ers and
track-less un - known, Where mil - lions have questioned in vain. I see not your meek lov - ing face through the strife, Which would blind me with
rob me of crowns; I have trea - sures it can not de - stroy. There's a green sun - ny isle in the depths of my soul, Whose ros - es the

leaves ev - er new, And the birds and the foun - tains a - round it that play, Are sing - ing, dear moth - er, of you.
doubt - ing and fear; But a voice murmers peace, to the tu - mult at life, And I know that my moth - er is near.
winds nev - er strew, And the bil - lows and bree - zes a - round it that roll, Bring ti - dings of Heav - en and you.

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER. Quartet.

FINE.

1. Let sail - ors sing of the roll - ing deep, Let sol - diers praise their ar - mor; But in my heart this toast I keep— The In - de - pend - ent Farm - er.
D. C. When banks of bloom their sweet-ness yield To bees who gath - er hon - ey— He drives his team a - cross the field, Where skies are soft and sun - ny.

2. The blackbird clucks be - hind the plow, The quail pipes loud and clear - ly; Yon orch - ard hides be - hind its bough, The home he loves so dear - ly;
D. C. But yon - der in the porch there stands His wife, the love - ly charm - er, The sweet - est rose on all his lands— The In - de - pend-ent Farm - er.

3. To him the spring comes dan - cing gay, To him the sum - mer blush - es, The au - tumn smiles with pleasant ray, His sleep old win - ter hush - es.
D. C. He trusts in God and loves his wife, No grief or ill may harm her; He's na - ture's no - ble - man in life— The In - de - pend - ent Farm - er.

D. C.

When first the rose in robe of green, Un - folds its crim - son lin - ing, And round his cot - tage porch is seen The hon - ey suck - le twin - ing;

The gray old barn, whose doors un - fold His am - ple store in mea - sure, More rich than heaps of hoard - ed gold, A pre - cious, bless-ed trea - sure:

He cares not how the world may move, No doubts or fears con-found him; His lit - tle flock are linked in love, His house-hold an - gels 'round him.

WITH GENTLENESS.

THE MELLOW EVE. Quartet or Chorus.

J. B. W.

1. The mel - low eve is glid - ing Se - rene - ly down the west, So, ev - ery care sub - sid - ing, My soul would sink to
2. The eve - ing - star has light - ed Her crys - tal lamp on high, So, when in death be - night - ed, May hope il - lume the

CON SPIRITO.

SPRING CHORUS. Chorus Glee.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. M. PELTON.

1. Swell high the joy - ful cho - rus, That greets the wel - come spring; That now no long - er o'er us, Reigns win - ter's rug - ged king.

2. Now blos - soms gai - ly blow - ing, Breathe fragrance on the air, While flowers in mea - dows grow - ing, Be - deck the scenes so fair.

That sends bright sun-beams glan - cing, From stream lets on the plain, That now are on - ward dan - cing, Re-leased from i - cy chain.

Then let our voi - ces ring - ing, With war - blers on the wing; Show forth our joy in sing - ing, And hail the wel - come spring.

THE MELLOW EVE. Continued.

rest, . My soul would sink to rest... The wood-land hum is ring - ing, The day-light's gen-tle close.

sky,... May hope il - lume the sky... In gold - en spien - - der dawn - ing, The mor - row's light shall break

SPRING CHORUS. Concluded.

1. Then hail! hail! hail! Hail the joy - ful spring, Hail! hail! hail! The ev - er welcome spring, the spring,..... the ev er welcome spring....

The ev - er, ev - er wel - come spring.....

f *mf* *f* *mf* *ff*

2. Yes, hail! hail! hail! Hail the joy - ful spring, Hail! hail! hail! The ev - er welcome spring. The ev - - - - er wel - come spring.....

THE HOAR-FROST. Quartet.

SOSTENUTO. Dolce. MENDELSSOHN.

1. The hoar-frost fell on a night in spring, It fell on the ten - der vio - lets blue, And now they've with - ered, they've with - ered and fa - ded. And now they've with - ered and fa - - - - - ded.

2. A youth loved dear-ly a maid - en fair, They fled one day from home and left Both fa - ther and moth - er in sor - - - - - row.

3. They wan-dered o - ver ma - ny lands, They found not their joy nor for - tune there, Both fa - ther and moth - er, left them both in sor - row. And now they're gone and for - got - - - - - ten.

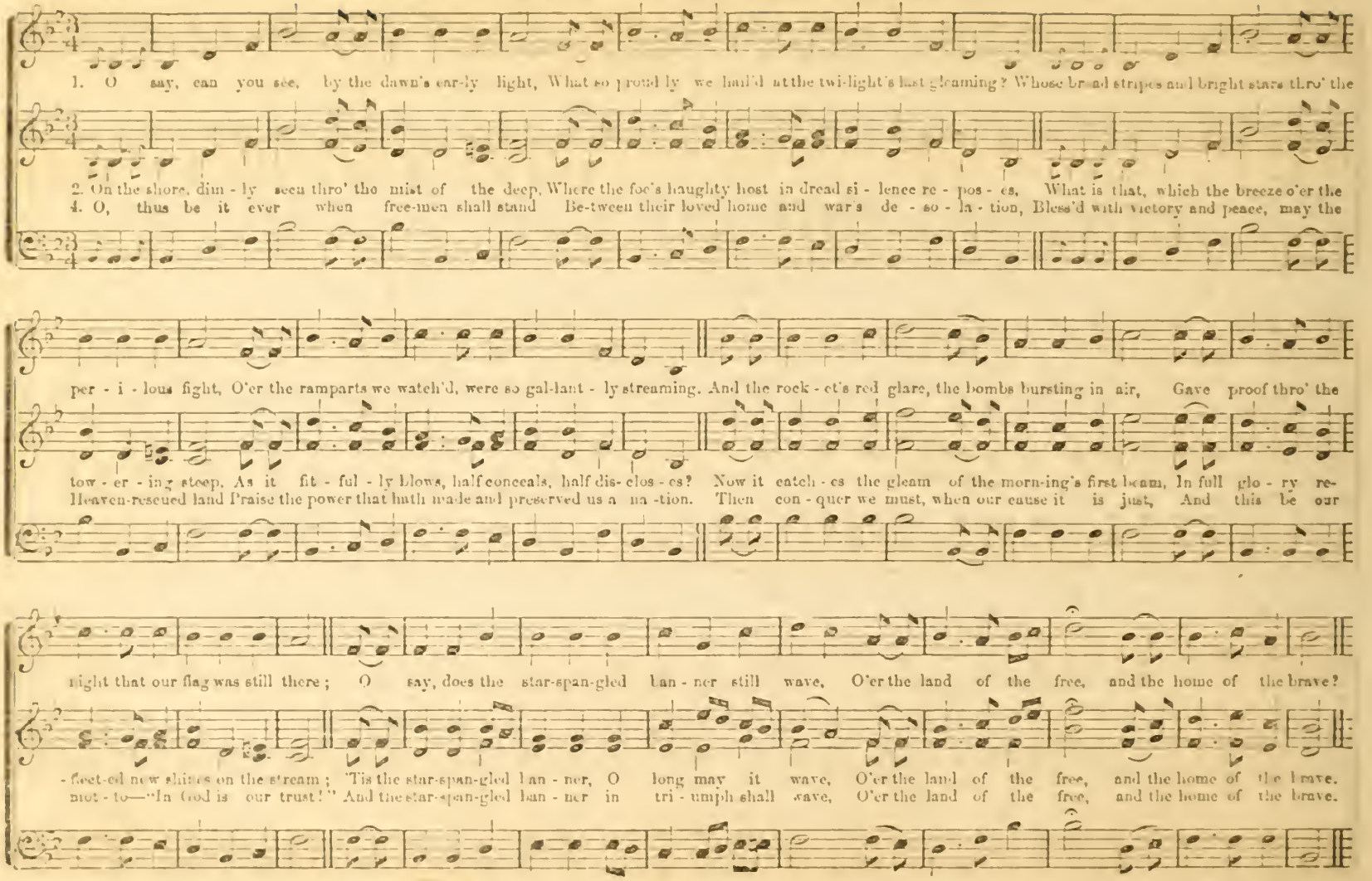
THE MELLOW EVE. Concluded.

May an - gels round me sing - - ing, Thus hymn my last re - pose, Thus hymn my soul to rest.
O, on the last bright morn - ing, May I in glo - ry wake. May I in glo - ry wake.

MAESTOSO.

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

By FRANCIS KEY.



1. Thou wert love - ly, lit - tle Ef - fie, When we looked up - on thee first,
2. Thou art hap - py, lit - tle Ef - fie, Sweeter hath thy laughter grown,

Beauti - ful, and pure, and stain-less As a blossom fresh-ly burst. O, 'tis hard to see thee now, With the death-dew on thy brow, With the
Eeh-oed by the liv - ing wa - ters To thy Fa-ther's shi-ning throne. Yet we mourn the lonely hearth, And the sun - beam passed from earth, And the

CHORUS. TENOR.

death - dew on thy brow. O, 'tis hard to see thee now, With the death - dew on thy brow, With the death - dew on thy brow.

sun - beam passed from earth. Yet we mourn the lone - ly hearth, And the sun - beam passed from earth, And the sun - beam passed from earth.

MODERATO.

WARBLERS BRIGHT, SO GAILY SINGING.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. M. PELTON.

SOLO.

1. Warblers bright, so gai - ly sing - ing, Her - alds of the joy - ous spring! Beauteous flowers up - ward springing, Call on us like you to sing.
2. Warblers bright, tho' sum mer's wast - ing, Bringing Au - tumn's gold - en store, Warns us that stern Win - ter's hast - ing, Cheer - ful still your songs ye pour.
3. So like you, thro' toil or plea - sure, Dark - est night or bright - est day, Cheer - ful ness, that great - est trea - sure, Shall il - lume our on - ward way.

p

Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la.

f

Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la.

mf *mf* *m*

Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la la.

CHILDREN'S UNION SONG.

P. P. BLISS.

CHORUS.

1. Boys and girls are all for Union, North and South, and East and West; All the States in loved communion, Heart and hand, with freedom blest. Then join in a loud hur - rah!
2. We will love our land for ev - er, Dear - est land beneath the sun; Foemen's steel shall not dis - sev - er Youthful hearts that now are one. Then, &c.

STAR OF THE EVENING. Song and Chorus.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Star of the eve - ning, Glo - ry on high,.... Queen of the beau - ti - ful, Gem of the sky; Light of the trav - el - er,
2. Eyes that are watch - ing, Gaze up - on thee; ... Eyes that are anx - ious-ly watch ing for me, Joy of the wan - der - er,
3. Day star of glad - ness, When o'er the skies,.... Tem-pests and dark - ness sweep, Do thou a - rise; And when faith fail - eth us,

CHORUS.

Star of the eve-ning, Glo-ry on high, Queen of the beautiful, Gem of the sky.

Long-ing for rest, Ev - er-more peace-ful-ly Glow in the west. Star of the eve-ning, Glo-ry on high, Queen of the beautiful, Gem of the sky.
Ev - er - more shine, Smil-ing I gaze on thee, Smile thou on mine.
Light of the blest, Shine on our wan-der-ings, Guide us to rest.

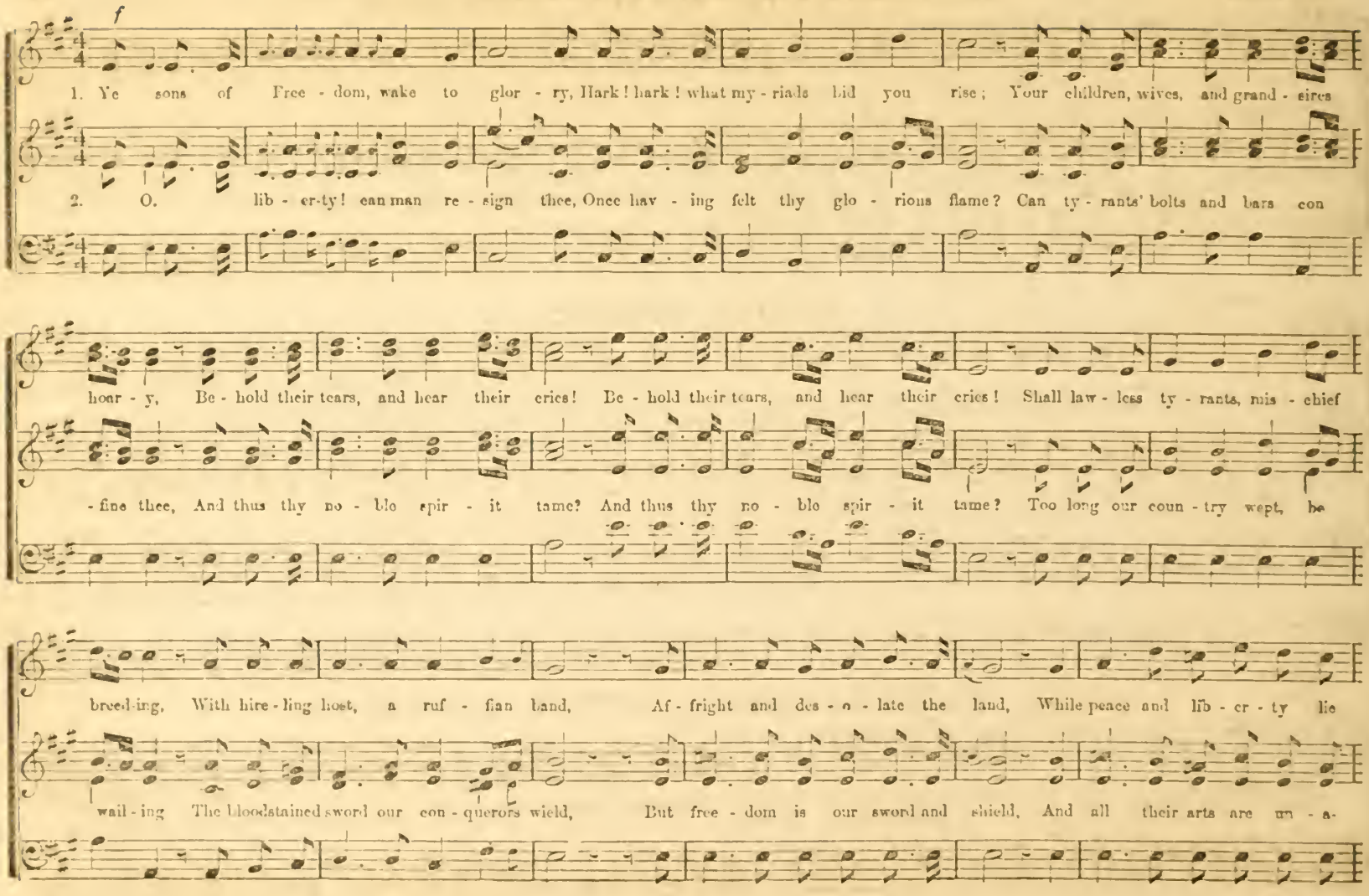
Star of the eve-ning, Glo-ry on high, Queen of the beautiful, Gem of the sky.

CHILDREN'S UNION SONG. Concluded.

Hur-rah for the land of the free? For U-nion and peace, for freedom and law! Hur rah for the land of the free!

3. We are all a band of brothers;
All the States are sisters too,
And in time there will be others
That shall happy vows renew.—*Cho.*

4. Union now and Union ever!
Boys and girls for Union all!
We will keep it safe, and never
Shall our glorious Union fall.—*Cho.*


f
1. Ye sons of Free - dom, wake to glor - ry, Hark! hark! what my - riads bid you rise; Your children, wives, and grand - sires
2. O. lib - er-ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy glo - rious flame? Can ty - rants' bolts and bars con
hoar - y, Be - hold their tears, and hear their cries! Be - hold their tears, and hear their cries! Shall law - less ty - rants, mis - chief
- fine thee, And thus thy no - ble spir - it tame? And thus thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long our coun - try wept, be
breed-ing, With hire - ling host, a ruf - fian band, Af - fright and des - o - late the land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie
wail - ing The bloodstained sword our con - querors wield, But free - dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a-

MARSEILLES HYMN. Concluded.

bleed-ing. To arms, to arms, ye brave! The pa - triot sword unsheath! March on, march on, all hearts resolved On lib - er - ty or death!

- - - - vail - ing. To arms, to arms, ye brave! The pa - triot sword unsheath! March on, march on, all hearts resolved On lib - er - ty or death!

UNION HYMN.

MODERATO. T. J. COOK.

1. Lord of hosts, thou God of na-tions, Hear us, while we pray to thee; One in heart, what-e'er our sta - tions, Let it sound o'er land and sea.
2. Land so blest, with vales and mountains, Prai-ries bloom-ing with the rose, For - ests wild, and gush - ing foun-tains, Glas-sy lakes in sweet re - pose.
3. Home of homes, our fa - thers found - ed, Sa - cred land to free - dom dear; Gem of gems, with gifts un - bounded, Free-man's joy and des - pot's fear!
4. May her sons, with sa - cred feel - ing, Guard her soil with watchful care, While the thrones of kings are reel - ing, Thus to God we'll raise our prayer.

Shield from harm our nat - ive land, Guard her from the tyrant's hand. Her chil-dren brave, Co - lum - bia free, Her flag shall wave O'er ev - ery sea.
May no foe her beau-ty mar, God him-self her guiding star.

Land for which our fa - ther's bled, Bless - ings e'er be o'er her shed. Her chil-dren brave, Co - lum - bia free, Her flag shall wave O'er ev - ery sea.
Shield, O Lord, our nat - ive land, Ev - er may she firm - ly stand.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW?

Words by JOHN G. SAXE. For Male Voices. Solo and Chorus. Music by S. J. VAIL.

1. I know a girl with teeth of pearl And shoulders white as snow; She lives—ah! well, I must not tell—But wouldn't you like to know?
2. Her sun - ny hair is won-drous fair, And wa - vy in its flow; Who made it less One lit - tle tress—Ah! wouldn't you like to know?
3. Her eyes are blue (ce - les - tial hue) And dazz - ling in their glow; On whom they beam With melt ing gleam, Ah! wouldn't you like to know?
4. Her lips are red and fine - ly wed Like ros - es ere they blow; What lov - er sips—Those dew - y lips—Ah! wouldn't you like to know?
5. Her fin - gers are like li - lies fair, When li - lies fair - est grow; Whose hand they press With fond ca - ress—Ah! wouldn't you like to know?
6. Her foot is small, and has as fall, Like snow-flakes on the snow; And where it goes Be - neath the rose—Ah! wouldn't you like to know?
7. She has a name, the sweet-est name That language can be - stow; 'Twould break the spell If I should tell—But wouldn't you like to know?

Inst.

Chorus. *

Wouldn't you like to know, my boys, O! wouldn't you like to know? She lives—ah! well, I must not tell—But wouldn't you like to know.

* Repeat the last three lines of each verse for the Chorus.

TWILIGHT.

SLOW AND SOFT. WM. B. BRADBURY.

Now the light fail - ing, Dark-ness pre-vail - ing, Na - ture re - pos - es, So the day clos - es; See the night cheer ing, The moon now ap - pear - ing,

'TIS THE VINE MY MOTHER PLANTED.

Words by Mrs. KINGSBURY. Music by JAS. M. NORTH.

ANDANTE.

1. 'Tis the vine my moth-er plant-ed, May it long in beau-ty twine, Round the form where she so gen-tly Did its frail arms soft-ly bind. And the

2. But that moth-er since has left us, Far in bright-er worlds to dwell, Yet though dis-tant she can tell us, That in spir-it-land all's well. And when

Cres. *ff*

thoughts that then were clustering, 'Mid those ti-ny, twit-tering leaves, Were bright vi-sions of the fu-ture, Such as glad hearts learn to weave.

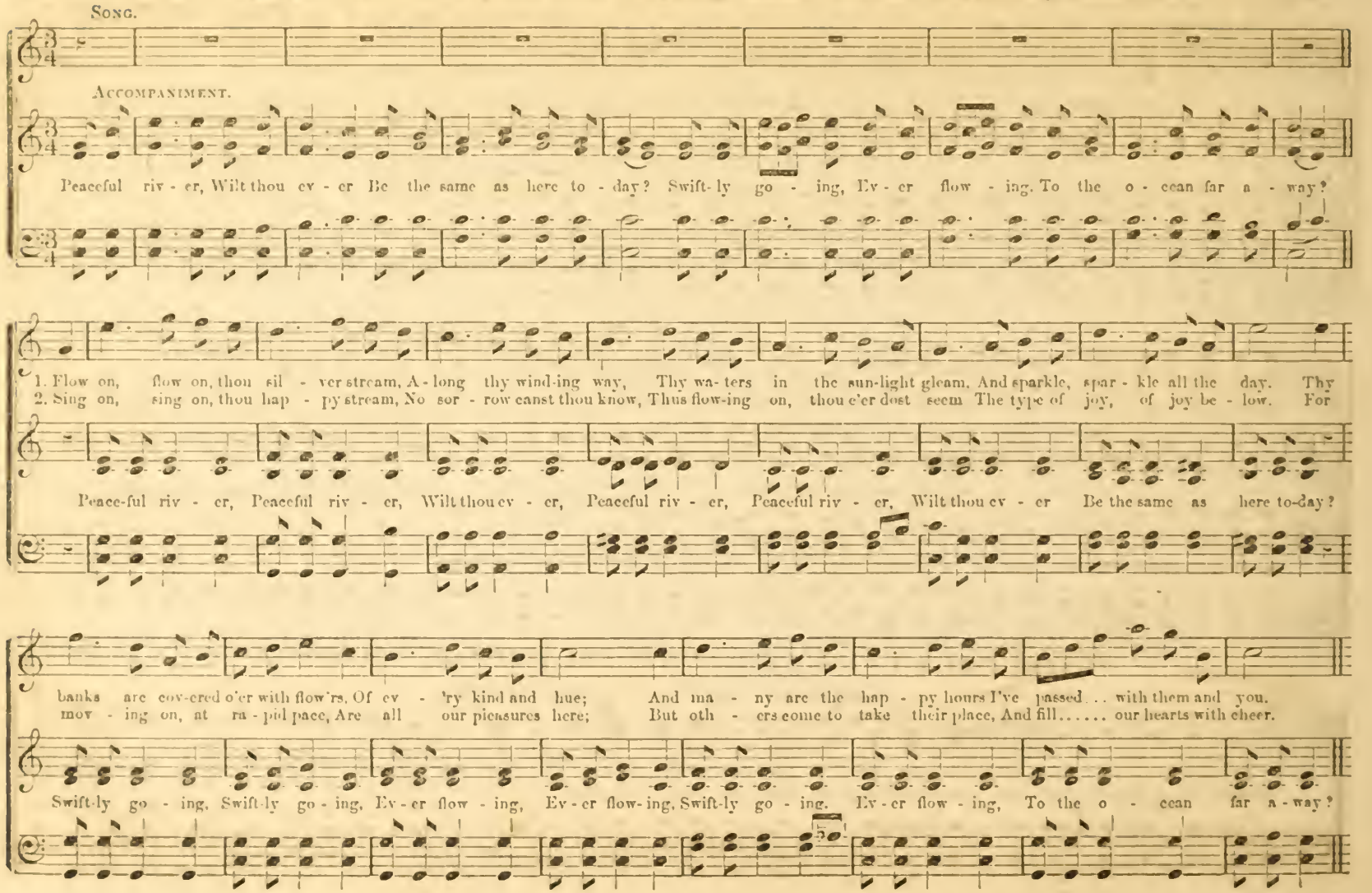
Cres. *ff*

au-tumn winds are sigh-ing Round that vine in ca-dence sweet, Comes the voice of an-gel-moth-er, My lone, sor-rowing heart to greet.

TWILIGHT. Concluded.

Slow-ly as-cend-ing, The stars her at-tend-ing: Now the light fail-ing, Dark-ness pre-vail-ing, Na-ture re-pos-es, So the day clos-es.

THE SILVER STREAM. Song and Vocal Accompaniment. S. WILDER.



RAMBLING. Quartet or Chorus.

1. I have been rambling, wand'ring, Out in the for-est to - day; I have caught the breath of the zeph-yr, As it float - ed blithe and gay—

2. And I come with a few pale flow - ers From the scenes that I thought sub-lime; While my heart is full of the mu - sic I have caught from the warbler's chime.

Toss-ing the bright leaves to and fro, Play-ing co-quette with the flowers, I trow— Lift-ing the curls from my wea - ry brow—Now here—then far a - way.

Thanking our Father for flowers and trees--Dark were the world were it not for these—Lessons of life they are teach-ing me, In this beau- ti - ful au - tumn time.

SLOWLY.

THE MELLOW EVE IS GLIDING. Quartet.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. The mel - low eve is glid - ing Se - rene - ly down the west, So, ev - ery care sub - sid - ing, My soul would sink to rest, The
2. The eve - ning star has light - ed Her crys - tal lamp on high; So, when in death be - night - ed, May hope il - lume the sky, In

RAMBLING. Concluded.

time ff, 2d time pp. — *Repeat as ad.*

La la la la la la la la la, La la la la la la la la la, La la la la la la la la la, La la la la la la.

La la la la la la la la la, La la la la la la la la la, La la la la la la la la la, La la la la la la la la la.

La la la la la la la la la, La la la la la la la la la, La la la la la la la la la, La la la la la la.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT. Serenade.

FIRST TENOR.

p — *Rall. pp*

1. Stars of the sum-mer night! Far in yon a-zure deeps, Hide, hide your gold-en light; She sleeps! My la-dy sleeps! sleeps!.....
2. Moon of the sum-mer night! Far down yon west-ern steeps, Sink, sink in si-lent light! She sleeps! My la-dy sleeps! sleeps!.....

SECOND TENOR.

3. Wind of the sum-mer night! Where yonder woodbine creeps Fold, fold your pin-ions light; She sleeps! My la-dy sleeps! sleeps! .....
4. Dreams of the sum-mer night! Tell her, her lov-er keeps Watch! while in slum-bers light She sleeps! My la-dy sleeps! sleeps!.....

FIRST BASE.

SECOND BASE.

THE MELLOW EVE IS GLIDING. Concluded.

Rit. — *Rit.*

m

woodland hum is ring - - ing, The daylight's gentle close; May an-gels, round me sing-ing, Thus hymn my last re - pose. Thus hymn my last re - pose.
gold-en splen-dor dawn - - ing, The mor-row's light shall break, O on the last bright morn ing May I in glo - ry wake, May I in glo - ry wake.

Slow and expressive.

SLEEP, LADY SLEEP. (Serenade.) From "Cottage Glees,"

1. Sleep, la - dy sleep, the plan - ets weep, Their star-dew on the mid-night deep, The moonlight beam shines on the stream, To light the wa - ter - spi - rit's
2. On fa-voring tides the ves - sel glides, The seafire sparkles round her sides; And in the sail the eve-ning gale Is whisp'ring low a sooth-ing
3. But hark! the cry from top - mast high, Its ac-cents tell that land is nigh—And dim-ly seen the headland green Is breaking through the mid-night

Lively and graceful. *Cres.*

dream; Ah, soft - ly thus shall slum - ber shed Her lul - ling dews a - round thy head, And fan - cy's beam-ings spar-kle nigh, As bright-ly on thy
tale; Yet, la - dy, sleep, in vis - ions sweet, A dreamy scene thy gaze shall meet; And while the tall ship slow - ly moves, Thy heart shall fly to
screen; Then wake, then wake, our home is nigh, Ah, ne'er can rise on fan - cy's eye, A spot be - neath yon a - zure dome, So love - ly as the

pp *Cres.* *Rit.* *Slow.* *p* *pp*

dream-ing eye, And fan - cy's beam-ings spar-kle nigh, As brightly on thy dreaming eye. Then sleep, la - dy sleep, sleep, la - dy sleep.
friends it loves, And while the tall ship slow-ly moves, Thy heart shall fly to friends it loves. Then sleep, la - dy sleep, sleep, la - dy sleep.
land of home, A spot be - neath yon a - zure dome So love-ly as the land of home. Then sleep, la - dy sleep, sleep, la - dy sleep.

VIVACE.

O, THE MERRY, MERRY SPRING. Glee.

H. W. GREATOREX.

1. O, the merry, merry spring, The bright, bright, spring, What joy she sheds from her dewy wing; When the young bird sings from its leafy nest, How

2. In the merry, merry morn, Or evening still, How sweet to roam by the balm-y hill, And to cull a wreath of the moss-rose rare, To

happy it sings from its mother's nest. How sweet to roam at beauty's side, Thro' glens, and dells, and woodland wide; How sweet to sit by a

twine 'mid the locks of a maiden's hair. How sweet to fly from care and strife, The dull, cold round of ci - ty life, To roam the wood, and

MODERATO.

NOW GOOD NIGHT.

ARRANGED FROM GERMAN.

1. Now good night! now good night! Work is end - ed with the light, Gold - en stars a - gain are beam - ing,
2. Peace - ful night! peace - ful night! Joys, that made the day so bright, Shall in dreams not all for - sake us,

O, THE MERRY, MERRY SPRING. Continued.

pp *Ritard.* *Dim.*

fountain clear, And whisper love to a maiden's ear, And whisper love, And whisper love . . . . . .

whis - per love.

sha - dy grove, And plight our troth to the maid we love, And plight our troth, And plight our troth, ... plight our troth.

pp

And whis - per love.

f Tempo Primo.

O, the mer-ry, mer-ry spring, The bright, bright spring, What joy she shakes from her dew - y wing; O the mer- ry, mer - ry spring, The bright, bright spring, What

O, the mer-ry, mer ry spring, The bright, bright spring, What joy she shakes from her dew - y wing; O the mer- ry, mer - ry spring, The bright, bright spring, What

NOW GOOD NIGHT. Concluded.

From the arch of heav - en gleam - ing, And the moon is smil - ing bright, Now good night! Now good night! Now good night, good night!
Till a new day shall a - wake us In the realms of pure de - light, Now good night!

O, THE MERRY, MERRY SPRING. Concluded.

joy she sheds from her dew - y wing; O, the mer-ry, mer-ry mer-ry, mer-ry, bright, bright spring! O the mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, bright, bright spring!

joy she sheds from her dew - y wing; O, the mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, bright, bright spring! O the mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, bright, bright spring!

THE HARVEST GLEE.

ALLEGRO VIVACE. T. E. P.

1. Our wealth is not of dis - mal mines, Or from the new - ly - vaunt-ed west. But golden grain which burnished shines, With bearded pride and nodding crest, And

The reap-ers reap with earn - est will, And all the gold-en spears are lower'd, As if the sun they worshiped still, And mute-ly thus in death a - dored! For

3. But sinks at last the glow - ing sun, From west to east the shadows come; Our joy - ful task at last is done, And loud the cry of "harvest home!" Our

THE TWO ROSES. For Male Voices.

F. WERNER.

1. On a bank two Ro - ses fair, Wet with morn - ing show - ers, Fill'd with dew, in fra - grance grew, As I pen - sive,

THE HARVEST GLEE. Concluded.

p

as we count this wealth in store, We spread the news from shore to shore; When wagons creak and gold-en grain Rust-les a-long the sha-dy lane,

na-ture oft-en times we see Mi-mics such blind i-do-la-try; The wa-gons creak and gold-en grain Rust-les a-long the sha-dy lane,

p

gran-a-ries to-day shall brim, Our song be-come a grate-ful hymn, When wagons creak and gold-en grain Rust-les a-long the sha-dy lane,

f

Heigh-ho for the har-vest home, Heigh-ho for the har-vest home, Heigh-ho for har-vest home, Heigh-ho for the har-vest home.

f

Heigh-ho for the har-vest home, Heigh-ho for the har-vest home, Heigh-ho for har-vest home, Heigh-ho for the har-vest home.

THE TWO ROSES. Concluded.

mf *p*

full of care, Gath-ered two sweet flow-er's; Tell me ro-ses, tru-ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

2. Thus in leaves of white arrayed,
Not a speck to dim them,
So I find the spotless mind,
Which adorns my lovely maid,
Innocence's emblem.
Tell me then, and truly tell, &c.

3. Like her cheek the blushing ray,
Which thy bud encloses,
Brighter far than you they are,
But her charms if I should say
You'll be jealous roses.
Tell me then, &c.

Away, away, the Morning freshly Breaking.

ALLEGRO

Arranged from "Masaniello."

f

A - way, a - way, the morn-ing fresh - ly break - ing, Shines o'er the deep, our ling - 'ring steps to chide; And light with sport and

TENOR.

A - way, a - way, the morn-ing fresh - ly break - ing, Shines o'er the deep, our ling - 'ring steps to chide; And light with sport and

f

song our la - bor mak - ing, With joy we haste to stem the tide. A - way, . . a - way, the morn-ing fresh-ly break-ing, A-

song our la - bor mak - ing, With joy we haste to stem the tide. A - way, . . a - way, the morn-ing fresh-ly break-ing, A-

Omit between these bars the second time. . . . . D. C.

way, a-way, a - way, the morn-ing freshly breaking, A - way, a-way, a - way, a - way, a-way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way,

way, a-way, a - way, the morn-ing freshly breaking, A - way, a-way, a - way, a - way, a-way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way,

Omit between these bars the second time. . . . . D. C.

FASTER. Cres. f p

A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, Shines o'er the deep, our ling - 'ring steps to chide, Shines o'er the deep, Shines o'er the

A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, Shines o'er the deep, our ling - 'ring steps to chide, Shines o'er the deep, Shines o'er the

Cres. f p

f p f

deep, our ling - ring steps to chide, Shines o'er the deep, Shines o'er the deep, our ling - 'ring steps to chide, our ling - 'ring steps to

deep, our ling - 'ring steps to chide, Shines o'er the deep, Shines o'er the deep, our ling - 'ring steps to chide, our ling - 'ring steps to

f p f

PRESTO. ff

chide, our ling - - 'ring steps to chide, our ling - 'ring steps to chide. A - way, ... a - way, ... a - way.

chide, our ling - - 'ring steps to chide, our ling - 'ring steps to chide. A - way, ... a - way, ... a - way.

PRESTO. ff

I WANDERED BY THE BROOKSIDE. (For Six Voices.)

I. B. WOODBURY

Solo Voice

1. I wan - der'd by the brook - side, I wan - der'd by the hill, I could not hear the brook flow, The noi - sy wheel was still; There
2. I sat beneath the elm tree, I watch'd the long long shade, And as it grew still long - er I did not feel a - fraid; I
3. He came not, ah! he came not, The night came on a lone, The lit - tle stars sat dark - ly, Each on his gol-den throne; The
4. Fast si - lent tears were flow - ing, When some-thing stood be-hind, A hand was on my shoul - der, I knew its touch was kind; It

Soprano & Alto.

Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la,

Tenor.

Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la,

1st & 2nd Basses

Tempo.

was no hum of in - sect, No chirp of a-ny bird, But the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.
lis - ten'd for a foot - fall,— I lis - ten'd for a word; But the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.
eve - ning air pass'd by me, The leaves above were stirr'd; But the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.
drew me nearer, near - er, We did not speak a word, For the beating of our own hearts Was all the sound we heard.

Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la.

Cres

Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la.

Cres

* The upper bass may be omitted. In this beautiful piece the five lower voices should be kept subdued, and the sounds very much connected, so much so that the syllable should be connected to one continuous tone or murmur of the voice. This will be found particularly useful for drilling choirs to acquire a subdued and gentle style of performance. The utility of such practice cannot help being felt and perceived by all connoisseurs.

THE SACRED LUTE.

JOYFUL.

MOUNT ZION. L. M.

T. E. P., FROM "OLIVE-BRANCH."

1. The Lord is King! lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heav'ns, rejoice! From world to world the joy shall ring, The Lord Jehovah, he is King!

2. The Lord is King! who then shall dare Resist his will, distrust his care? Holy and true are all his ways: Let every creature speak his praise.

QUIETLY.

ORANGE. L. M.

*

1. Sole Sov'reign of the earth and skies, Supremely good, supremely wise, Fix thou the place of our abode, But let it still be near our God.

2. On earth we weary pilgrims roam, Nor find, nor hope, a lasting home; We seek a house not made with hands, A heavenly house, which ever stands.

3. Yet while we sojourn here below, Let streams of mercy round us flow; And when our destined race is run, Assign us mansions near thy throne.

ANIMATED.

STONE. L. M.

T. E. P.

1. Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy daily stage of du- ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise To pay thy morning sacri - fice, To pay thy morning sacri-fice.

2. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart, And with the angels bear thy part, Who all night long unwearied sing High praises to th' eternal King, High praises to th' eternal King.

3. All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me while I slept: Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of endless life partake, I may of endless life partake.

SPIRITED.

MENDON. L. M.

God is our sun, he makes our day; God is our shield, he guards our way From all as - saults of hell and sin, From foes without and foes with-in.

ALVOR. L. M.

mp Moderately Staccato. *Cres.* *f*

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Bu-ried in sha-dows of the night, We lie, till Christ restores the light; Wis-dom de-scends to heal the blind, And chase the sha-dows of the mind.

2. Our guil - ty souls are drowned in tears, Till his a - ton - ing blood ap-pears; Then we a - wake from deep dis - tress, And sing the Lord his right-eous-ness.

3. Je - sus be-holds where Sa - tan reigns, Binding his slaves in hea - vy chains; He sets the pris'-ners free, and breaks The i - ron bon-dage from our necks.

4. Poor help-less worms in thee pos - sess Grace, wisdom, power, and righteous-ness; Thou art our might - y All; and we Give our whole selves and all to thee.

RAFFORD. L. M.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Lo! round the throne, a glo-rious band, The saints in count - less myriads stand; Of ev - ery tongue redeem'd to God, Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.
2. Through tribu - la - tion great they came; They bore the cross, de-spised the shame; But now from all their la - bors rest, In God's e - ter - nal glor-y blest.
3. They see the Sa - viour face to face; They sing the tri - umph of his grace; And day and night, with ceaseless praise, To him their loud ho - san - nas raise.
4. O, may we tread the sa-cred road That ho - ly saints and martyrs trod; Wage to the end the glo-rious strife, And win, like them, a crown of life.

GENTLY.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st *hymn.* Jesus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down - y pil - lows are; While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there.
2d *hymn.* Soft be the gen-tly breathing notes That sing the Sa - viour's dy - ing love; Soft as the eve - ning ze - phyr floats, And soft as tune - ful lyres a - bove.

AFFETTOSO.

SESSION. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON,

1. Sin-ner, O why so thoughtless grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die? Dar-ing to leap to worlds unknown! Heedless a - gainst thy God to fly!
2. Wilt thou de - spise e ter - nal fate, Urged on by sin's de - lu-sive dreams? Madly at-tempt th' in - fer-nal gate, And force thy pas - sage to the flames!
3. Stay, sin - ner, on the gos-pel plains; And hear the Lord of life un - fold The glo - ries of his dy - ing pains! For ev - er tell - ing, yet un - told!

PROMISED REST. L. M.

T. E. P.

1. Take my poor heart, and let it be For ev - er closed to all but thee: Seal thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love for ev - er there.

2. How blest are they who still a - bide Close shelter'd in thy bleed-ing side! Who thence their life and strength de - rive, And by thee move, and in thee live.

3. What are our works but sin and death, Till thou thy quick'ning Spir - it breathe! Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move; O wondrous grace! O bound-less love!

BURNHAM. L. M.

S. A. BANCROFT. *From* "HALLELUJAH."

1. Up to the fields where an - gels lie, And liv - ing wa - ters gen - tly roll, Fain would my thoughts ascend on high, But sin hangs heav - y on my soul.

2. O, might I once mount up and see The glo-ries of th'e - ter - nal skies! How vain a thing this world would be! How empty all its fleet - ing joys!

RETREAT. L. M.

Slow.

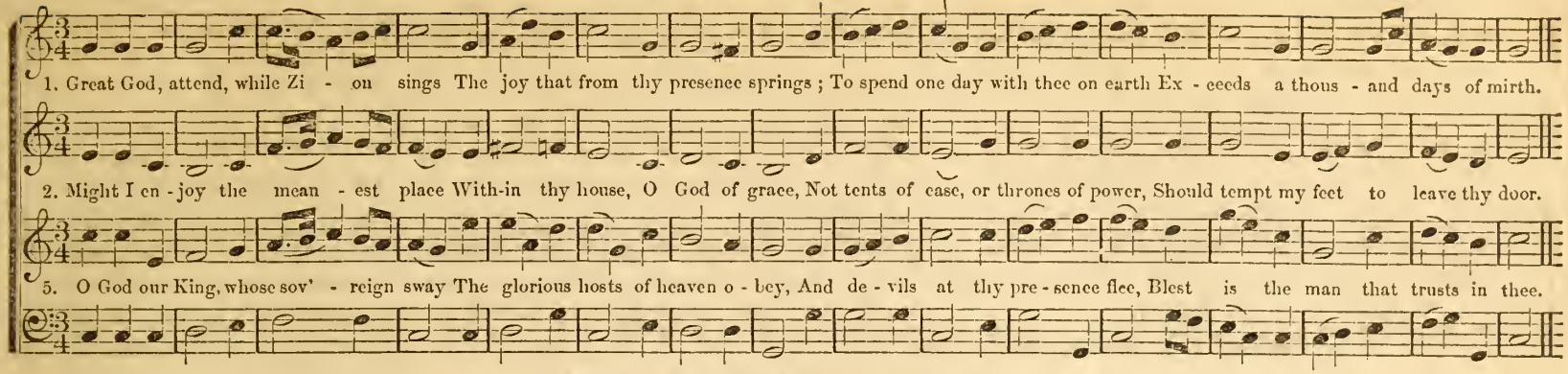
T. HASTINGS.

From ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - seat.

With Energy and not Slow.

CATTIE. L. M.

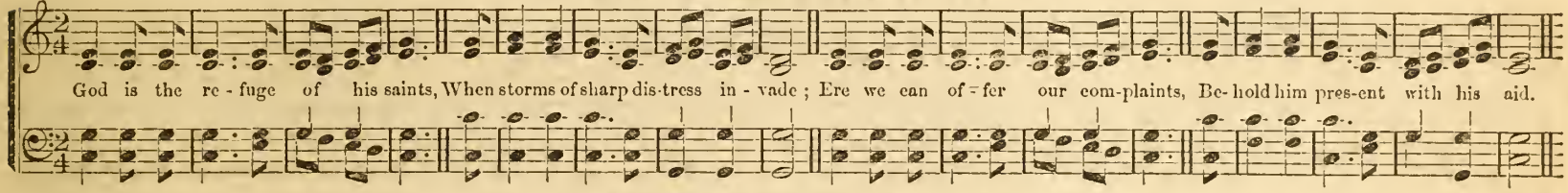
H. P. MAIN.



In a gentle, subdued Manner.

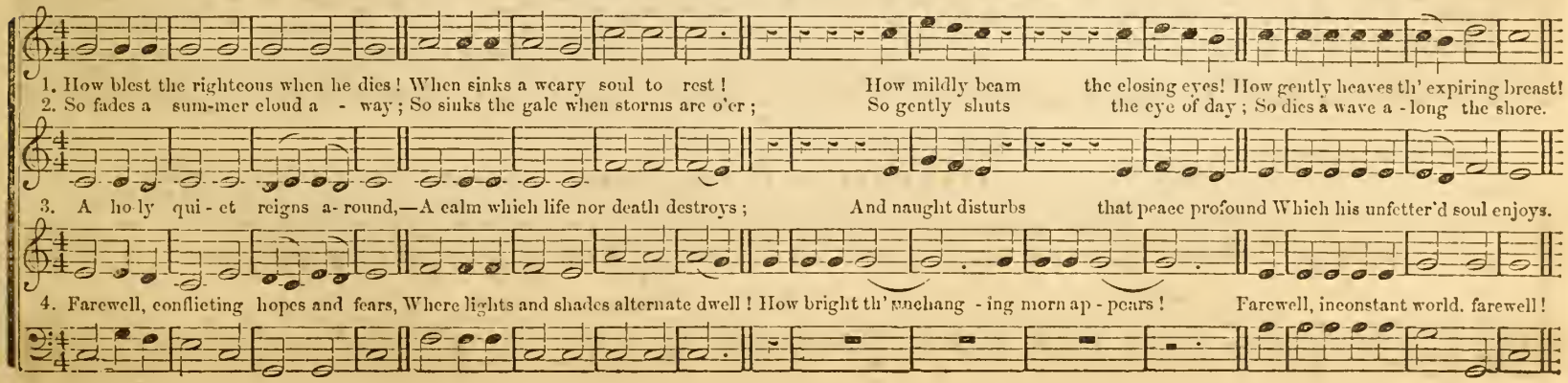
MALVERN. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.



SWENSON. L. M.

I. B. W.



EARNESTLY.

PACKER. L. M.

T. E. P.

1. When, O my Sa-viour, shall it be, That I no more shall break with thee? When will this war of pas-sions cease, And I en-joy a last-ing peace?

2. Now I re-pent; now sin a-gain Now I re-vive; and now am slain; Slain with the same ma-lig-nant dart, Which, O! too oft-en wounds thy heart.

3. When, gracious Lord, when shall it be, That I shall find my all in thee,—The ful-ness of thy pro-mise prove, And feast on thy e-ter-nal love?

ANDANTE.

MENVILLE. L. M.

ARR. FROM MENDELSSOHN BY DR. L. MASON.

1. To thee, great God, I make my prayer, Do thou my sup-pli-ca-tions hear; Let me not sink, o'erwhelmed in grief, But kind-ly send my soul re-lief.

2. O, let me now thy goodness prove, Thy ten-der mer-cies, and thy love; Turn not a-way, O Lord, thy face, But hear, and heal me with thy grace.

3. So shall my song to thee a-rise, Thy praise shall ech-o thro' the skies; Thro' all the earth will I pro-claim The greatness of Je-ho-vah's name.

CHANTING STYLE.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

TALLIS.

Glo-ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath the sha-dow of thy wings.

SHELLEY. L. M.

1. My heart is fix'd on thee, my God; I rest my hope on thee alone; I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,—To all mankind thy love make known.
2. Awake, my tongue; awake, my lyre; With morning's earliest dawn arise; To songs of joy my soul inspire, And swell your music to the skies.
3. With those who in thy grace abound, To thee I'll raise my thankful voice; Till every land, the earth around, Shall hear, and in thy Name rejoice.
4. Eternal God, celestial King, Exalted be thy glorious Name; Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing, And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

Who can de-scribe the joys that rise Thro' all the courts of pa-ra-dise, To see a pro-di-gal re-turn, To see an heir of glo-ry born?

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

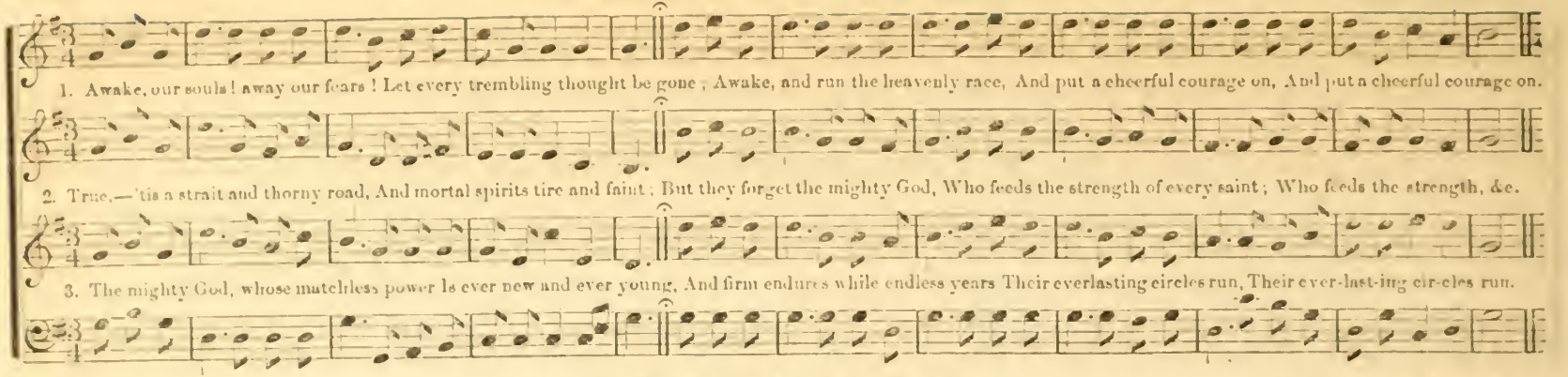
AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

DOX. 1. Be thou, O God, ex-alt-ed high; And as thy glo-ry fills the sky, So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here, as there o-beyed.

2. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below; Praise him above, ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

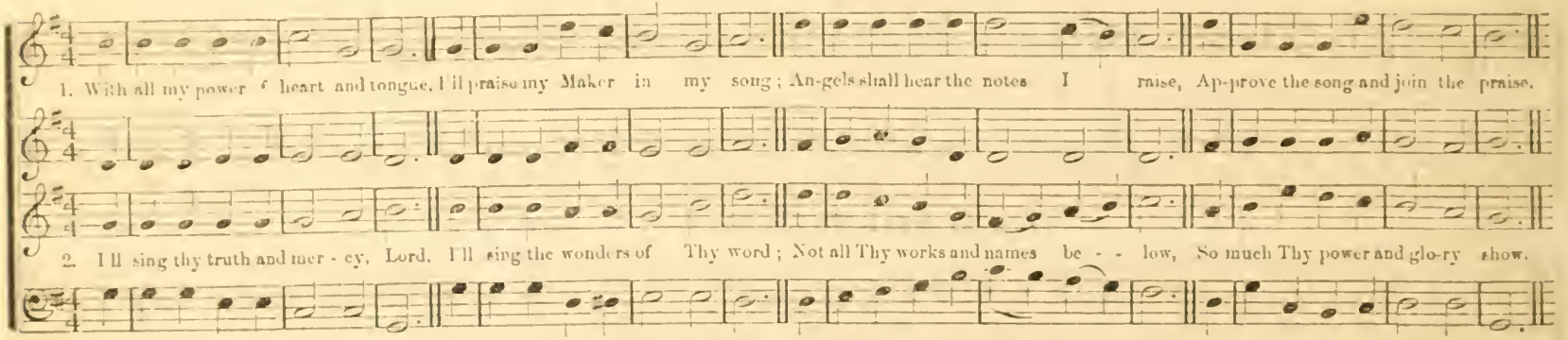
POTOMAC. L. M.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.



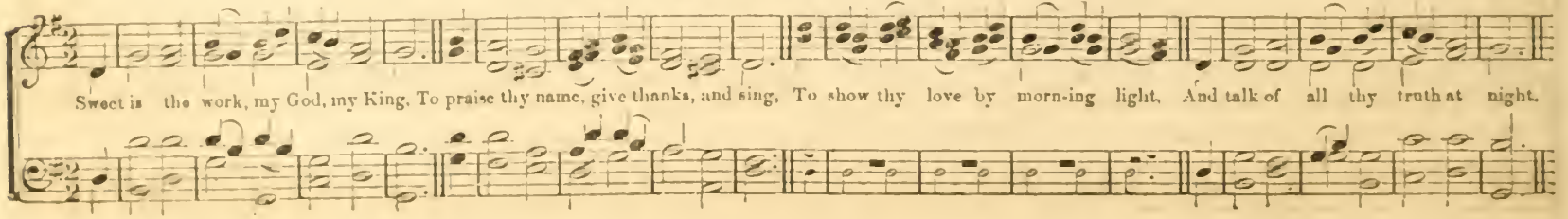
ZUNDEL. L. M.

EDWIN MOORE.



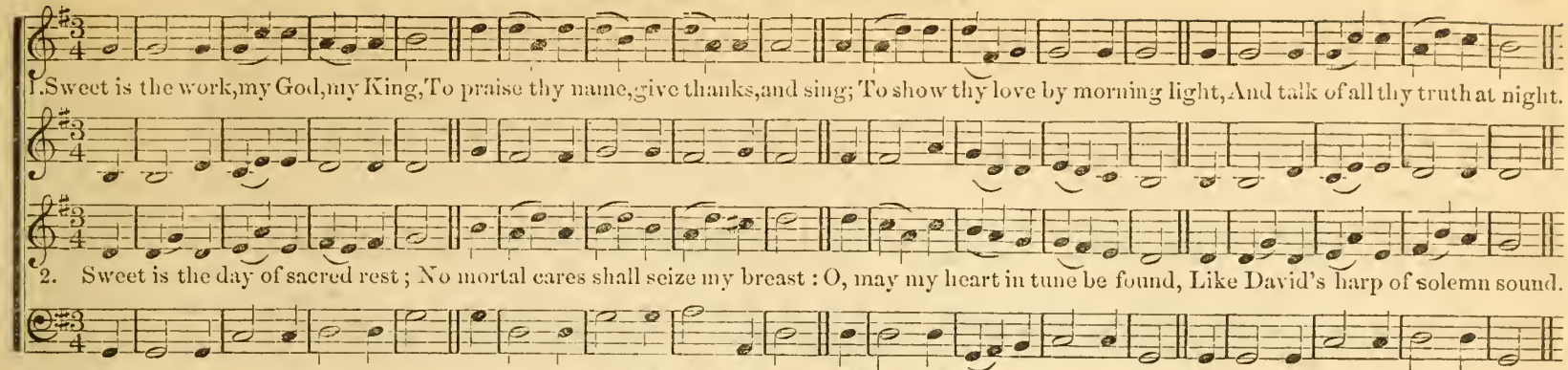
PORTUGAL. L. M.

T. THORLEY.



LEGATO. GENTLY.

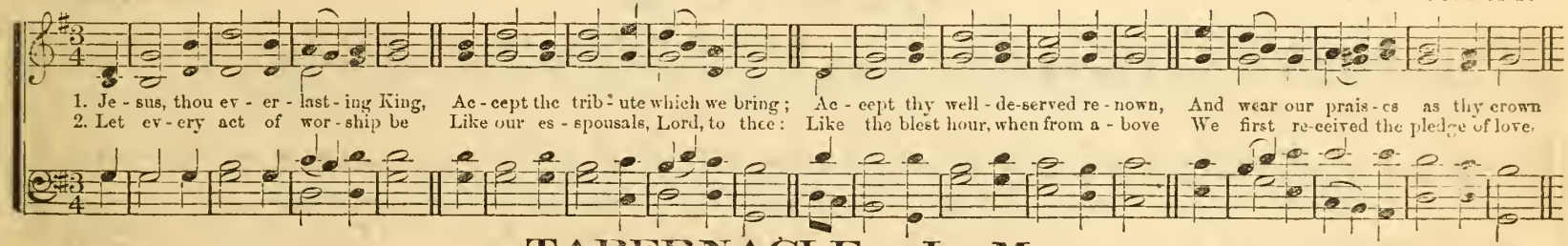
MOORESTOWN. L. M.



Bold and Firm.

SOULE. L. M.

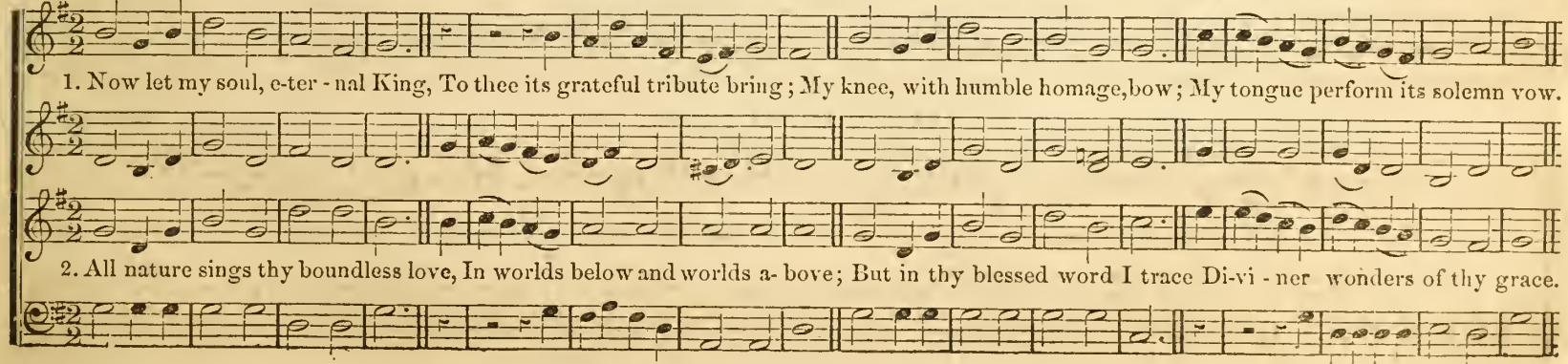
I. B. WOODBURY.



MAESTOSO.

TABERNACLE. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



WITH ENERGY.

JERSEY. L. M.

W. B. B.

1. Servants of God! in joyful lays, Sing ye the Lord Je - ho-vah's praise; His glorious Name let all adore, From age to age, for evermore, From age to age, for ever-more.

2. Who is like God? so great, so high, He bows himself to view the sky; And yet, with condescending grace, Looks down upon the human race, Looks down upon the human race.

3. O then, a-loud, in joy-ful lays, Sing to the Lord Je - ho - vah's praise; His saving Name let all adore, From age to age, for evermore, From age to age, for ever-more.

MEROE. L. M.

W. B. B.

Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be— A mortal man a-shamed of thee! Ashamed of thee, whom an- gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end - less days!

RECITANDO.

COTTAGE CHANT. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Prayer may be sweet in cot-tage homes, Where sire and child de-vout - ly kneel, While thro' the o - pen casement nigh The ver -nal blossoms fra - grant steal.

2. Prayer may be sweet in state-ly halls, Where heart with kindred heart is blent, And up-ward to th'e-ter - nal throne The hymn of praise me-lo - dious sent.

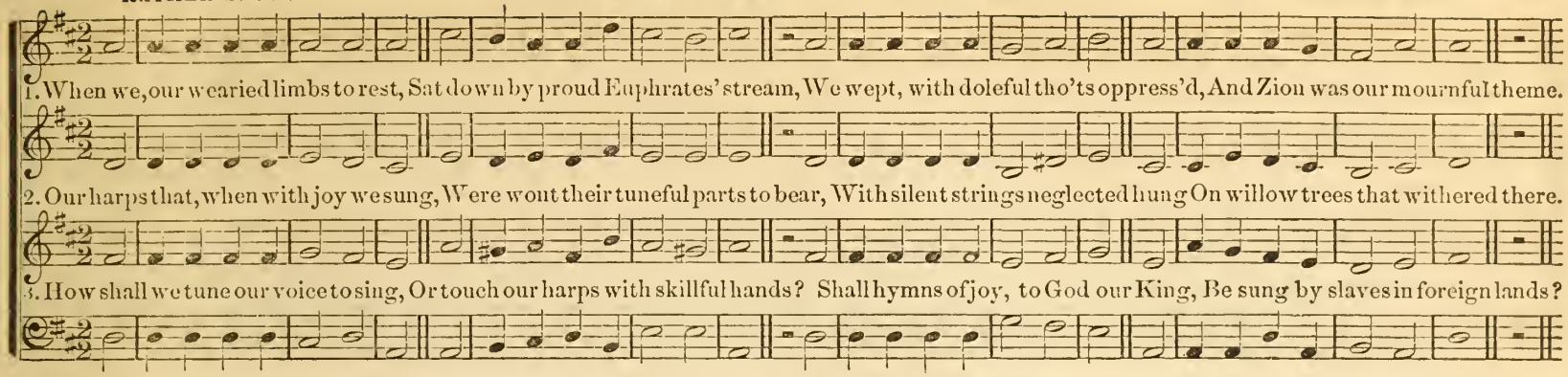
3. But he who fain would know how warm The soul's ap - peal to God may be, From friends and na - tive land should turn, A wanderer on the faith -less sea;

4. Should hear its deep, im - plor-ing tone Rise heavenward o'er the foaming surge, When billows toss the fra - gile bark, And fear-ful blasts the con - flict urge.

RATHER SLOW.

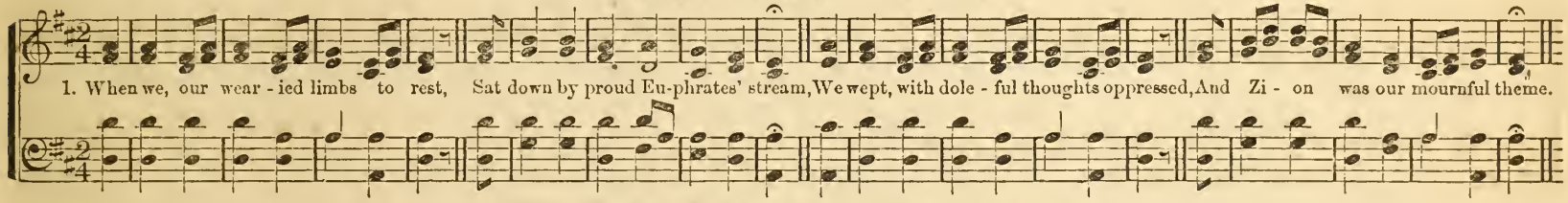
ASHWELL. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.



CAPTIVITY. L. M.

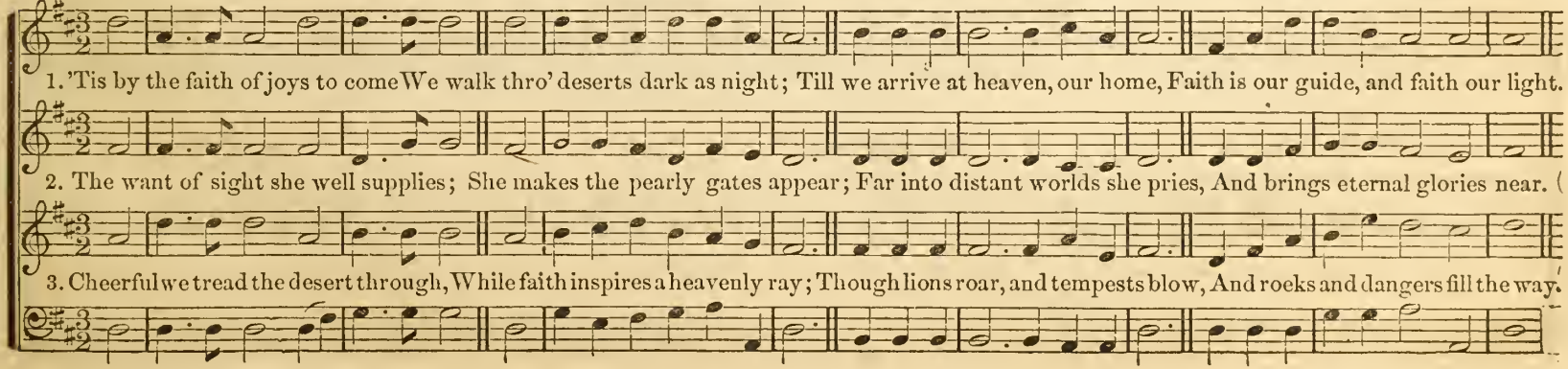
WM. B. BRADBURY.



BOLD and FIRM.

FAITH. L. M.

FROM THE "THANKSGIVING."



DEVOTION. L. M. Double.

T. E. P.

1. My ope - ning eyes with rapture see The dawn of this re - turn - ing day; My thoughts, O God, as - cend to thee, While thus my ear - ly vows I pay.

3. O bid this trifling world re - tire, And drive each ear - nal thought a - way; Nor let me feel one vain de - sire, One sin-ful thought thro' all the day.

2. I yield my heart to thee a - lone, Nor would re-ceive an - oth - er guest: E - ter - nal King, e - rect thy throne, And reign sole monarch in my breast.

4. Then, to thy courts when I re - pair, My soul shall rise on joy - ful wing,— The won - ders of thy love de - clare, And join the strains which an - gels sing.

WELLS. L. M.

ISRAEL HOLDRAYD.

Great God, in - dulge my hum - ble claim, Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest; The glo - ries that com - pose thy name, Stand all en - gaged to make me blest.

MOORE. L. M.

1. My heart is fixed on thee, my God; I rest my hope on thee a - lone; I'll spread thy sacred truths a - broad,—To all mankind thy love make known.

2. Awake, my tongue; a - wake, my lyre; With morn - ing's ear - liest dawn a - rise; To songs of joy my soul in - spire, And swell your mu - sic to the skies.

3. With those who in thy grace a - bound, To thee I'll raise my thankful voice; Till ev - ery land, the earth a - round, Shall hear, and in thy Name re-joice.

TRURO. L. M.

SPIRITED. DR. BURNEY.

E - ter - nal God, ce - les - tial King, Ex - alt - ed be thy glo-rious Name; Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing, And saints on earth thy love pro- claim.

ROGERS. L. M.

SPIRITED. T. J. COOK.

1. O Zi - on! lift thy rap-tured eye, The long-ex - pected hour is nigh; The joys of na - ture rise a - gain, The Prince of Sa - lem comes to reign.

2. He comes to cheer the trembling heart, Bid Sa - tan and his hosts de - part; A - gain the day - star yields the gloom, A - gain the bowers of E - den bloom.

SLOWLY.

HARTEL. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Be - hold, a stranger at the door. He gen - tly knocks, has knocked before; Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
2. O, love - ly at - ti - tude! he stands With melt - ing heart and o - pen hands: O, matchless kind - ness!—and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
3. O, wel - come him, the Prince of Peace! Now may his gen - tle reign in - crease! Throw wide the door each will - ing mind; And be his em - pire all man - kind.

With Expression.

BLAISDELL. L. M.

G. F. ROOT.

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died; My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
3. See from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor - row and love flow mingled down! Did e'er such love and sor - row meet? Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

TALBOT. L. M.

WILLIAM MASON.

1. Come, wear - y souls, with sin dis - tress'd, Come, and ac - cept the promised rest; The Saviour's gracious call o - bey, And cast your glo - my thoughts a - way.
2. Oppressed with guilt, a pain - ful load,— O come and bow be - fore your God! Di - vine com - pas - sion, mig - ht - y love Will all the pain - ful load re - move.

BUDA. L. M.

1. God of all power, and truth, and grace, Which shall from age to age endure; Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass, Remains, and stands for eve re.

2. That I thy mercy may proclaim, That all mankind thy truth may see, Hallow thy great....and glorious name, And per - fect ho-li- ness in me.

3. Give me a new, a perfect heart, From doubt, and fear, and sor - row free; The mind which was..in Christ im - part, And let my spirit cleave to thee.

MODERATO.

PATHWAY. L. M.

T. J. COOK.

1. We all, O Lord, have gone a - stray, And wandered from thy heavenly way; The wilds of sin our feet have trod, Far from the paths of thee, our God.
2. Hear us, great Shep-herd of thy sheep! Our wand'rings heal, our footsteps keep; We seek thy shelt'-ring fold a - gain, Nor shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain.

WITH SPIRIT.

HERALD. L. M.

T. J. COOK.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go pro - claim Sal - va - tion in Im-man-uel's name; To distant climes the ti - dings bear, And plant the rose of Sha - ron there.

2. Tri-umphant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead! Tho' humbled long, a-wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

3. Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy ex - cel- lence be known; Deck'd in the robes of righteous-ness, Thy glo-ries shall the world con - fess.

WITH ANIMATION.

MAIN. L. M.

T. E. P.

1. Great God, let all our tune-ful powers A - wake, and sing thy mighty Name: Thy hand, re-volves the circling hours—Thy hand, from whence our be-ing came.

2. Sea - sons and moons, still roll-ing round In beauteous or - der, speak thy praise; And years, with smil-ing mer - cy crown'd, To thee suc ces-sive hon - ors raise.

4 Thus may we sing till na - ture cease,—Till sense and lan - guage are no more; And, af - ter death, thy boundless grace Through ever-last-ing years a - dore.

JUDAH. L. M.

From "Dulcimer."

1. What sin - ners va - lue I re - sign; Lord, 'tis e - nough that thou art mine; I shall behold thy bliss-ful face, And stand complete in righteousness.
2. This life 's a dream—an emp - ty show; But that bright world to which I go, Hath joys substantial and sin-cere; When shall I wake and find me there?

GRIFFIN. L. M.

S. M

1. Great Source of be - ing and of love! Thou wat'rest all the worlds a - bove; And all the joys which mor-tals know, From thine exhaustless foun - tain flow.

2. A sa - cred spring, at thy com - mand, From Zion's mount, in Ca - naan's land, Be - side thy tem - ple cleaves the ground, And pours its limpid stream a - round.

4. Flow, wondrous stream! with glo - ry crown'd, Flow on to earth's re - mot - est bound; And bear us on thy gen - tle wave, To Him who all thy vir - tues gave.

MODERATO.

MIGDOL. L. M.

FROM "CARMINA SACRA,"

1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Thro' all the mil - lions of the skies, That song of triumph which records That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2. Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be O - be - dient, migh- ty God, to thee! And o - ver land, and stream, and main, Now wave the scep-tre of thy reign!

3. O let that glo-rious an-them swell; Let host to host the tri - umph tell, That not one re - bel heart re -mains, But o - ver all the Sa - viour reigns!

CHANT.

STERLING. L. M.

O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al - migh- ty King! For we our voi- ces high should raise, When our sal - va - tion's Rock we praise.

PARADISE. L. M.

I. B. W.

1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone, Let my religious hours a - lone; Fain would mine eyes, my Sa -viour see; I wait a vis - it, Lord, from thee.

2. O warm my heart with ho - ly fire, And kindle there a pure de - sire; Come, sa - cred Spir - it, from a - bove, And fill my soul with heaven-ly love.

3. Blest Saviour, what de - li - cious fare! How sweet thine enter-tain-ments are! Nev - er did an - gels taste a - bove Redeeming grace and dy - ing love.

4. Hail, great Imman-uel, all di - vine! In thee thy fa - ther's glo - ries shine; Thy glo - rious name shall be a - dored, And ev-ery tongue confess thee, Lord.

ALAH. L. M.

I. B. W.

1. Come, O my soul, in sa-cred lays, At-tempt thy great Cre-a-tor's praise: But O, what tongue can speak his fame? What mortal verse can reach the theme?
2. Enthroned a-mid the ra-diant spheres, He glo-ry like a gar-ment wears: To form a robe of light di-vine, Ten thou-sand suns around him shine.
3. In all our Maker's grand de-signs, Om-ni-po-tence, with wis-dom, shines; His works, through all this wondrous frame, Declare the glo-ry of his Name.
4. Raised on de-vo-tion's loft-y wing, Do thou, my soul, his glo-ries sing; And let his praise em-ploy thy tongue, Till list'-ning worlds shall join the song.

PARK STREET. L. M.

VENUA

SPIRITED.

Hark! how the choral song of heaven Swells full of peace and joy above; Hark! how they strike their golden harps, And raise the tuneful notes of love, And raise the, &c.

HARMONY GROVE. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

SLOW.

1. My God, how end-less is thy love; Thy gifts are ev-ery eve-ning new; And morning mer-cies from a-bove, Gen-tly des-cend like ear-ly dew.
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleep-ing hours; Thy sov'reign word re-stores the light, And quickens all my drow-sy powers.
3. I yield my-self to thy command: To thee de-vote my nights and days; Per-pet-ual bless-ings from thy hand De-mand per-pet-ual songs of praise.

ALLEGRO VIGOROSO. Recitando.

CANANDAIGUA. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

f *mf* *Molto voce.* *ff*

1. God of my life, thro' all my days My grateful powers shall sound thy praise; My song shall wake with opening light, And cheer the dark and silent night. And cheer, &c.

5. Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains Which echo through the heavenly plains; And emulate, with joy unknown, The glowing seraphs round the throne, The glowing, &c.

f

6. The cheerful tribute will I give, Long as a deathless soul shall live; A work so sweet, a theme so high, Demands and crowns eternity, Demands and crowns eter- ni - ty.

MODERATO.

STONEFIELD. L. M.

OR 6L. BY REPEATING THE FIRST TWO LINES. STANLEY.

O all.... ye peo-ple shout and sing Ho- san-nas to your heaven-ly King; Where'er the sun's bright glo - ries shine, Ye na-tions, praise his name di-vine.

RELIANCE. L. M.

I. B. W.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on,— Thus far his power prolongs my days: And ev - ery evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per - haps, am near my home: But he for-gives my fol - lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my bo - dy down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head: While well-ap-point-ed an - gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground, And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb, With sweet sal- va-tion in the sound.

TENDERLY.

SEYMOUR. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY

Ritard.

1. With broken heart and con-trite sigh, A trembling sin - ner, Lord, I cry, Thy pardoning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer-ci - ful to me.

2. I smite up - on my troubled breast, With deep and conscious guilt oppressed; Christ and his cross my on - ly plea; O God, be mer-ci - ful to me.

3. Far off I stand with tear-ful eyes, Nor dare up - lift them to the skies, But thou docst all my an-guish see, O God, be mer-ci - ful to me.

QUITO. L. M.

ARR. BY DR. L. MASON.

Who is this stranger in dis - tress, That trav-els through this wild - er - ness? Oppressed with sor-row and with sin, On her belov-ed Lord she leans, On her beloved Lord she leans.

In a Gentle and Solemn Manner.

RICHFORD. L. M.

FROM THE "PSALTERY," BY PERMISSION.

mf

1. Swift as de - climing shadows pass, Our days in quick suc - ces - sion fly: And trans - ient as.... the with - 'ring grass, Amid our youthful hopes we die.

2. But thou our Saviour, shalt en-dure, Thy years unchanged e - ter - nal, Lord! Thy grace thro' ev - - ery age... is sure, And firm the prom-ise of thy word.

MAESTOSO.

GILEAD. L. M.

ARRANGED FROM "MEHUL," BY DR. MASON.

1. Zi - on! a - wake, thy strength renew, Put on thy robes of beauteous hue; And let th'admir - ing world be - hold The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.

2. Church of our God! a - rise and shine, Bright with the beams of truth di - vine: Then shall thy ra-diance stream a - far, Wide as the hea - then na - tions are.

3. Gentiles and kings thy light shall view, All shall ad - mire and love thee too;—Shall come, like clouds across the sky, Or doves that to their win-dows fly.

WISE. L. M.

S. J. VAIL, BY PERMISSION.

1. There, low before his glorious throne, Adoring saints and angels fall; And, with delightful worship own, His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all, His smile their bliss, &c.

2. Immortal glories crown his head, While tuneful hallelujahs rise, And love, and joy, and triumph spread Thro' all th' assemblies of the skies, Thro' all th' assemblies of the skies.

MODERATO.

HAMBURG. L. M.

ARRANGED FROM A GREGORIAN CHANT, BY DR. MASON.

Kingdoms and thrones to God be - long; Crown him, ye na - tions, in your song: His wondrous name and pow'r re - hearse; His honors shall en - rich your verse.

RESTING PLACE. L. M.

T. J. COOK.

1. Sweet is the scene when Christians die, When holy souls retire to rest; How mildly beams the closing eye: How gently heaves th' expiring breath.

2. So fades a summer cloud away; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er; So gently shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave a-long the shore.

ANDANTE.

PRAYER. L. M.

ARRANGED BY W. U. BUTCHER.

1. Father of heaven, whose love profound A ransom for our souls hath found, Before thy throne we sinners bend; To us thy pard'ning love extend.

2. Al-mighty Son, in earnest word! Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord! Before thy throne we sinners bend; To us thy pard'ning love extend.

SHOEL. L. M.

FROM SHOEL.

Now shall the trembling mourner come, And bind his sheaves, and bear them home; The voice, long broke with sighs, shall sing, Till heaven with halle-lu-jahs ring

MODERATO.

ILLA. L. M.

DR. L. MASON,

1. He who hath made his re - fuge, God, Shall find a most se - cure a - bode; Shall walk all day be - neath his shade, And there at night shall rest his head.
2. Now may we say, Our God, thy power Shall be our for - tress, and our tower! We, that are formed of fee - ble dust, Make thine al - migh - ty arm our trust.
3. Thrice happy man! thy Ma - ker's care Shall keep thee from the tempter's snare; God is thy life — his arms are spread, To shield thee with a health-ful shade.

WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ, LATE OF NEW HAVEN, CT.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth-er there; But wis-dom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a tra- vel- er.
2. "De - ny thy-self, and take thy cross," Is the Re-deem-er's great command; Na- ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heavenly land.

ANVERN. L. M.

OR 6 L. BY REPEATING FIRST TWO LINES.

FROM CARMINA SACRA,

Slow, and in steady time.

Ritard.

1. Triumphant Zion! lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead! Tho' humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength. And gird thee with thy, &c.
2. Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy excellence be known; Deck'd in the robes of righteousness, Thy glories shall the world confess, Thy glories shall the world confess.
3. No more shall foes unclean invade, And fill thy hallowed walls with dread; No more shall hell's insulting host Their victory and thy sorrows boast, Their victory and thy, &c.
4. God, from on high, has heard thy prayer; His hand thy ruin shall repair; Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease To guard thee in eternal peace, To guard thee in eternal peace.

RAPTURE. L. M. Double.

T. J. C.

1. Stand up, my soul! shake off thy fears, And gird the gospel armor on; March to the gates of endless joy, Where Jesus, thy great Captain 's gone.

3. Then let my soul march boldly on, Press forward to the heavenly gate; There peace and joy eternal reigns, And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course, But hell and sin are vanquished foes; Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross, And sung the triumph when he rose.

4. There shall I wear a star-ry crown, And triumph in Almighty grace; While all the ar - mies of the skies Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

LIVELY.

ALFRETON. L. M.

W. BEASTALL.

The Lord is come! the heavens proclaim His birth; the na - tions learn his name; An un-known star di - rects the road Of eastern sa - ges to their God.

SLOW and GENTLE.

ORIEL. L. M.

Rit. ad lib.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wear-y pil-grims found: They soft-ly lie, and sweet-ly sleep, Low in the ground, Low in the ground.

2. The storm that sweeps the win-try sky No more disturbs their deep re-pose, Than summer eve-ning's la-test sigh, That shuts the rose, That shuts the rose.

3. Then traveler in the vale of tears, To realms of ev-er-last-ing light, Thro' time's dark wil-der-ness of years, Pur-sue thy flight, Pur-sue thy flight.

HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON.

Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his power pro-longs my days; And ev-ery eve-ning shall make known Some fresh memo-rial of his grace.

POCO ADAGIO.

AMES. L. M.

FROM "CARMINA SACRA."

1. God in his earth-ly tem-ple, lays Foun-da-tion for his heavenly praise; He likes the tents of Ja-cob well, But still in Zi-on loves.... to dwell.

2. His mer-cy vis-its ev-ery house That pay their night and morning vows; But makes a more de-light-ful stay, Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3. What glo-ries were described of old! What wonders are of Zi-on told! Thou ci-ty of our God be-low, Thy fame shall all the na-tions know.

WOODBINE. L. M.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. My ope - ning eyes with rap ture see The dawn of this re - turning day; My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee, While thus my ear - ly vows I pay.
2. I yield my heart to thee a - lone, Nor would re-ceive an - oth - er guest: E - ter - nal King, e - rect thy throne, And reign sole mon - arch in my breast.
3. O, bid this tri - fling world re - tire, And drive each carnal thought a - way; Nor let me feel one vain de - sire, One sin - ful thought thro' all the day.
4. Then, to thy courts when I re - pair, My soul shall rise on joy - ful wing,—The wonders of thy love de - clare, And join the strains which an - gels sing.

SLOW and SOFT.

WARD. L. M.

ARR. FROM A SCOTCH AIR, BY DR. L. MASON.

1. O Lord, thy heavenly grace im-part, And fix my frail, in - con - stant heart; Henceforth my chief desire shall be To de - di - cate my - self to thee.
2. Whate'er pursuits my time em-ploy, One thought shall fill my soul with joy: That si-lent, se-cret thought shall be, That all my thoughts are fixed on thee.

ERNAN. L. M.

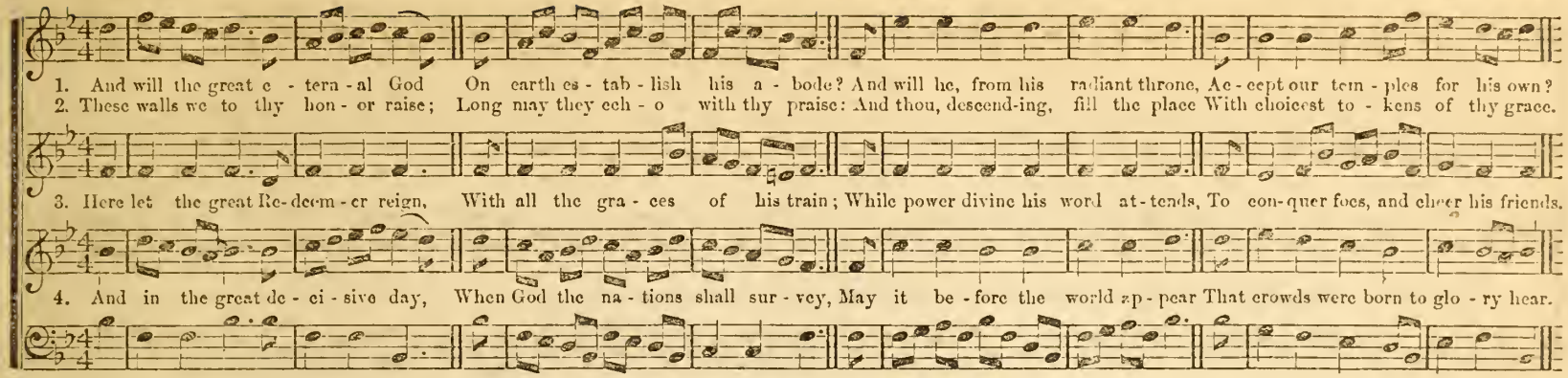
DR. L. MASON.

1. Lord, I de - spair my - self to heal; I see my sin, but can - not feel; I cannot, till thy Spir - it blow, And bid th'o-be - dient wa - ters flow.
2. 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give; Thy gifts I on - ly can re - ceive; Here, then, to thee I all re - sign; To draw, re-deem, and seal—are thine.
3. Speak, gracious Lord—my sickness cure— Make my infect - ed na - ture pure: Peace, righteousness, and joy im - part, And pour thyself in - to my heart!

MODERATO.

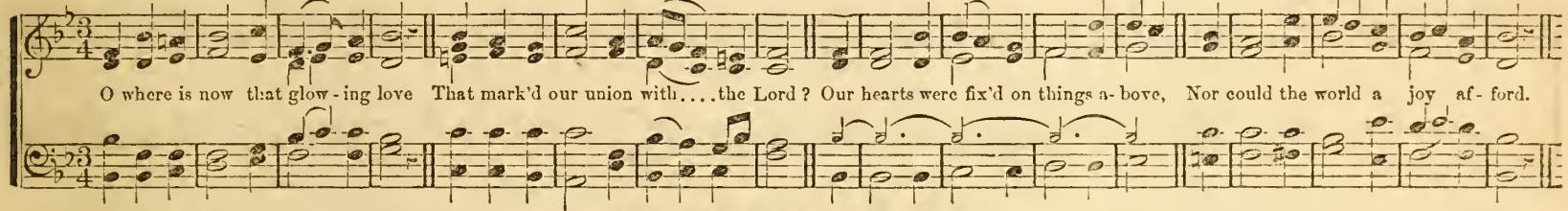
ROTH. L. M.

ARRANGED FROM SCHNEIDER, BY W. B. B.



GERMANY. L. M.

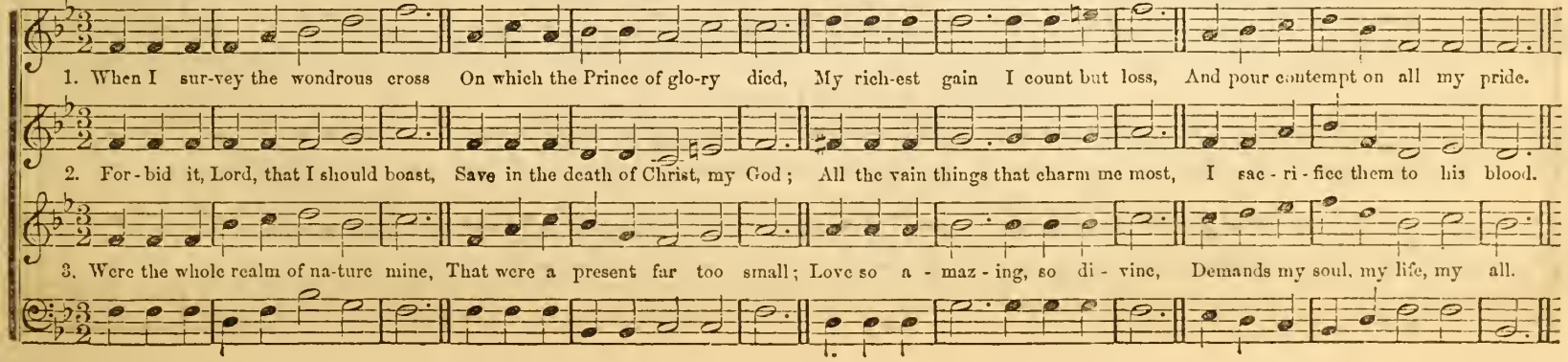
FROM BEETHOVEN.



Bold and Spirited.

OPORTO. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



WITH ENERGY.

WEBSTER. L. M.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gospel armor on; March to the gates of endless joy, Where Jesus, thy great Captain 's gone, Where Jesus, thy great, &c.

2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course, But hell and sin are vanquished foes; Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross And sung the triumph when he rose, And sung the triumph, &c.

3. Then let my soul march boldly on, Press forward to the heavenly gate, There, peace and joy eternal reigns, And glitt'ring robes for conquerors wait, And glitt'ring robes, &c.

AFFETTUOSO.

OBERLIN. L. M.

BOST, OF SWITZERLAND.

1. O Je-sus, full of truth and grace! O all-a-ton-ing Lamb of God! I wait to see thy glo-rious face; I seek re-demption in thy blood.

2. Thou art the an-chor of my hope; The faith-ful pro-mise I re-ceive: Sure-ly thy death shall raise me up, For thou hast died that I might live.

BOLD.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.

1. Lord, when thou didst as-cend on high, Ten thousand an-gels filled the sky; Those heavenly guards around thee wait, Like chariots that at-tend thy state.

L. M.

1. The God of love will sure in-dulge The flow-ing tear, the heav-ing sigh, When his own chil - dren fall a - round, When tender friends and kin-dred die.

2. Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought Should with our mourning passions blend; Nor would our bleeding hearts forget Th' al-might-y ev - er - liv - ing Friend.

WARE. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY. By permission.

1. O, for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stub-born heart a - way; And thaw, with beams of love divine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2. The rocks can rend; the earth can quake; The seas can roar; the moun-tains shake; Of feeling, all things show some sign, But this un - feel-ing heart of mine.

WELTON. L. M.

Arr. by Dr. MASON. From "Car. Sac."

1. Hap-py the meek, whose gentle breast, Clear as the summer's eve - ning ray, Calm as the re - gions of the blest, En - joys on earth ce - les - tial days.

2. His heart no brok-en friendships sting; No jars his peaceful tent in - vade; He rests beneath th' Almighty's wing, Hostile to none—of none a - fraid.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

W. B. B.

1. 'Tis midnight, and on O - live's brow, The star is dimmed that late-ly shone. 'Tis midnight; in the gar-den, now, The suffering Saviour prays a - lone.
2. 'Tis midnight, and, from all re - moved, The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears; E'en that dis-ci - ple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth - er's guilt The man of sor rows weeps in blood; Yet he that hath in an - guish knelt Is not for - sak - en by his God.
4. 'Tis midnight; and from e - ther plains Is borne the song that an - gels know; Un - heard by mortals are the strains That sweet-ly soothe the Sa - viour's woe.

GRATITUDE. L. M

EOST.

1. Deem not that they are blest a-lone, Whose lives a peace-ful ten - or keep; For God, who pit - ies man, has shown A bless - ing for the eyes that weep.
2. The light of smiles shall fill a - gain The lids that ov - er - flow with tears; And wea - ry hours of woe and pain Are prom - is - es of hap-pier years.

REFUGE. L. M.

I. B. W.

1. Just as I am—without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
2. Just as I am—and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

OSSINING. L. M.

1. O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart, And fix my frail, inconstant heart; Henceforth my chief desire shall be To dedi-cate my-self to thee.

2. Whate'er pursuits my time employ, One thought shall fill my soul with joy: That silent, secret thought shall be, That all my thoughts are fix'd on thee.

3. Thy glorious eye pervadeth space; Thy presence, Lord, fills every place; And wheresoe'er my lot may be, Still shall my spirit rest with thee.

MODERATO.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

The heavens declare thy glo-ry, Lord, In ev-ery star thy wis-dom shines; But when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fair-er lines.

(1st P. M.)

BERA. L. M. (OR 6 L. BY REPEATING FIRST TWO LINES.) "ROOT & SWEETZER'S COLL.."

1. God of my strength, in thee alone A refuge from distress I see; O why hast thou thine aid withdrawn? Why hast thou, Lord, forsaken me.

2. O let thy light my footsteps guide; Thy love and truth my spirit fill; That in thy house I may re-side, And worship at thy ho-ly hill.

3. Then will I at thine altar bend; My harp its softest notes shall raise, And from my lips to heaven ascend The song of thankfulness and praise.

TRIUMPHAL. L. M. (Double.)

S. MAIN.

1. Our Lord is risen from the dead; Our Jesus is gone up on high; The powers of hell are captive led,—Dragg'd to the portals of the

2. Loose all your bars of massy light, And wide unfold th' ethereal scene; He claims these mansions as his right; Receive the King of glory

3. Lo! his triumphal chariot waits, And angels chant the solemn lay; Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates; Ye everlasting doors, give

sky; There his triumphal chariot waits, And angels chant the solemn lay;—Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates: Ye everlasting doors, give way!

in! Who is the King of glory? Who? The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame; The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew; And Jesus is the Conqu'ror's name.

way! Who is the King of glory? Who? The Lord, of glorious power possess'd;—The King of saints and angels too;—God over all, for ever blest!

ALLEGRO.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

Awake the trumpet's lofty sound, To spread your sacred pleasure round; Awake each voice, and strike each string, And to the solemn organ sing, And to the solemn organ sing.

OWEGO. L. M., or 6 lines by repeating 1st two lines.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Come, O thou great-er than our heart, And make thy faith-ful mercies known; The mind which was in thee im-part: Thy constant mind in us be shown.

2. O let us by thy cross a-bide, Thee, on-ly thee re-solved to know, The Lamb for sin-ners cru-ci-fied, A world to save from end-less woe.

3. Take us in-to thy peo-ple's rest, And we from our own works shall cease; With thy meek Spir-it arm our breast, And keep our minds in per-fect peace.

REST. L. M.

TENDERLY.

WM. B. B.

1. Show pi-ty, Lord, O Lord, for-give; Let a re-pent-ing re-bel live. Are not thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in thee?

2. My crimes are great, but don't sur-pass The power and glo-ry of thy grace; Great God, thy na-ture hath no bound, So let thy pard'ning love be found.

GIBSON. L. M.

ALLEGRO MODERATO.

T. H. TANNER.

1. O hap-py saints, who dwell in light, And walk with Je-sus, clothed in white, Safe landed on that peaceful shore, Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

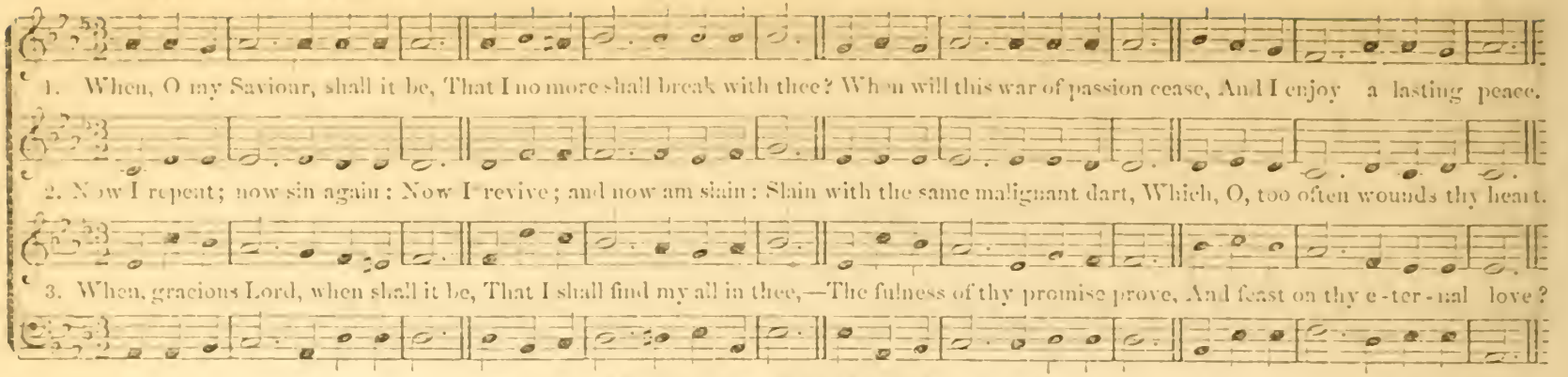
2. Released from sor-row, toil, and strife, And welcomed to an end-less life, Their souls have now be-gun to prove The height and depth of Je-sus' love.

3. There gazing on his beauteous face, They tell the won-ders of his grace, And while they sing with rapture sweet, They bow a-dor-ing at his feet.

MODERATO con ESPRESSIONE.

MUNSON. L. M.

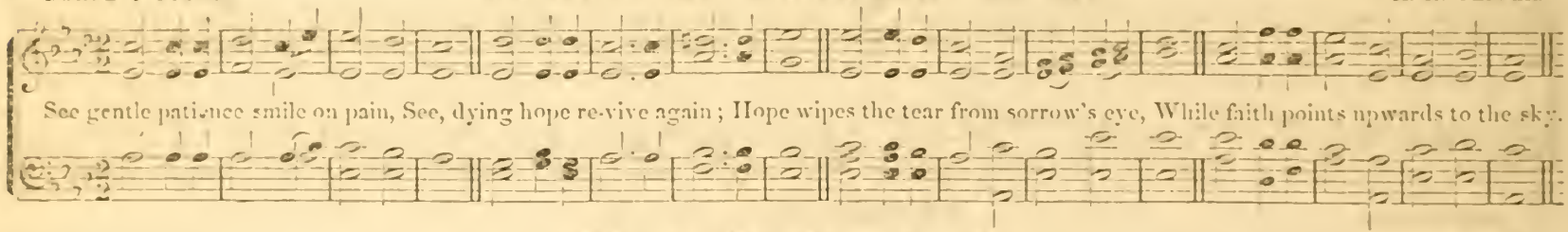
T. E. PERKINS.



DOLCE e PIANO.

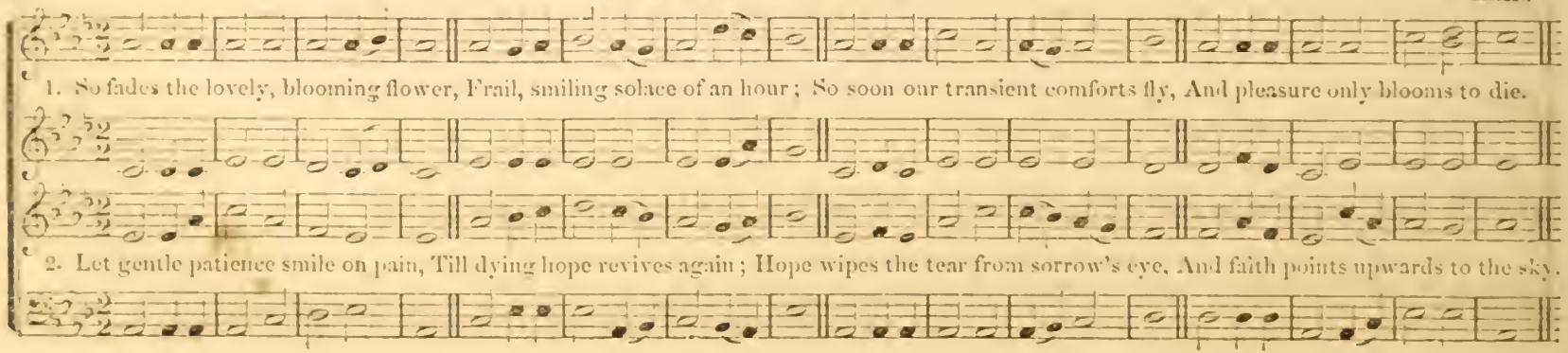
FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



DELL ROSE. L. M.

H. P. MAIN.



GENTLY. EARNESTLY.

INVOCATION. L. M.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Breathe, Holy Spir - it, from a - bove, Un - til our hearts with fer - vor glow; O, kin-dle there a Sa-viour's love, True sympathy with hu - man woe.

2. Bid our con-flict - ing pas - sions cease, And ter-ror from each conscience flee; O, speak to ev - ery bo - som peace, Unknown to all who know not thee.

3. Give us to taste thy heavenly joy, Our hopes to brightest glo - ry raise; Guide us to bliss with - out al - loy, And tune our hearts to end - less praise.

LUTON. L. M.

BURDER.

With all my powers of heart and tongue I'll praise my Mak - er in my song; Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Ap - prove the song and join the praise.

SOSTENUTO.

ALCORA. L. M.

W. B. B.,

1. Tho' I have grieved thy Spir - it, Lord, Thy help and com-fort still af - ford; And let a wretch come near thy throne, To plead the mer - its of thy Son.

2. A brok - en heart, my God, my King, Is all the sac - ri - fice I bring; Thou God of grace, wilt thou de-spise A brok - en heart for sac - ri - fice?

3. My soul lies humbled in the dust, And owns the dread-ful sentence just: Look down, O Lord, with pity-ing eye, And save a soul condemned to die.

GUIDANCE. L. M.

J. M. PELTON.

1. When sorrows, like the billows, roll, I cast my weary self on thee; Thou art the comfort of my soul, My guiding star thy word shall be, My guiding star thy word shall be.

2. When shadows round my pathway fall, And thorns spring up along the way, I fly to thee;—on thee I call, For thou wilt hear me when I pray, For thou wilt hear me, &c.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

CH. ZEUNER, BY PERMISSION.

1. Ye Christian he - roes, go, pro - claim Sal - va - tion in Im - man - uel's name; To dis-tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sha-ron there.
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With ho - ly zeal your hearts in - spire, Bid raging winds their fu-ry cease, And calm the savage breast to peace.

CHARITY. L. M.

MODERATO.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY E. A. P.

1. Blessed is he whose hand and heart Are ever lending to the poor; Who in their sor - row bears a part, His faith a - bid-ing, stead - fast, sure.

2. Firm be the tie which binds as one, Our hearts in Christian u - nion sweet; So, when our earthly course is run, We'll safely rest at Je - sus' feet.

WILLINGTON. L. M.

1. Jesus, where'er thy people meet, There they behold thy mercy-seat; Where'er they seek thee, thou art found, And every place is hallow'd ground.

2. For thou, within no walls confined, Dost dwell with those of humble mind; Such ever bring thee where they come, And, going, take thee to their home.

3. Great Shepherd of thy chosen few, Thy former mercies here renew; Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim The sweetness of thy saving name.

GROSTETTE. L. M.

H. W. GREATOREX, BY PERMISSION.

1. There is a God—all na - ture speaks, Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies; See—from the clouds his glory breaks, When earliest beams of morn-ing rise.
2. The ris-ing sun, se - rene-ly bright, Throughout the world's extend-ed frame, Inscribes, in charact-ers of light, His mighty Ma - ker's glorious name.
3. Ye curious minds, who roam a - broad, And trace cre-a - tion's won-ders o'er, Con-fess the footsteps of your God; Bow down before him and a - dore.

ANDANTE.

FORGIVENESS. L. M.

H. P. MAIN.

1. Show pi-ty, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a repenting rebel live; Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in thee?

2. O, wash my soul from every sin, And make my guilty conscience clean; Here on my heart the burden lies, And past offences pain my eyes.

SPIRITED. Unison

MORNING. C. M.

T. E. PERKIN.

1. A - wake, my soul, to meet the day; Un - fold thy drow-sy eyes, And burst the heav-y chain that binds Thine ac - tive fa - cul - ties.

2. God's guar - dian shield was round me spread In my de - fence-less sleep: Let Him have all my wak - ing hours Who doth my slum - bers keep.

4. Bright Sun of right-eous-ness, a - rise; Thy ra - diant beams dis - play; And guide my dark, be - wild - er'd soul, To ev - er - last - ing day.

ALLEGRETTO.

BROWN. C. M.

FROM THE "PSALMODIST."

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate-ful prayer.

2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pe - ni - ten - tial tear, And all his pro - mis - es to plead Where none but God can hear.

3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore,— And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.

COVENTRY. C. M.

ENGLISH.

O, could my thoughts and wish-es fly A - bove these gloom-y shades, To those bright worlds be - yond the sky, Which sor - row ne'er in - vades.

MODERATO.

ALIDA. C. M. Double.

D. B. THOMPSON.

FINE. D. C.

{ How hap-py ev - ery child of grace, Who knows his sins forgiven; }
{ 'The earth, he cries, is not my place, I [*Omit* - - - - - -] } seek my place in heaven. A coun-try far from mortal sight, Yet, O, by faith I see,

D. C. The land of rest, the saints' delight, The [*Omit* - - - - - - -] heaven prepared for me.

HOWARD. C. M.

MRS. CUTHBERT.

1. Lord, hear the voice of my com-plaint; Ac - cept my se - cret prayer; To thee a - lone, my King, my God, Will I .... for help.... re - pair.

CHINA. C. M.

TIMOTHY SWAN. SUFFIELD, CONN. 1800.

1. Why do we mourn for dy - ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms? 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends To call them to his arms.

2. Are we not tend-ing up - ward too, As fast.... as time can move? Nor should we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

3. Why should we trem-ble to con - vey Their bo - dies to the tomb? There once the flesh of Je - sus lay, And left a long per - fume.

1. O for a thou-sand se - raph tongues, To bless th' in- car - nate word! O for a thou - sand thank - ful songs, In hon - or of my Lord!

2. Come, tune a - fresh your gold - en lyres, Ye an - gels round the throne; Ye saints, in all your sa - cred choirs, A - dore th' e - ter - nal Son.

HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY, BY PERMISSION.

1. Come, ye that love the Sa-viour's name, And joy to make it known, The sovereign of your hearts proclaim, And bow be - fore the throne.
2. Be - hold your King, your Sa-viour, crowned With glories all di - vine; And tell the wonder - ing na - tions round, How bright these glo - ries shine.

MODERATO.

MASTEN. C. M.

N. BARKER.

1. How pre - cious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion given; Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

2. It sweet - ly cheers our droop - ing hearts, In this dark vale of tears; And life, and light, and joy im - parts, And ban - ish - es our fears.

3. This lamp, through all the te - dious night Of life, shall guide our way; Till we be - hold the clear-er light Of an e - ter - nal day.

Spirited.

CHAPMAN. C. M. 6 lines.

1. The Saviour calls; let every ear Attend the heavenly sound; Ye doubting souls! dismiss your fear, Hope smiles reviving round, Ye doubting souls! dismiss your fear, Hope smiles, &c.

2. For every thirsty, longing heart, Here streams of bounty flow, And life, and health, and bliss impart, To banish mortal wo, And life, and health, and bliss impart, To banish, &c.

3. Ye sinners! come; 'tis mercy's voice; The gracious call o - bey; Mercy invites to heavenly joys, And can you yet delay? Mercy invites to heavenly joys, And can you yet delay?

With Gentleness and Precision.

EDMESTON. C. M.

From the "Dulcimer."

The second ending may be omitted.

Dim. Rit.

When the worn spirit wants re - pose, And sighs her God to seek, How sweet to hail the evening's close, That ends the wea-ry week, That ends the wea - ry week.

BEMERTON. C. M.

H. W. GREATOREX, by Permission.

1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an - gels round the throne; Ten thou - sand thou - sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

2. Wor-thy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be ex - alt - ed thus; Wor - thy the Lamb, our hearts re - ply, For he was slain for us.

3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon-or and power di - vine; And bless - ings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for ev - er thine.

4. The whole cre-a - tion join in one, To bless the sa - cred Name Of Him that sits up - on the throne, And to a - dore the Lamb.

ELLIOT. C. M.

ANGED FROM A MS. OF W. S. E. BY W. B. B.

1. O, could our thoughts and wish-es fly, A - bove these gloomy shades, To those bright worlds be-yond the sky, Which sor - row ne'er in - vades.

2. There joys un - seen by mor - tal eyes, Or rea - son's fee - ble ray, In ev - er - blooming pros - pect rise, Un - con - scious of de - cay.

3. Then shall, on faith's sub- lim - est wing, Our ar - dent wish - es rise To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring Im-mor - tal in the skies.

BOND. C. M.

G. F. ROOT. FROM "SABBATH LEL.

There is a glo - rious world of light, A - bove the star - ry sky, Where saints de - part - ed, clothed in white, A - dore the Lord most high

TYRO. C. M.

D. CLARK.

1. A - wake, my soul! stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig-or on; A heavenly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.

2. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis he whose hand pre-sents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye.

3. Blest Saviour! in - tro - duced by thee, Our race have we be gun; And, crown'd with victory, at thy feet We'll lay our tro - phies down.

SLOWLY

BURGE. C. M.

1. Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat, Where Je-sus answers prayer; There humbly fall be-fore his feet, For none can per-ish there.

2. Thy prom-ise is my on-ly plea, With this I ven-ture nigh; Thou call-est burdened souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.

ALLEGANY. C. M.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Thro' all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy, The praises of my God shall still My heart and tongue em-ploy.

2. Of his de-liver-ance I will boast, Till all who are distressed, From my ex-am-ple comfort take, And charm their griefs to rest.

3. O, make but tri-al of his love: Ex-pe-rience will de-cide How blest are they, and on-ly they Who in his truth con-fide.

NOT TOO FAST.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

Once more, my soul, the ris-ing day Sa-lutes thy wak-ing eyes; Once more, my voice, thy trib-ute pay To him who rules the skies.

MODERATO.

MORRIS. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum-ble, grate - ful prayer.

2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear, And all his prom - is - es to plead Where none but God can hear.

3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im-plore,— And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.

MODERATO.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - l'wer of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - ery beds of ease; While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd through bloody seas?

SLOW.

RABENSTEIN. C. M.

J. F. FARGO.

1. And can mine eyes, with-out a tear, A weep - ing Sa - viour see? Shall I not weep his groans to hear, Who groaned and died for me?

2. Blest Je - sus, let those tears of thine Sub - due each stub - born foe; Come, fill my heart with love di - vine, And bid my sor - rows flow.

CANAAN. C. M. Double.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immortal reign; E - ter - nal day ex-cludes the night And pleasures ban - ish pain.

5. O, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be-cloud - ed eyes:

2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er fail - ing flowers; Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heavenly land from ours.

6. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the land-scape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.

* When "Coronation" is used as a congregational tune, all should sing in the Duet.

MODERATO

CHIMES. C. M.

"CARMINA SACRA."

mf

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day Which God has called his own; With joy the sum - mons we o - bey, To wor - ship at his throne.

p

2. Thy cho - sen tem - ple, Lord, how fair! Where will - ing vo - taries throng, To breathe the hum - ble, fer - vent prayer, And pour the cho - ral song.

CORINTH. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way, From ev-ery cum-b'ring care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In humble, grate - ful prayer.
2. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore, And all my cares and sor - rows cast On him whom I a - dore.

Allegretto non troppo.

SPARTA. C. M.

"CARMINA SACRA."

1. The Lord of glo - ry is my light, And my sal - va - - tion too; God is my strength, nor will I fear What all my foes can do.

2. One priv - i - lege my heart de - sires, O, grant me mine a - bode A - mong the churches of thy saints, The tem-ples of..... my God.

MEAR. C. M.

O, 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say, Up, Is - real, to thy tem - ple haste, And keep the fes - tal day.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

TANSUR.

O thou, to whom all crea - tures bow, With-in this earth - ly frame, Thro' all the world, how great art thou! How glo - rious is thy name!

MEDFIELD. C. M.

W. MATHER.

Ear - ly, my God, with - out de - lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirst-y spir - it faints a - way With-out thy cheer - ing grace.

JORDAN. C. M. Double.

BILLINGS.

There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
In - fi - nite day excludes the night, [OMIT.....] And pleasures banish pain. There ev-er - last - ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with'ring flow'rs;

Death, like a narrow sea, divides That heavenly land from ours.

MARLOW. C. M.

Let all the lands, with shouts of joy, To God their voi - ces raise;
Sing psalms in hon-or of his name, [OMIT.....] And spread his glorious praise.

AVON. C. M.

SCOTTISH.

O Thou! whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh; Whose hand, in - dul - gent, wipes the tears From sor - row's weep - ing eye.

EARNESTLY.

CHURCH. C. M.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. I would be thine; O take my heart, And fill it with thy love; Thy sa - cred im - age, Lord, im - part, And seal it from a - bove.

2. I would be thine; but while I strive To give my - self a - way, I feel re - bel - lion still a - live, And wan - der while I pray.

3. I would be thine; but, Lord, I feel E - vil still lurks with - in:— Do thou thy ma - jes - ty re - veal, And o - ver - come my sin.

4. I would be thine; I would em - brace The Sa - viour and a - dore; In - spire with faith, in - fuse thy grace, And now my soul re - store.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

ATTRIBUTED TO HANDEL.

A - wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mortal crown.

ANDANTE.

ALLIANCE. C. M.

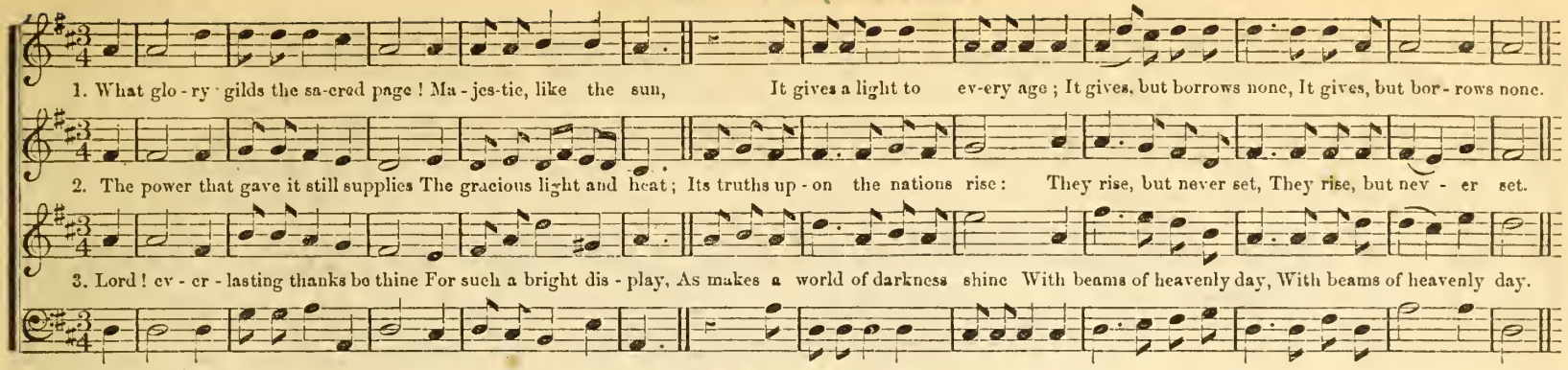
ISAIAH ICKES.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights, The glo - ry of my bright - est day, And com - fort of my nights.

2. In dark - est shades, if thou ap - pear, My dawn-ing is be - gun; Thou art my soul's bright morn - ing star, And thou my ris - ing sun.

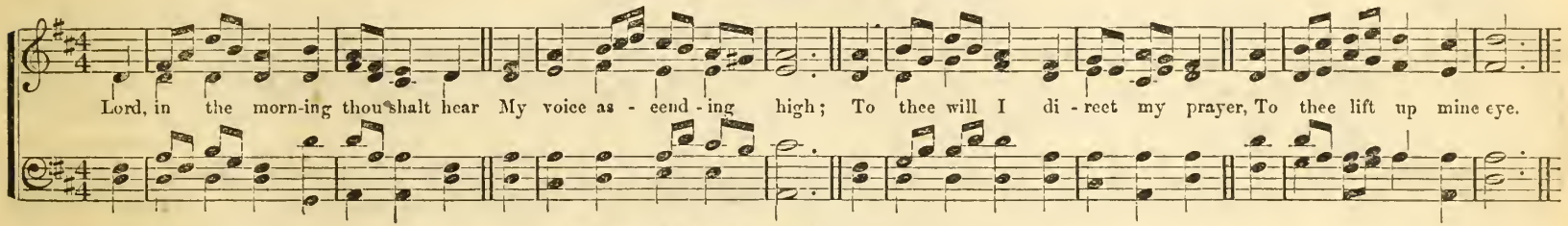
HARVEY. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



WARWICK. C. M.

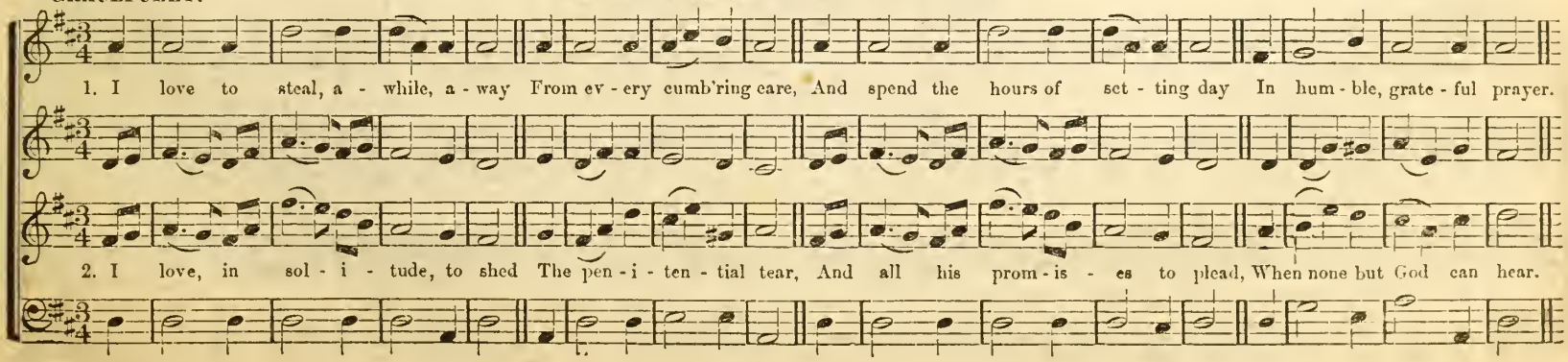
STANLEY.



GRACEFULLY.

MASSILLON. C. M.

ISAIAH ICKES.



SEWALL. C. M.

JAMES MAX.

1. I would be thine; O take my heart, And fill it with thy love;.... Thy sa-cred im-age, Lord, im-part, And seal it from a-bove.

2. I would be thine; but while I strive To give my-self a-way,.... I feel re-bel-lion still a-live, And wan-der while I pray.

3. I would be thine; but, Lord, I feel E-vil still lurks with-in;— Do thou thy ma-jes-ty re-veal, And o-ver-come my sin.

CHORAL.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

DR. CROFT, 1700.

My nev-er-ceas-ing song shall show The mer-cies of the Lord; And make suc-ceed-ing a-ges know How faithful is his word.

SLOW.

HUBERT. C. M.

S. MAIN.

1. Thro' sor-row's night, and dan-ger's path, A-mid the deep-'ning gloom, We, foll-'wers of our suff-'ring Lord, Are march-ing to the tomb.

2. There, when the tur-moil is no more, And all our powers de-cay, Our cold re-mains in so-li-tude Shall sleep the years a-way.

3. Our la-bors done, se-cure-ly laid In this our last re-treat, Un-heed-ed o'er our si-lent dust, The storms of earth may beat.

BRATTLE STREET.* C. M. (Double.)

ANDANTE CANTABILE.

Arranged from PLEYEL, by Dr. MASON.

1. While thee I seek, pro-tect-ing power! Be my vain wish es stilled; And may this con-se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.
3. In each e - vent of life, how clear Thy rul - ing hand I see! Each bless-ing to my soul most dear, Be - cause con - ferred by thee.

5. When gladness wings my fav-ored hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Resigned when storms of sor-row lower, My soul shall meet thy will.

2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed; To thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer - cy I a - dore.
4. In ev - ery joy that crowns my days, In ev - ery pain I bear; My heart shall find de - light in praise, Or seek re - lief in prayer.

6. My lift - ed eye, with - out a tear, The gathering storm shall see; My steadfast heart shall know no fear; That heart will rest on thee.

* This Tune which is derived from an Instrumental Composition by Pleyel, has been published as a Hymn Tune in a variety of forms, but all of them much at variance with the original, especially in the fifth and sixth lines. In this arrangement it is restored as near to the original as the adaptation of the words will permit. The rhythmical structure of the present copy has also been corrected, by which it is made comparatively easy to keep correct time.

NAOMI. C. M.

ANDANTE. Sotto Voce.

Dr. MASON,

p *m* *p* *m* *p* Coda. *cres.* *f* *p*

1. Father, whate'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies, Accept-ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti - tion rise:—Halle-lu - jah, Hal-le-lu - jah.
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free; The blessings of thy grace impart, And make me live to thee. Halle-lu - jah, Hal-le-lu - jah.

3. O, let the hope that thou art mine, My life and death at-tend — Thy presence through my journey shine, And crown my journey's end. Hallelu - jah, Hal-le-lu - jah.

SABBATH EVENING. C. M.

T. E. P.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

2. See how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys; Our souls, how hea - vi - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys!

SMOOTH and CONNECTED.

PHILLIPS. C. M.

FROM DULCIMER.

Be - hold the west - ern eve - ning light! It melts in deep'ning gloom; So calm - ly Chris - tians sink a - way, De - scend - ing to the tomb.

GENTLE.

POTTER. C. M.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From every cumb'ring care; And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grate - ful prayer.

2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear; And all his prom - is - es to plead, Where none but God can hear.

3. I love to think on mercies past, And fu - ture good im - plore; And all my cares and sorrows cast On him, whom I a - dore.

TOWNER. C. M.

1. Je - sus, my strength and right-eous-ness, My Sa - viour and my King, Tri - umph - ant - ly thy Name I bless,— Thy conqu'ring Name I sing.

2. O let me nev - er blush to own The glo - rious gos - pel word; Which saves a world thro' faith a - lone, Faith in a dy - ing Lord.

SLOWLY, and with Expression.

BRENTON. C. M.

T. J. COOK.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kindle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

2. See how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys; Our souls how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys!

NOT TOO FAST.

DEDHAM. C. M.

GARDNER.

Sweet was the time when first I felt The Sa - viour's pardoning blood, Ap - plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

Enunciation decided. MODERATO.

SHEPHERD'. C. M.

N. BARKER.

1. Hail, sa-cred truth! whose piercing rays Dis-pel the shades of night; Dif-fus-ing o'er a ru-in'd world The healing beams of light.

2. Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid, Re-stores our wan - d'ring feet; Converts the sor - rows of the mind To joys di - vin - ly sweet.

3. O send thy light and truth a-broad, In all their ra - - diant blaze; And bid th'ad-mir - ing world a - dore The glo-ries of thy grace.

BELIEVER. C. M.

ARR. BY H. P. MAIN.

How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear; It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fears.

SMOOTH and FLOWING.

COCHRAN. C. M.

JAS. M. NORTH.

1. Fa-ther of mer - cies, con - des-cend To hear our fervent prayer, fervent prayer, While these our bre - thren we com-mend To thy pa - ter - - nal care.

2. Be-fore them set an o - pen door; Their faith-ful la - bors bless, labors bless; On them thy Ho - ly Spir-it pour, And crown them with suc-cess.

3. En-dow them with a heavenly mind; Sup-ply their ev - ery need; ..... Make them in spir - it meek, re-sign'd, But bold in word and deed.

MODERATO.

HALL. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. O, hap - py is the man who hears In - struction's warn - ing voice; And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.

2. For she hath trea - sure great - er far Than east and west un - fold; And her re - wards more pre- cious are Than all their stores of gold.

3. She guides the young with in - no - cence, In plea-sure's paths to tread; A crown of glo - ry she be - stows Up - on the hoar - y head.

STEPHENS. C. M.

JONES.

For ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed-ing side; This all my hope, this all my plea, For me the Sa - viour died.

HEGRAI. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Re - turn, O God of love! re - turn; Earth is a tire - some place: How long shall we, thy chil-dren, mourn Our ab - sence from thy face?

2. Let heaven suc-ceed our pain - ful years, Let sin and sor - row cease; And, in pro - por - tion to our tears, So make our joys in - crease.

3. Thy won - ders to thy ser- vants show, Make thine own work com - plete; Then shall our souls thy glo-ries know, And own thy love was great.

PRATT. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st ending. 2d ending.

1. Why should our tears in sorrow flow, When God recalls his own, And bids them leave a world of wo, For an im - mortal crown?

2. Is not e'en death a gain to those Whose life to God was given? Gladly to earth their eyes they close, To o - pen them in heaven.

3. Their toils are past, their work is done, And they are ful - ly blest; They fought the fight, the victory won, And en-tered in - to [*Omit*] rest, And entered in - to rest.

4. Then let our sorrows cease to flow; God has re - called his own; But let our hearts in every wo, Still say,—Thy will be [*Omit*] done, Still say,—Thy will be done.

FAREWELL. C. M.

I. B. W.

Calm on the listening ear of night Come heaven's me - lo - dious strains, Where wild Ju - de - a stretches far Her silv - er man - tled plains.

ELEANOR. C. M.

SLOW.

S. MAIN.

1. O, could I find from day to day A near-ness to my God; Then should my hours glide sweet a - way, While lean - ing on his word.

2. Lord, I de - sire with thee to live A - new from day to day; In joys the world can nev - er give, Nor ev - er take a - way.

3. O Je - sus, come and rule my heart, And make me whol-ly thine, That I may ne'er from thee de - part, Nor grieve thy love di - vine.

MODERATO.

WALNUT GROVE. C. M.

H. K. OLIVER. By Permission.

1. What glory gilds the sa - cred page! Ma - jes - tic, like the sun, It gives a light to ev - - ery age; It gives, but bor - rows none.

2. The power that gave it still sup-plies The gra - cious light and heat, Its truths up - on the na - tions rise: They rise, but nev - er set.

3. Lord! ev-er - last - ing thanks be thine For such a bright dis - play, As makes a world of dark - ness shine With beams of heaven-ly day.

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How sweet the li - ly grows! How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose!

ALLEGRETTO.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

From "Carmina Sacra"

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; And heaven and nature sing..... ... . And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let every heart prepare him room, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing.

WAYNE. C. M. Double.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove, And smile to see our Fa-ther there, Up - on a throne of love

3. The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss Are o-pened by the Son; High let us raise our notes of praise, And reach th' almighty throne.

2. Come, let us bow be - fore his feet, And venture near the Lord; No fier - y cherubs guard his seat, Nor dou-ble flam-ing sword.

4. To thee ten thousand thanks we bring, Great Advocate on high; And glo - ry to th' e - ter - nal King, Who lays his an - ger by.

(36th P. M.)

RHINE. C. M.

GERMAN.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given: There is a tear for souls distressed, A balm for ev-ery wounded breast. 'Tis found a lone—in heaven.
2. There is a home for weary souls, By sins and sorrows driven; When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and ocean rolls, And all is drear—but heaven

MONT CLAIR. C. M.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights, The glo-ry of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights, And comfort of my nights.

2. In darkest shades, if thou ap - pear, My dawning is be - gun, Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my ris-ing sun, And thou my ris- ing sun.

3. The opening heavens a - round me shine With beams of sa-cred bliss, If Je-sus shows his mercy mine, And whispers I am his, And whispers I am his.

DOWNS. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Thou art my por - tion, O my God! Soon as I know thy way, My heart makes haste t'o - bey thy word, And suf - fers no de - lay.

DODD.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. Thou art the Way: to thee a - lone From sin and death we flee! And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
2. Thou art the Truth: thy word a - lone True wis - dom can im - part; Thou on - ly canst in - struct the mind, And pu - ri - fy the heart.

3. Thou art the Life: the rend - ing tomb Pro - claims thy con-quering arm; And those who put their trust in thee Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life: Grant us to know that Way; That Truth to keep, that Life to win, Which leads to end - less day.

Slow.

ALEXANDER. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. O why should gloom-y thoughts a - rise, And dark - ness fill the mind! Why should that bosom heave with sighs, And yet no ref - uge find?

2. Hast thou not heard of Gilead's balm,— The great Phy - si - cian there, Who can thine ev - 'ry fear dis - arm, And save thee from de - spair!

3. Still art thou o - verwhelm'd with grief, And fill'd with sore dis - may! Still look - ing downward for re - lief, With - out one cheer - ing ray!

RHONE. C. M.

WILLIAM MASON.

1. When shall I see the wel - come hour That plants my God in me! Spir - it of health, and life, and power, And per - fect lib - er - ty.

2. Love on - ly can the con - quest win, The strength of sin sub - due: Come, O my Sav - iour, cast out sin, And form my soul a - new.

DUNDEE. C. M.

Je - sus, great Shepherd of the sheep, To thee for help we fly: Thy lit - tle flock in safe - ty keep, For O! the wolf is nigh.

SIMPSON. C. M.

1. Fa-ther of all, in whom a-lone We live, and move, and breathe; One bright, ce-les-tial ray dart down, And cheer thy sons be-neath.

2. Be-fore us make thy good-ness pass, Which here by faith we know; Let us in Je-sus see thy face, And die to all be-low.

(36th P. M.)

WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given: There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for ev-ery wounded breast, 'Tis found above in heaven.
2. There is a home for weary souls, By sin and sorrow driven; When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and ocean rolls, And all is drear but heaven.
3. There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye, To brighter prospects given; And views the tempest passing by, The evening sha-dows quickly fly, And all se-rene in heaven.

Gentle and Expressive.

MORRIS' CHANT. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Searcher of hearts—from mine erase All thoughts that should not be; And in its deep re-cess-es trace, And in its deep re-cess-es trace My gra-ti-tude to thee.

2. Hearer of prayer! O guide a-right Each word and deed of mine; Life's battle teach me how to fight, Life's battle teach me how to fight, And be the vic-t'ry thine.

3. Giver of all! for ev-ery good In the Re-deemer came, For raiment, shel-ter, and for food, For raiment, shelter, and for food, I thank thee in his name.
4. Father and Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, Thou glorious Three in One; Thou knowest best what I need most, Thou knowest best what I need most, And let thy will be done.

DAVID. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet is the prayer whose ho - ly stream In ear - nest plead-ing flows; De - vo - tion dwells up - on the theme, And warm and warm - er glows.

2. Faith grasps the bless - ings she de - sires; Hope points the up - ward gaze; And Love, ce - les - tial Love, in - spires The el - o - quence of praise.

3. But sweet-er far the still small voice, Un - heard by hu - man ear, When God has made the heart re - joice, And dried the bit - ter tear.

4. No ac - cents flow, no words as - cend; All ut - terance fail - eth there; But God him - self doth com - pre hend, And an - swer, si - lent prayer.

BANGOR. C. M.

With Solemnity.

RAVENSCROFT.

Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound My ears at - tend the cry; Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

JUNIOR. C. M.

HARMONIZED BY O. M. A.,
Normal Academy of Music, Class 1863.

1. E - ter- nal Power, Al - mighty God, Who can ap - proach thy throne? Un - fad - ing light is thine a - bode, To mor - tal man un - known.

2. Be - fore the ra - diance of thine eye, The heavens no lon - ger shine; And all the glo - ries of the sky Are but the shade of thine.

3. How strange, how wondrous is thy love! With trem-bling we a - dore; Not all th' ex-alt - ed minds a - bove Its won - ders can ex - plore.

MELDOR. C. M.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How sweet the li - ly grows! How sweet the breath be - neath the hill, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose!

2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod— Whose se - cret heart, with in-fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.

3. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill The li - ly must de - cay; The rose that blooms be - neath the hill Must short - ly fade a - way.

WINDSOR. C. M.

SCOTTISH THEME.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home:

2. Un - der the sha - dow of thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure; Suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.

3. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come; Be thou our guide while life shall last, And our per - pet - ual home.

JOYFUL SOUND. C. M. Double.

CHEERFUL. E. L. WHITE.

FINE. D. C.

{ O joy - ful sound of gos-pel grace, Christ shall in me ap-pear, }
{ I, e - ven I shall see his face, [*Omit* - - - - -] } I shall be ho - ly there. The glorious crown of righteousness To me reach'd out I view;

D. C.—Conqu'ror thro' him I soon shall seize - - - - - - - - And wear it as my due.

COMMUNION. C. M.

T. J. COOK.

1. O, for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

2. Where is the blessed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and his word?

MELBOURN. C. M.

MODERATO.

ENGLISH TUNE.

To thee, my righteous King and Lord, My grateful soul I'll raise; From day to day thy works record, From day to day thy works record, From day, &c., And ever speak thy praise.

ELIM. C. M.

H. W. GREATOREX, BY PERMISSION.

1. Lord, when we bend be - fore thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour, O, may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore.

2. Our con - trite spir - its pi - tying see, True pen - i - tence im - part; And let a heal - ing ray from thee, Beam hope on ev - ery heart.

3. When we dis - close our wants in prayer, O, let our wills re - sign; And not a thought our bos - om share, Which is not whol - ly thine.

BOLD.

BEACH. C. M.

Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Ye tribes of ev - ery tongue; His new dis-covered grace demands A new and no - ble song.

NOT TOO FAST.

THORNTON. C. M. Double.

T. E. PERKINS. 1856.

Fine. D. C.

1. { Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh: When will the mo - ment come
{ When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home. }
D. C. This world, a wil - der - ness of woe,—This world is not my home.

2. No tran - quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful sheltering dome;

3. { To Je - sus Christ I sought for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
{ But fly for suc - cor to his breast, And he'd con - duct me home. }
D. C. I long to leave the unhallowed ground, And dwell with Christ at home.

4. Wea - ry of wand'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom,

BALERMA. C. M.

R. SIMPSON. SCOTLAND.

1. O, hap - py is the man who hears In - struction's warn - ing voice, And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.

CRUCIFIXION. C. M.

H. W. GREATOREX, by Permission.

1. We journey thro' a vale of tears, By many a cloud o'er - cast; And worldly cares, and world - ly fears, Go with us to the last.
2. Not to the last! Thy word hath said, Could we but read a - right,— Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head; At eve it shall be light.

5. When tempest clouds are dark on high, His bow of love and peace Shines sweetly in the vault - ed sky,— A pledge that storms shall cease.

6. Hold on thy way, with hope un-chill'd, By faith and not by sight, And thou shalt own his word ful - fill'd,— At eve it shall be light.

CHORAL.

GRAFTON. C. M.

1. Vain man, thy fond pur - suits for - bear; Re - pent, thine end is nigh; Death, at the far-thest, can't be far: O think be - fore thou die.
2. Re - flect, thou hast a soul to save; Thy sins, how high they mount! What are thy hopes be - yond the grave? How stands that dark ac - count?

In the declamatory Style.

MERTON. C. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Ye gold-en lamps of heaven! fare - well, With all your fee-ble light; Fare - well, thou ev - er - chang - ing moon, Pale em - press of the night.

2. And thou, re - ful - gent orb of day! In bright-er flames ar - rayed, My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere, No more demands thine aid.

3. Ye stars are but the shin - ing dust, Of my di - vine a bode, The pave-ment of those heaven-ly courts, Where I shall reign with God.

PRAISE. C. M.

1. Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im-mortal crown, And an im - mortal crown.

2. 'Tis God's all-an - i - mating voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis he whose hand pre - sents the prize To thine aspiring eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye.

3. Blest Saviour! introduced by thee, Our race have we begun; And, crowned with viet'ry, at thy feet We'll lay our trophies down, We'll lay our trophies down.

GENTLE and Expressive.

SHADY RILL. C. M.

FROM "THE DULCIMER."

By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the li - ly grows, How sweet the breath, beneath the hill Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose.

NOT TOO FAST.

RUSSELL. C. M.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. My Shepherd will sup-ply my need, Je - ho - vah is his name; In pas - tures fresh he makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream.

2. He brings my wan' - dring spir- it back, When I for - sake his ways; And leads me, for his mer cy's sake; In paths of truth and grace.

CHEERFUL. Not too fast.

CONFIDENCE. C. M. Double.

T. B. P.

1. O, speed thee, Christian, on thy way, And to thy ar - mor cling; With gird-ed loins the call o - bey, That grace and mer - cy bring.

3. The shield of faith re - pels the dart That Satan's hand may throw; His ar - row can - not reach thy heart, If Christ control the bow.

2. There is a bat - tle to be fought, An up-ward race to run, A crown of glo - ry to be sought, A vic - t'ry to be won.

4. The glow-ing lamp of pray'r will light Thee on thy anxious road, 'T will keep the goal of heaven in sight, And guide thee to thy God.

INTERCESSION. C. M.

T. J. COOK.

Mer-cy, de - scend-ing from a - bove, In soft - est ac - cents pleads; O, may each ten - der bo - som move When mer-cy, in - ter - cedes.

FRANKLIN. C. M.

When shall I see the wel-come hour That plants my God in me! Spi-rit of health, and life, and power, And per-fect lib-er-ty.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

T. HASTINGS. By permission.

O Sa-viour, welcome to my heart; Pos-sess thy hum-ble throne; Bid ev-ery ri-val, Lord, de-part, And reign, O Christ, a-lone, And reign, O Christ, a-lone

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. DUTTON, Jr.

Now, e-ven now, I yield, I yield, With all my sins to part; Re-deemer, speak my par-don sealed, And pu-ri-fy my heart.

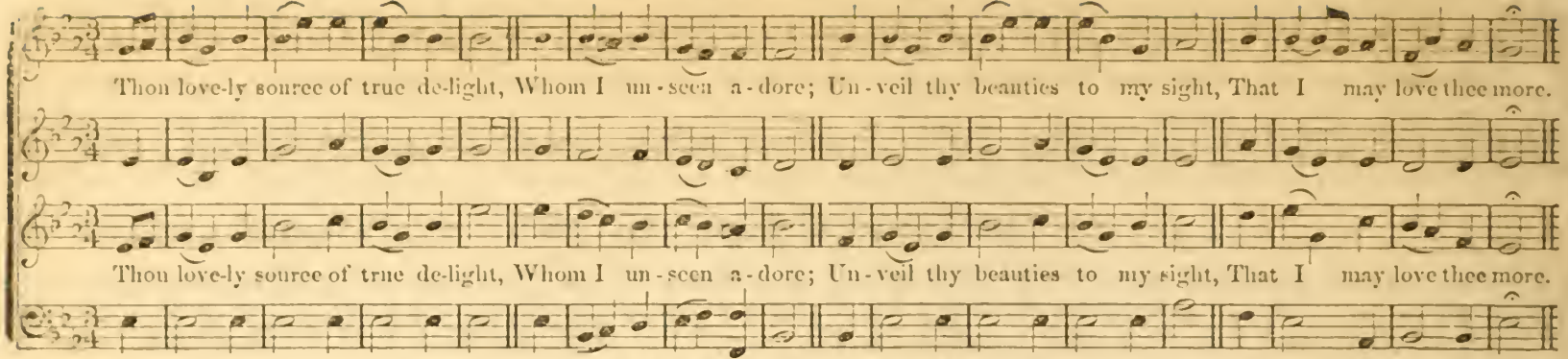
DENFIELD. C. M.

ARRANGED FROM GLASER, BY DR. L. MASON.

O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free; A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me.

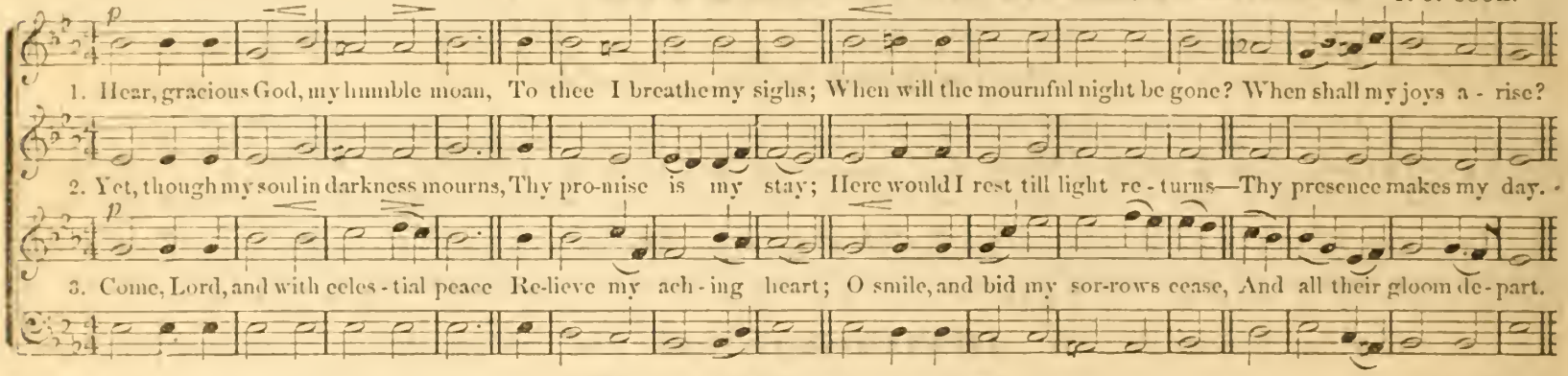
MARION. C. M.

GEO. STOWE.



STUART. C. M.

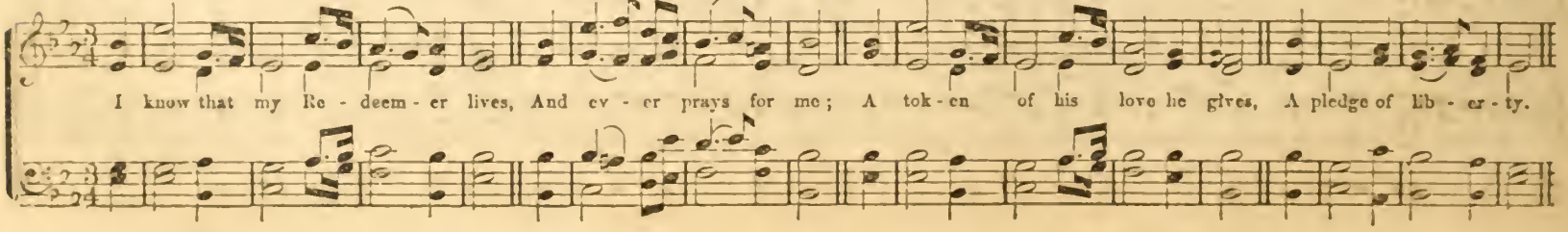
Sing with delicacy, and sustain well the sounds. T. J. COOK.



SLOW.

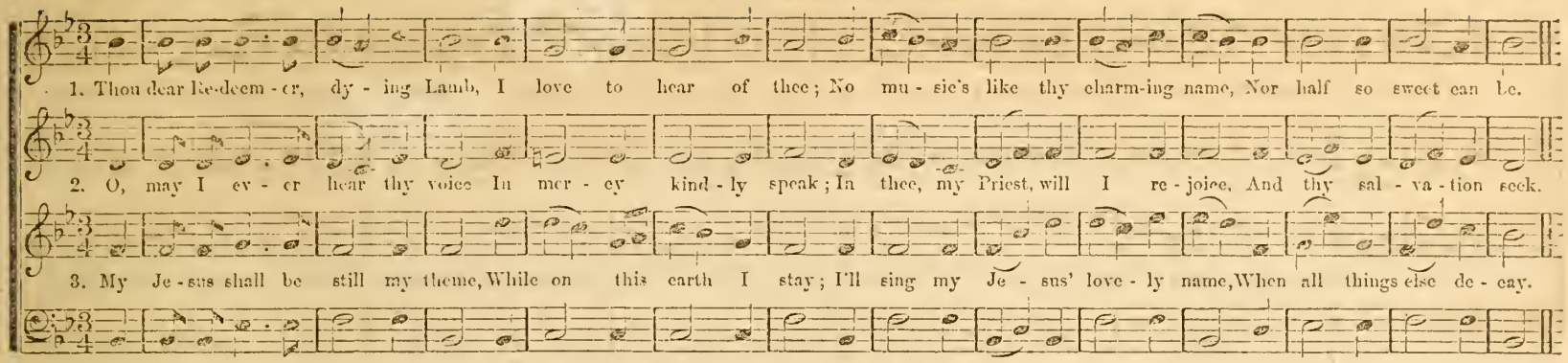
BRADFORD. C. M.

HANDEL.



HANSON PLACE. C. M.

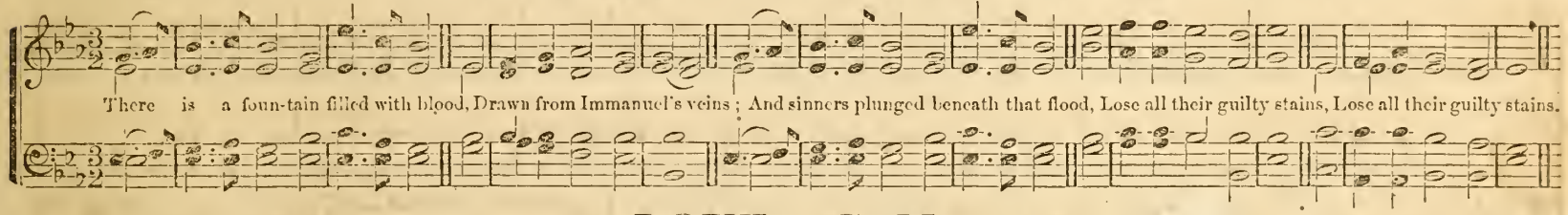
S. J. VAIL.



FOUNTAIN, or COWPER. C. M.

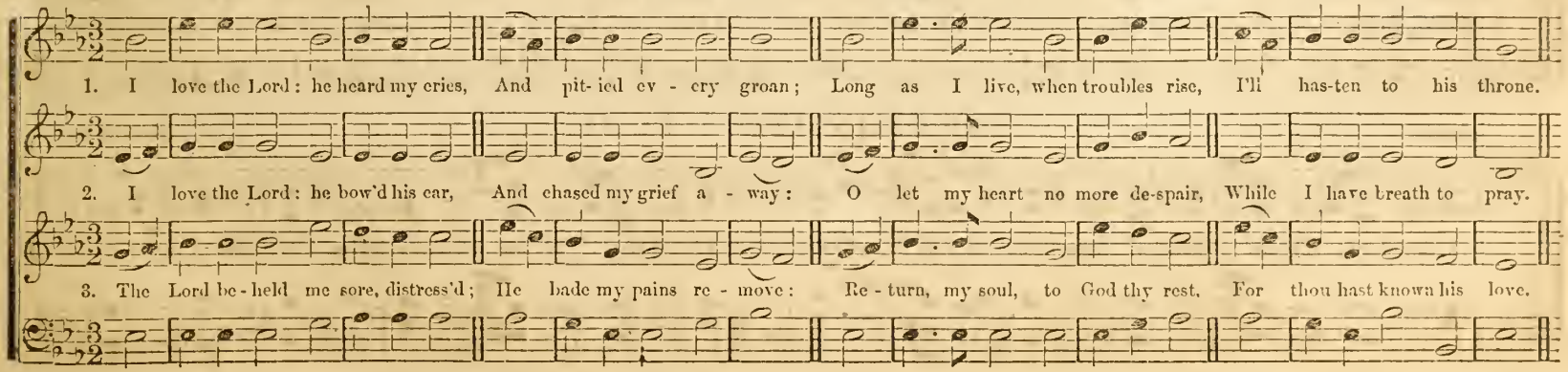
Not too Fast.

Dr. L. MASON,



LOVE. C. M.

S. M.



ANDANTINO AMOROSO.

IDDO. C. M.

FROM "CARMINA SACRA."

mp *mf*

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those that love the Lord, In one an-oth-er's peace de-light, And thus ful-fil his word.
3. When, free from en-vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish-es all a-bove, Each can his broth-er's fail-ings hide, And show a broth-er's love.

f *mp* *cres.*

2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part; When sor-row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart, And joy from heart to heart.
4. When love, in one de-light-ful stream, Thro' ev-ery bo-som flows; And u-nion sweet, and dear esteem, In ev-ery ac-tion glows, In ev-ery ac-tion glows.
5. Love is the gold-en chain that binds The hap-py souls a-bove; And he's an heir of heaven, that finds His bo-som glow with love. His bo-som glow with love.

NOT TOO FAST.

VARINA. C. M. Double.

FROM "ROOT AND SWEETZER'S COLL."

1. There is a land of pure de-light Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In-fin-ite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.
3. Sweet fields, be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dress'd in liv-ing green; So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween.

2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-wither-ing flowers; Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heavenly land from ours.
4. But ti-mor-ous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea; And lin-ger, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.

HARON. C. M.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From every cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In humble grate-ful prayer, In humble grate -ful prayer.
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear, And all his pro - mis-es to plead Where none but God can hear, Where none but God can hear.
3. I love to think on mer- cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore, And all my cares and sorrows cast On Him whom I a - dore, On Him whom I a - dore.
4. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its de- part-ing ray Be calm as this im- pres-sive hour, And lead to end - less day, And lead to end - less day.

MODERATO.

LITCHFIELD. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Ye youth-ful hearts, with vig-or warm, In smiling crowds draw near; And turn from ev - ery mor - tal charm, A Sa-viour's voice to hear.
2. The soul that longs to see his face, Is sure his love to gain; And those who ear - ly seek his grace, Shall nev - er seek in vain.

QUIET. C. M.

D. CLARK.

1. Au - thor of good, we rest on thee: Thine ev - er watch-ful eye A - lone our re - al wants can see, Thy hand a - lone sup-ply.
2. In thine all gra - cious pro - vi - dence Our cheer-ful hopes con - fide; O let thy power be our de - fence, Thy love our foot-steps guide.
3. Not what we wish, but what we want, Let mer - cy still sup - ply: The good un - ask'd, O Fa - ther, grant; The ill, though ask'd, de - ny.

SMOOTHLY.

SWEET REPOSE. C. M.

T. H. TANNER.

1. There is an hour of hallowed peace For those with care op - pressed, When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest.

2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears And doubts which here an - noy; Then they that oft had sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy.

3. There is a home of sweet re - pose, Where storms as - sail no more; The stream of end - less plea - sure flows On that ce - les - tial shore.

NEWARK. C. M.

J. CLARK.

The coun - sels of re - deem - ing grace The sa - cred leaves un - fold; And here the Sa - viour's love - ly face Our rap - tured eyes be - hold.

RAPTUROUS SCENE. C. M.

SAMUEL W. STOCKTON.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Ca - naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my posses - sions lie, Where my pos - ses-sions lie.

2. When shall I reach that happy place, And be for ev - er blest? When shall I see my Father's face, And in his bo - som rest, And in his bo - som rest?

3. Filled with delight, my raptured soul Would here no longer stay: Tho' Jor-dan's waves around me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way, Fear - less I'd launch a-way.

VIGOROSO.

ADORATION. C. M.

J. M. PELTON.

1. The Lord of Sab-bath let us praise, In con-cert with the blest, Who, joy-ful in har-mon-ious lays, Em-ploy an end - - less rest.

2. Thus, Lord, while we re-mem-ber thee, We blest and pi - ous grow; By hymns of praise we learn to be Tri - umph - ant here be - low.

NEW HAVEN. Double.

GIARDINI.

FINE. D. C.

1. { My Saviour, my almighty Friend, When I begin thy praise, } Where will the growing numbers end, [OMIT - - - - - -] } The num-bers of thy grace? I trust in thy e - ter - nal word; Thy goodness I a - dore:
D. C. Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord, [OMIT - - - - - -] That I may love thee more.

2. { My feet shall travel all the length Of the ce-les-tial road; } And march, with courage in thy strength, [OMIT - - - - - - -] } To see the Lord my God. A - wake! awake my tuneful powers, With this delightful song;
D. C. And en-tertain the darkest hours, [OMIT - - - - - - - - -] Nor think the season long.

ALLEGRETTO MODERATO.

OAKSVILLE. C. M. (TREBLE AND TENOR MAY BE INVERTED.)

CH. ZEUNER.

1. E - ter - nal Spir - it! God of truth! Our con - trite hearts in - spire; Kin-dle a flame of heavenly love—The pure ce - les - tial fire.
2. 'Tis thine to soothe the sor - row - ing, With guilt and fear oppressed; 'Tis thine to bid the dy - ing live, And give the wear - y rest.
3. Sub-due the power of ev - ery sin, What-e'er that sin may be; That we, in sin - gle - ness of heart, May wor - ship on - ly thee.

ILYD. C. M.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourning wanderers given; There is a tear for souls distress'd, A balm for every wounded breast, 'Tis found alone in heaven.

2. There is a home for wea-ry souls, By sin and sor-row driven, When tost on life's tempestuous shoals, When storms arise and ocean rolls And all is drear but heaven.

3. There faith lifts up her cheerful eye, To brighter prospects given, And views the tempest passing by, And evening shadows quickly fly, And all se-rene in heaven.

FOSTER. C. M.

FROM THE GERMAN.

1. Yes, I will bless thee, O my God, Thro' all my fleeting days,.... And to e-ter-ni-ty prolong Thy vast, thy boundless praise, Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2. Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim The honor of my God; My life, with all its active powers, Shall spread thy praise abroad, Shall spread thy praise a-broad.

ARMENIA. C. M.

S. B. POND.

How sweet the name of Je-sus sound, In a be-liev-er's ear; It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fears.

WILSON. C. M.

T. E. PERKINS

1. Lord, I be - lieve a rest re - mains To all thy peo - ple known; A rest where pure en - joy - ment reigns, And thou art loved a - lone.
2. A rest where all our soul's de - sire Is fixed on things a - bove; Where fear, and sin, and grief ex - pire, Cast out by per - fect love.
3. O that I now the rest might know, Be - lieve, and en - ter in: Now, Saviour, now the power be - stow, And let me cease from sin.
4. Remove this hard- ness from my heart; This un - be - lief re - move: To me the rest of faith im - part.— The Sab-bath of thy love

MANOAH. C. M.

FROM ROSSINI.

1. Our Fa - ther, God, who art in heaven, All hal-low'd be thy name;... Thy king- dom come; thy will be done In heaven and earth the same...
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread; And as we those for - give.... Who sin a - gainst us, so may we For - giv - ing grace re - ceive...
3. In - to temp - ta - tion lead us not; From e - vil set us free:.... And thine the king-dom, thine the power, And glo - ry, ev - er be.....

SILVERDALE. C. M.

T. E. PERKINS.

There is a land, a hap - py land, Where tears are wiped a - way From ev - ery eye by God's own hand, And night is turned to day.

GROVE. C. M.

Words by T. HASTINGS. Music by W. B. B.

1. Our heavenly Father, ha'lowed Name, Before thy gracious throne We would present our humble claim, And say—thy will be done.

2. Our cause to thee we now com-mit, For thou art all di - vine; We lay our burdens at thy feet, And ev - ery care re - sign.

3. We know thy wisdom can - not err, And thou art good as wise; Be thou the sole in - ter - pre - ter A-mid the doubts that rise.

EVAN. C. M.

From HAVERGAL, by Dr. L. MASON.

SLOWLY. GENTLY.

1. In mer - cy, Lord, remember me, Thro' all the hours of night; And grant to me most graciously The safeguard of thy might.

2. With cheerful heart I close my eyes, Since thou wilt not remove; O, in the morning let me rise, Re - joicing in thy love.

3. Or, if this night should prove the last, And end my transient days; O, take me to thy promised rest, Where I may sing thy praise!

HERMON. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

PIANO.

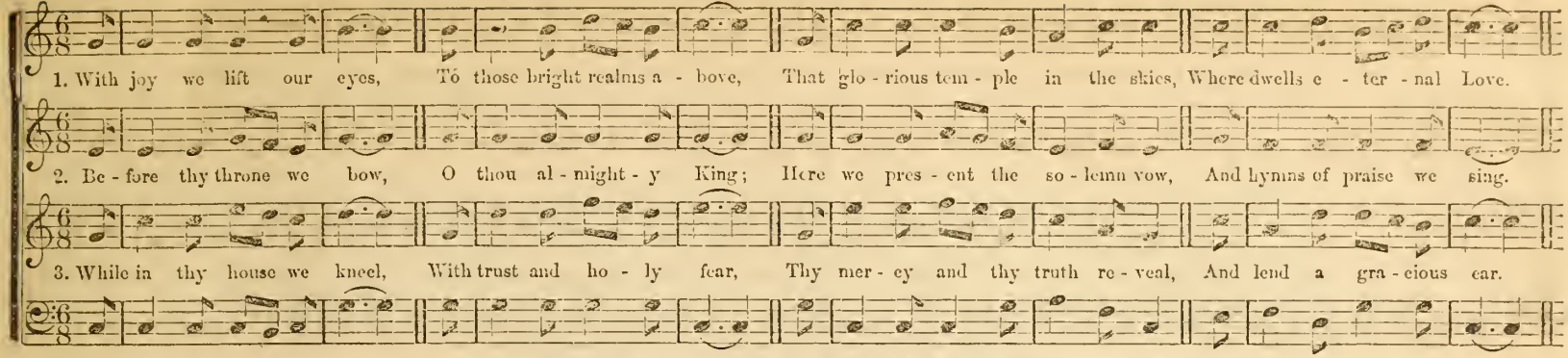
mf

O, praise the Lord—for he is good, In him we rest . . . ob - tain; His mercy has through ages stood, And ev - er shall re - main.

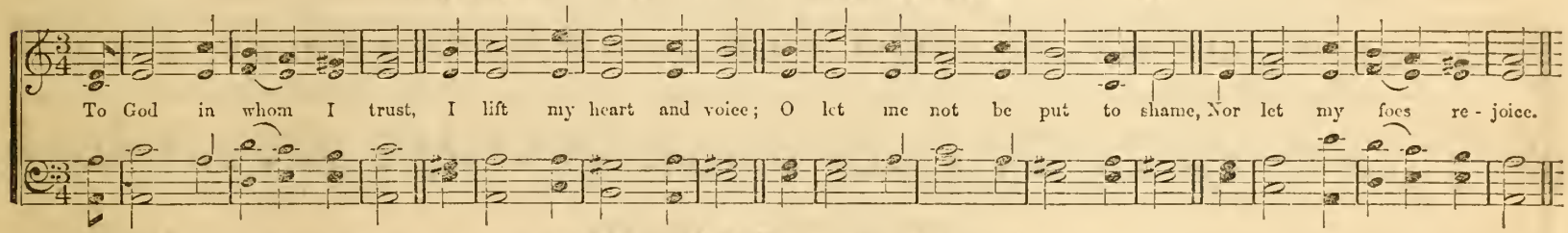
MATED, but not too Fast.

STAMFORD. S. M.

T. E. PERKINS.



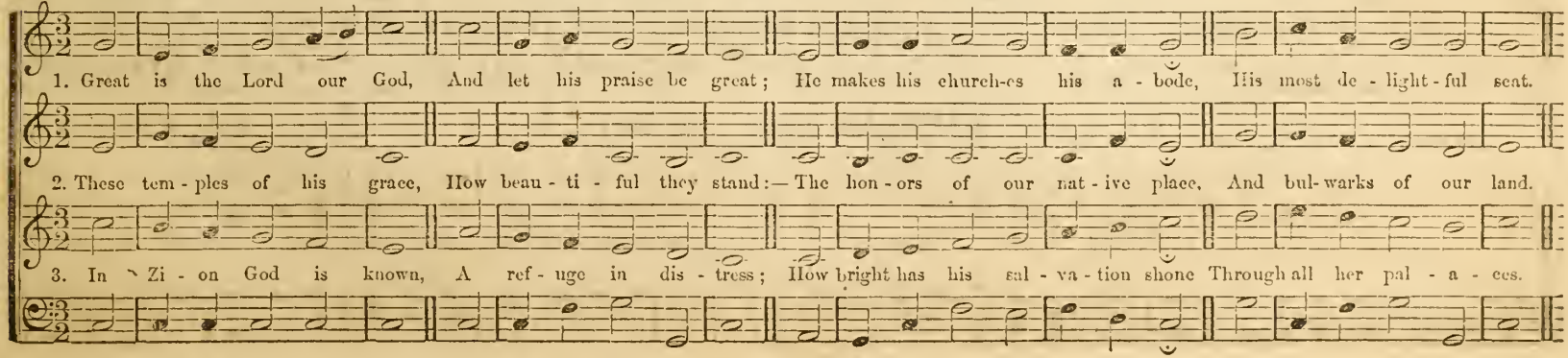
LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.



ENERGETIC.

CRYSTAL. S. M.

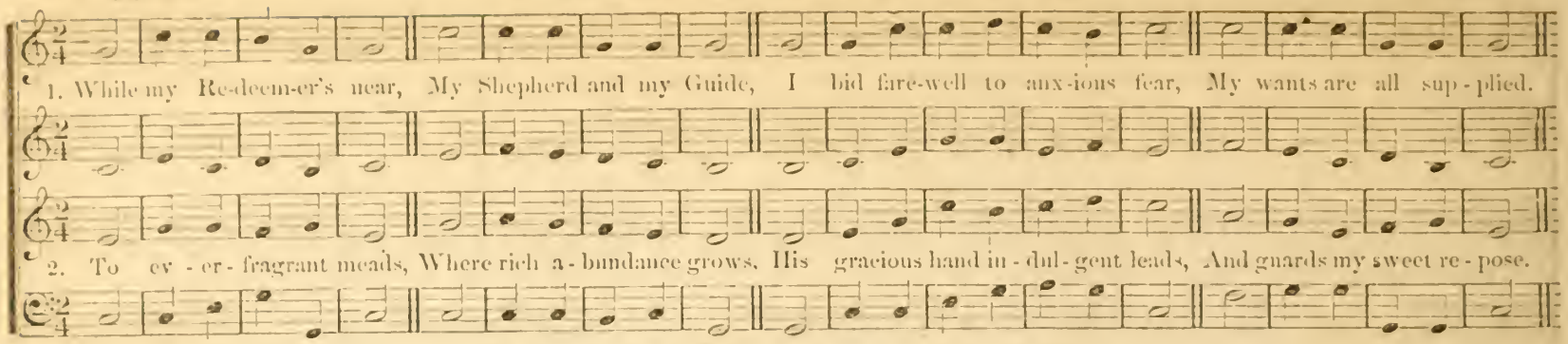
J. ZUNDEL,



GENTLY.

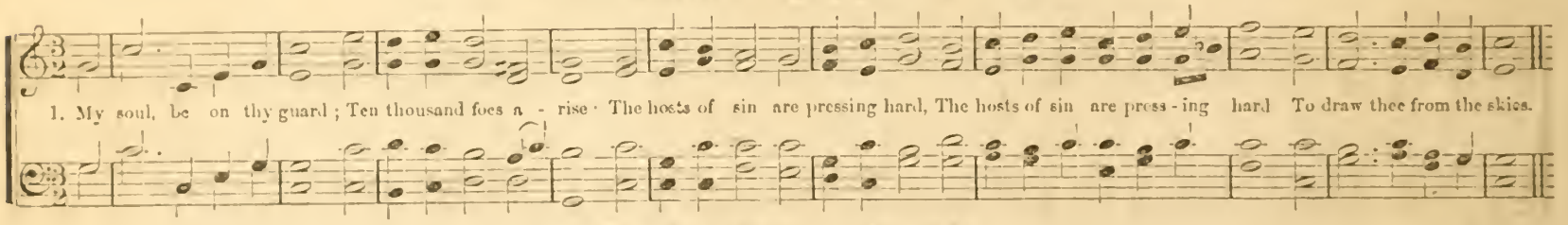
NORTH BRANCH. S. M.

T. E. PERKINS.



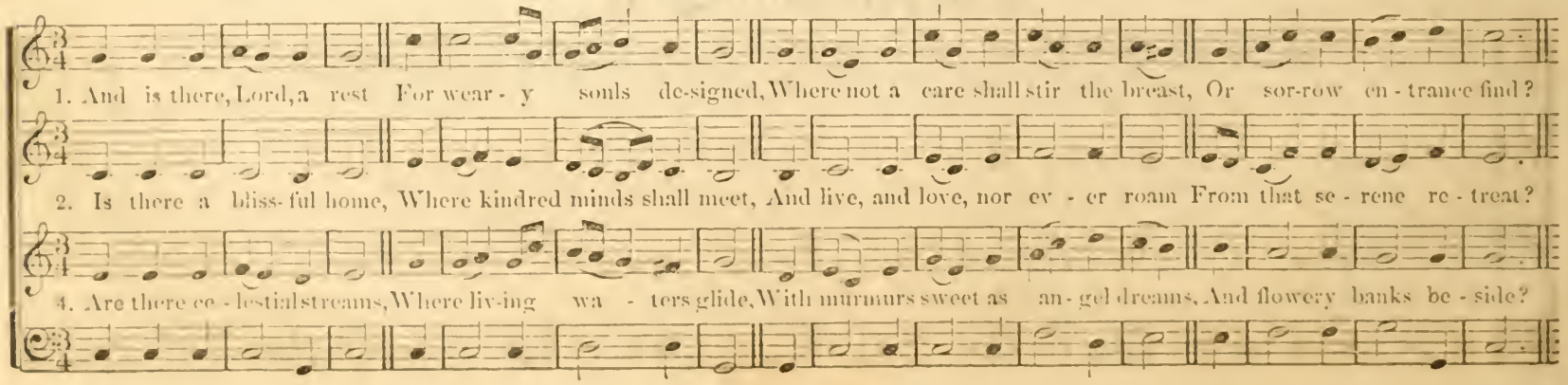
WILLIMANTIC. S. M.

S. J. V.



SANGER. S. M.

I. B. W.



AUSTIN. S. M.

ARRANGED FROM B.

1. O for the death of those Who slum-ber in the Lord! O, be like theirs my last re - pose, Like theirs my last re - ward.

2. Their bo - dies in the ground, In si - lent hope may lie, Till the last trum - pet's joy - ful sound Shall call them to the sky.

4. O for the death of those Who slum-ber in the Lord! O, be like theirs, my last re - pose, Like theirs my last re - ward.

MODERATO.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

DR. L. MASON,

1. The pi - ty of the Lord, To those that fear his name, Is such as ten - der pa - rents feel— He knows our fee - ble frame.

2. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn-ing flower! When blast-ing winds sweep o'er the field, It with - ers in an hour.

TENDERLY.

MONTROSE. S. M.

GEO. M. MONROE.

1. Go to thy rest, fair child, Go to thy dream-less bed, While yet so gen - tle, un - de - filed, With bless - ings on thy head.

2. Fresh ro - ses in thy hand, Buds on thy pil - low laid, Haste from this dark and fear - ful world, Where flowers so quick - ly fade.

PROBATION. S. M.

W. B. B.

1. Now is the day of grace, Now to the Sa - viour come; The Lord is call - ing, "Seek my face, And I will guide you home."

2. A Fa - ther bids you speed; O where-fore then de - lay? He calls in love; he sees your need; He bids you come to - day.

3. To - day the prize is won; The prom-ise is to save; Then, O, be wise; to - mor-row's sun May shine up - on your grave.

LABAN. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou-sand foes a - rise; And hosts of sin are press - ing hard, To draw thee from the skies.

ANDANTE.

WARSAW. S. M.

Arranged from WEBER, by N. BARKER.

1. Once more be - fore we part, O, bless the Sa - viour's name; Let ev - ery tongue and ev - ery heart, A - dore and praise the same.

2. Still on thy ho - ly word, We'll live, and feel, and grow; And still go on to know the Lord, And prac - tice what we know.

BONAR. S. M. Double.

DR. L. MASON.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come; And we shall be with those that rest, A - sleep with-in the tomb;
2. A few more storms shall beat On this wild rock - y shore; And we shall be where tem - pests cease, And sur - ges swell no more;
3. A few more strug - gles here, A few more part - ings o'er, A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more:
4. A few more Sab - baths here Shall cheer us on our way; And we shall reach the end - less rest, Th'e-ter - nal Sab - bath day:
5. 'Tis but a lit - tle while, And he shall come a - gain, Who died that we might live, who lives That we with him may reign:

REFRAIN.

Then, O, my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day; O, wash me in thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way.

Then, O, my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day; O, wash me in thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way.

Then, O, my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day; O, wash me in thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way.

ALLEGRETTO MODERATO.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.

How per - fect is thy word! And all thy judg - ments just! For ev - er sure thy prom-ise, Lord, And we se - cure - ly trust.

MODERATO.

AHAVA. S. M. DOUBLE. FROM "CARMINA SACRA."

1. How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill,— Who bring sal-vation on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal!
2. How hap - py are our ears, That hear the joy - ful sound, Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought, but never found.
3. The watchmen join their voice, And tune-ful notes em - ploy; Je - ru - sa - lem breaks forth in songs, And deserts learn the joy.

How charming is their voice,— So sweet the ti - dings are; Zi - on, behold thy Sa-viour King: He reigns and triumphs here.

How bless - ed are our eyes, That see this heavenly light; Prophets and priests desired it long, But died without the sight.

The Lord makes bare his arm Through all the earth a - broad: Let ev - ery na - tion now be-hold Their Sa-viour and their God.

PARAH. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. With hum-ble heart and tongue, My God, to thee I pray: O, bring me now, while I am young, To thee, the liv - - - ing way.
2. Make an un - guard - ed youth The ob-ject of thy care; Help me to chose the way of truth, And fly from ev - - - ery snare.

EVENTIDE. S. M.

T. E. PERKINS. From "The Olive Branch."

1. The day is past and gone, The eve - ning shades ap - pear; O, may we all re - mem - ber well The night of death draws near.

2. We lay our gar - ments by, Up - on our beds to rest; So death shall soon dis - robe us all Of what we here pos - sess.

3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se - cure from all our fears; May an - gels guard us while we sleep, Till morn - ing light ap - pears.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

HANDEL.

1. My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great; Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate.

HEAVENLY PORTION. S. M.

SAMUEL W. STOCKTON.

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de - signs to serve and please Thro' all their ac - tions run.

2. Blest is the pi - ous house Where zeal and friend-ship meet; Their songs of praise, their min - gled vows, Make their com - mun - ion sweet.

3. Thus on the heaven - ly hills The saints are blest a - bove, Where joy like morn - ing dew dis - tils, And all the air is love.

NOT TOO LOUD.

HUNTINGTON. S. M.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. O, where shall rest be found? Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove, Un - mea - sured by the flight of years, And all that life is love.

WESTMINSTER. S. M.

Dr. BOYCE.

And will the Judge de - scend? And must the dead a - rise? And not a sin - gle soul es - cape His all - dis - cern - ing eyes?

Rather Slow and in exact time.

MAZZAROTH. S. M.

ARRANGED FROM BLANGINI, BY DR. L. M.

1. Be hold! the morning sun Be - gins his glo - rious way; His beams thro' all the na - tions run, And light and life con - vey, And light and life con - vey.

2 But, where the gos - pel comes, It spreads di - vin - er light; It calls dead sin - ners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight. And gives the blind their sight.

3. How per - fect is thy word! And all thy judgments just! For ev - er sure thy pro - mise, Lord! And men se - cure - ly trust, And men se cure - ly trust.

ANIMATED.

ARIO. S. M.

1. My Ma-ker and my King, To thee my all I owe; Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring, Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring Whence all my bless-ings flow.

2. The creature of thy hand, On thee a - lone I live; My God, thy ben - e - fits de - mand, My God, thy ben-e-fits de - mand More praise than I can give.

3. O, let thy grace in-spire My soul with strength di- vine; Let all my powers to thee as - pire, Let all my powers to thee aspire, And all my days be thine.

VESPER. S. M.

WESTERN MELODY.

1. My Sa - viour and my Lord, To thee I lift mine eyes; In - struct me by thy ho - ly word, And make me tru - ly wise.
2. Be it my chief de - light To read this vol - ume o'er; To seek its Au - thor day and night, And love thee more and more.

With great Expression.

CHAPIN. S. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

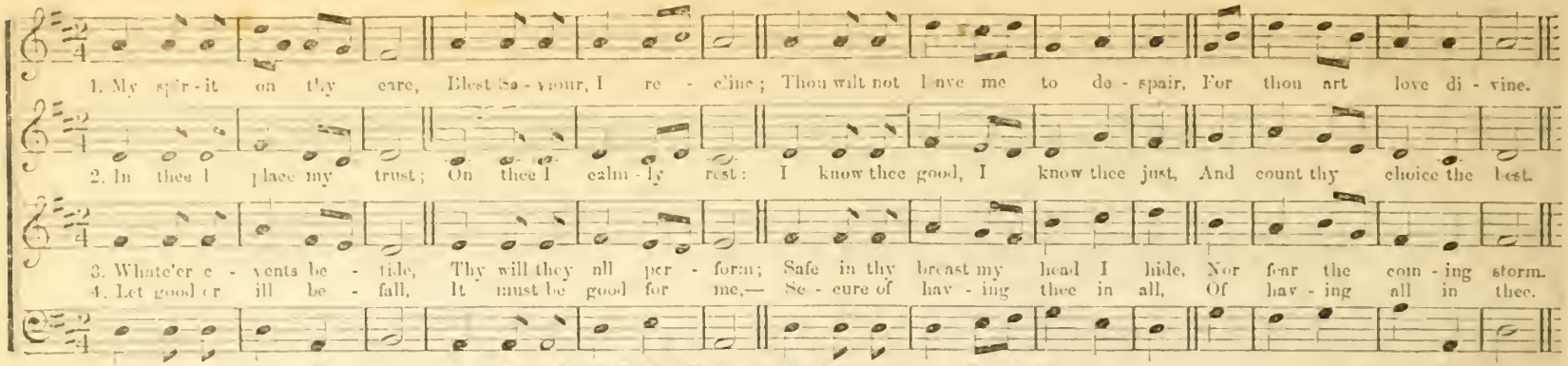
1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from every eye, Burst forth from ev - ery eye.

2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an - gels see; Be thou as - ton - ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee, He shed those tears for thee.

3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de-mands a tear: In heaven a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weeping there, And there's no weeping there.

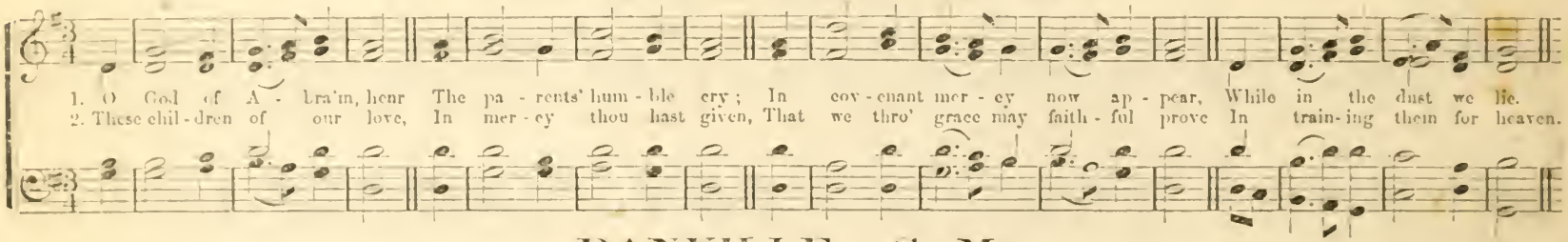
CLOVE HILL. S. M.

Z. E. P.



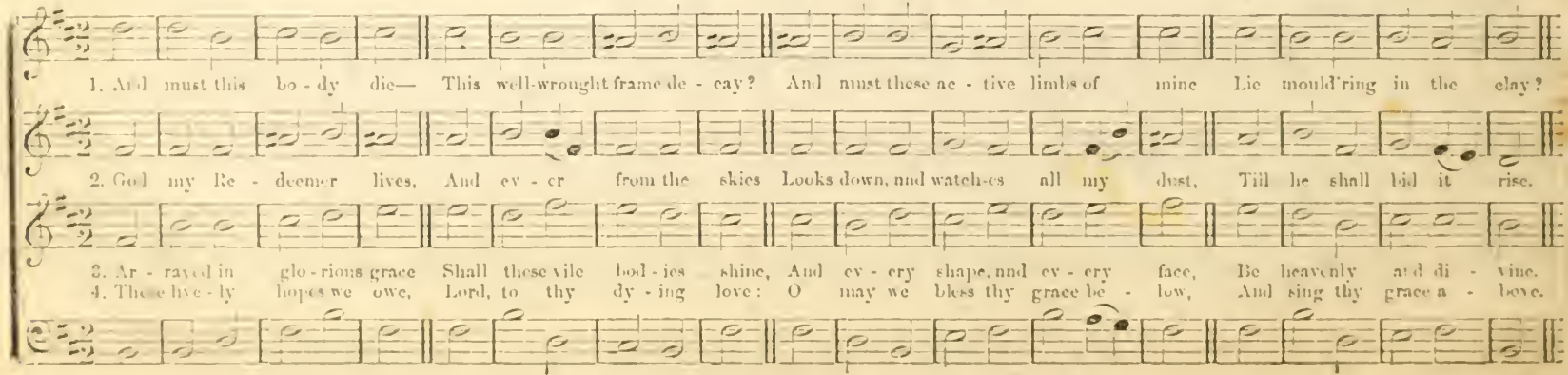
CONSECRATION. S. M.

I. B. W.



DANVILLE. S. M.

J. A. JONES.



SLOWLY.

EDGAR. S. M.

From Fr. Silcher, Wurtemberg.

1. Sweet is thy work, O Lord, Thy glo-rious acts to sing, To praise thy name, and hear thy word, And grateful offerings bring, And grateful offerings bring.

2. Sweet at the dawning light, Thy boundless love to tell; And, when approach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell, Still on the theme to dwell.

3. Sweet, on this day of rest, To join in heart and voice With those who love and serve thee best, And in thy name rejoice, And in thy name re - joice.

LULU. S. M.

W. B. B. From "The Jubilee."

1. I lift my soul to God; My trust is in his name: Let not my foes, that seek my blood, Still tri - umph in my shame.
2. From ear - ly dawn - ing light Till eve - ning shades a - rise, For thy sal - va - tion, Lord, I wait, With ev - er long - ing eyes.

GUION. S. M.

T. J. COOK.

1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode; The church our blest Re - deem - er saved With his own pre-cious blood.

2. I love thy church, O God! Her walls be - fore thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And grav - en of thy hand.

HONEYWELL. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. My Ma-ker and my King! To thee my all I owe; Thy sov'-reign beau-ty is the spring Whence all my bless-ings flow.
2. The crea-ture of thy hand, On thee a-lone I live; My God! thy ben-e-fits de-mand More praise than life..... can give.
3. Shall I with-hold thy due? And shall my pas-sions rove? Lord! form this wretched heart a-new, And fill it with.... thy love.

THATCHER. S. M.

HANDEL.

The Lord my Shep-herd is, I shall be well sup-plied; Since He is mine, and I am his, What can I want be-side?

RANSOM. S. M.

S. MAIN.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul; His grace to thee pro-claim; And all that is with-in me, join To bless his ho-ly Name.
2. The Lord for-gives thy sins,— Pro-longs thy fee-ble breath; He heal-eth thine in-fir-mi-ties, And ran-soms thee from death.
3. He clothes thee with his love,— Up-holds thee with his truth; And like the ea-gle he re-news The vig-or of thy youth.
4. Then bless his ho-ly Name, Whose grace hath made thee whole; Whose lov-ing-kind-ness crowns thy days: O bless the Lord, my soul.

TENDERLY.

INVERNESS. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. O, cease my wandering soul, On rest - less wings to roam; All this wide world, to ei - ther pole, Has not for thee a home.

2. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - pen door! O, haste to gain that dear a - lode, And rove, my soul, no more.

3. There safe thou shalt a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest, And ev - ery long - ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

LORD MORNINGTON.

To bless thy chos - en race, In mer - cy, Lord, in - cline; And cause the bright-ness of thy face On all thy saints to shine.

BADEA. S. M.

GERMAN.

1. Once more, be - fore we part, We bend the sup-pliant knee, And lift our souls in prayer and praise, E - ter - nal God, to thee.

2. Where-e'er we tra - vel, go; Wher - e'er we rest, a - bide; Do thou our path on earth sur - round, And all our foot - steps guide.

3. We ne'er a - gain on earth May thus to - geth - er meet; O, grant that in our home a - bove We may each oth - er greet.

DOTY. S. M.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel - low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.

3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And oft - en for each oth- er flows The sym-pa - thiz - ing tear.

MODERATO.

GERAR. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind designs to serve and please, Whose kind designs to serve and please, Thro' all their ac - tions run.

2. Thus on the heavenly hills The saints are blest a - bove; Where joy, like morning dew, distils, Where joy, like morning dew, distils, And all the air is love.

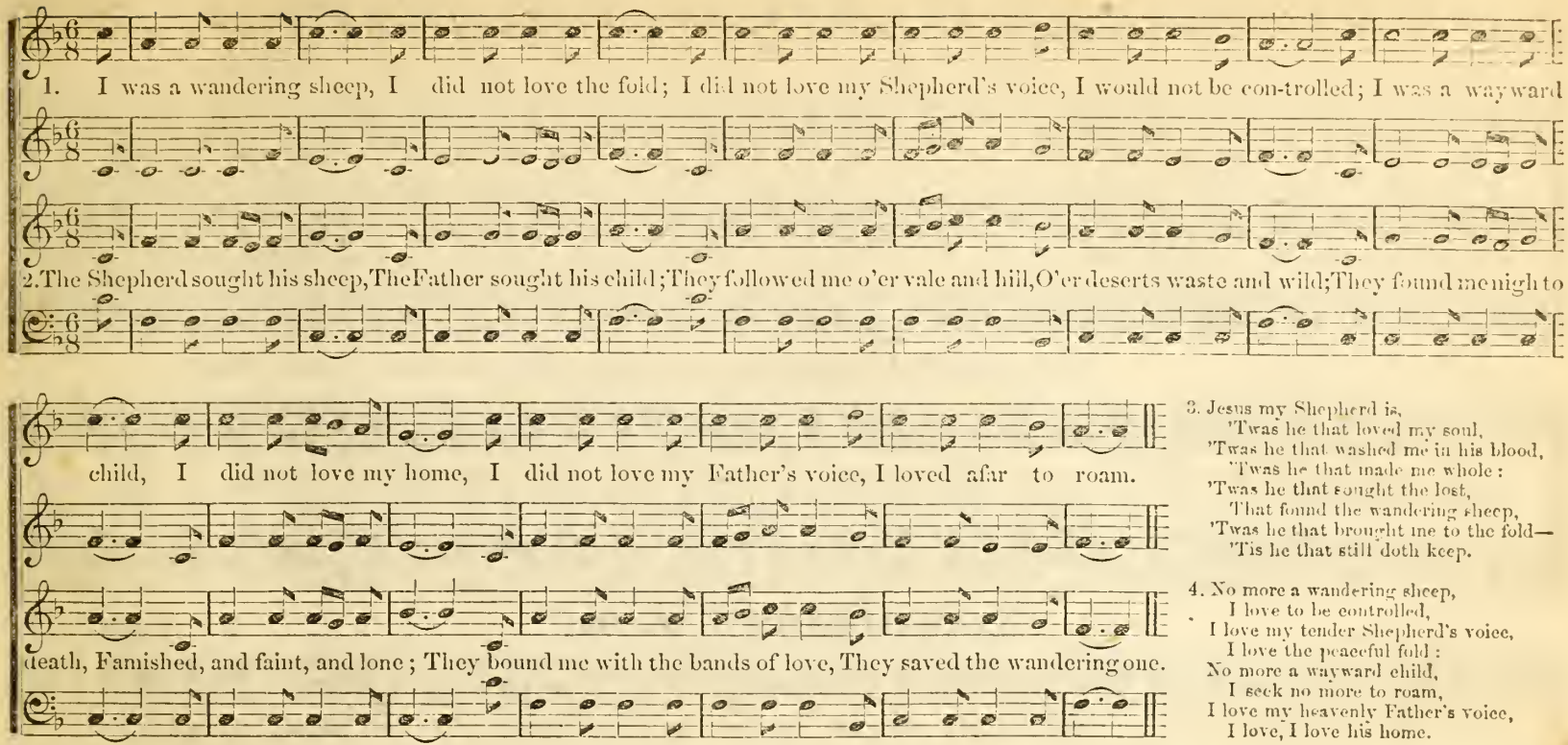
Moderately Slow.

FRAZIER. S. M.

H. B. STRICKLAND.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well sup-plied, Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side.

2. He leads me to the place, Where heavenly pasture grows, Where liv - ing wa - ters gen - tly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.



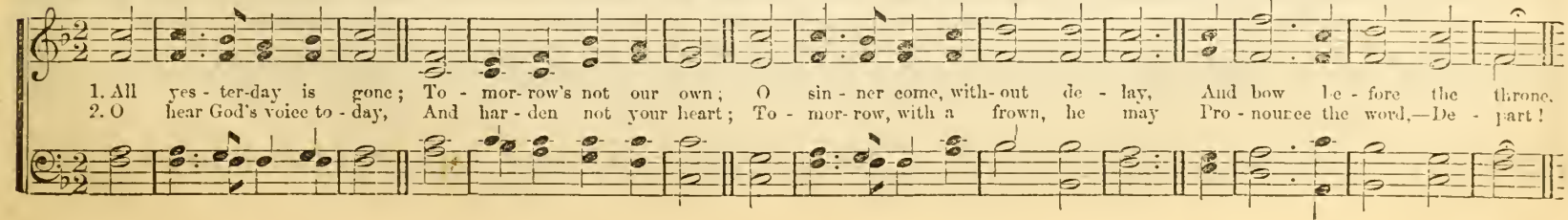
3. Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole:
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas he that brought me to the fold—
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4. No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam,
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

MODERATO.

OLNEY. S. M.

FROM "CARMINA SACRA,"



BALCOME. S. M.

E. G. SPINNING.

1. The day is past and gone; The eve - ning shades ap - pear, O, may we all re - mem-ber well The night of death draws near.

2. We lay our gar - ments by, Up - on our beds to rest; So death will soon dis - robe us all Of what we here pos - sess.

3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se - cure from all our fears; May an - gels guard us while we sleep, Till morn-ing light ap - pear.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

ARR. FROM A GREGORIAN CHANT, BY DR. L. MASON.

1. In ev - ery try - ing hour My soul to Je - sus flies; I trust in his al - mighty power, When swell-ing bil - lows rise.

2. His com - forts bear me up; I trust a faith - ful God; The sure foun - da - tion of my hope Is in my Sa - viour's blood.

WOODHULL. S. M.

T. E. P.

1. A - rise, ye saints, a - rise! The Lord our lea - der is: The foe be - fore his ban - ner flies, And vic - to - ry is His.

2. We fol - low thee, our Guide, Our Sa - viour, and our King; We fol - low thee, through grace sup - plied From heavens e - ter - nal spring.

3. We soon shall see the day When all our toils shall cease; When we shall cast our arms a - way, And dwell in end - less peace.

STRAND. S. M.

WILLIAM MASON.

1. Mine eyes and my de - sire Are ev - er to the Lord..... I love to plead his prom - is - es, And rest up - on his word.

2. When shall the sovereign grace Of my for - giv - ing God..... Re - store me from those dangerous ways My wandering feet have trod?

STATE STREET. S. M.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN.

Come to the land of peace; From shadows come a - way; Where all the sounds of weep-ing cease, And storms no more have sway.

MANCHESTER. S. M.

J. LLOYD, Jr.

1. The day is past and gone, The eve - ning shades ap - pear; O may we all re - mem - ber well The night of death draws near.
2. We lay our gar - ments by, Up - on our beds to rest; So death will soon dis - robe us all Of what we here pos - sess.
3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se - cure from all our fears; May an - gels guard us while we sleep, Till morn - ing light ap - pears.
4. And when our days are past, And we from time re - move, O may we in thy bo - som rest, The bo - som of thy love.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

Western Tune

O, throw a - way thy rod, O, throw a - way thy wrath! My gra - cious Sa - viour and my God, O take the gen - tle path!

SEIR. S. M.

Moderato. Dr. L. Mason.

1. The Lord my Shep - herd is, I shall be well sup - plied; Since He is mine and I am His, What can I want be - side?
2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pas - ture grows; Where liv - ing wa - ters gen - tly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.

LISBON. S. M.

Moderato. Altered from D. Read.

Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Welcome to this re - viving breast, And these rejoicing eyes, Welcome to this re - viv-ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes!

WATCHMAN. S. M.

My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call; I can - not live if thou re - move, For thou art all in all.

DUNBAR. S. M.

From Corelli. 1690

When o - verwhelmed with grief, My heart with - in me dies, Help-less, and far from all re - lief, To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

SHERMAN. S. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

Can sin - ners hope for heaven, Who love this world so well? Or dream of fu - ture hap - pi-ness, While on the road to hell!

P Smooth and Flowing.

AUBURN. S. M.

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind designs to serve and please Thro' all their actions run.

2. Blest is the pi - ous house Where zeal and friendship meet; Their songs of praise, their mingled vows, Make their communion sweet.

3. Thus on the heavenly hills The saints are blest a - bove, Where joy like morning dew dis-tills, And all the air is love.

HEREFORD. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON, 1840.

When o - ver - whelmed with grief, My heart with - in me dies, Help - less and far from all re - lief, To heaven I lift my eyes.

OZREM. S. M.

I. B. W.

1. Our fathers! where are they, With all they called their own? Their joys and griefs, their hopes and cares, Their wealth and honor, gone!

2. But joy or grief suc - ceeds Be - yond our mortal thought, While still the remnant of their dust Lies in the grave for - got.

ANDANTE.

NEWELL. S. M.

J. ZUNDEL, BY PERMISSION.

1. And must this body die— This well-wrought frame decay? And must these active limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay? Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2. Corruption, earth, and worms Shall but re - fine this flesh, Till my tri-umphant spirit comes To put it on a - fresh, To put it on a - fresh.

3. God my Re-deemer lives, And ev - er from the skies Looks down, and watches all my dust, Till he shall bid it rise, Till he shall bid it rise.

DOVER. S. M.

My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call: I can - not live if thou re - move, For thou art all in all.

WITH FEELING.

TRUST. S. M.

T. H. TANNER.

1. While my Re - deem - er's near, My Shep - herd and my Guide, I bid fare - well to ev - ery fear, My wants are all sup - plied.

2. To ev - er fra - grant meads, Where rich a - bun - dance grows, His gra - cious hand in - dul - gent leads, And guards my sweet re - pose.

3. Dear Shep - herd, if I stray, My wan - dering feet re - store; And guard me with thy watch ful eye, And let me rove no more.

CONSOLATION. S. M.

1. Our heavenly Fa - ther calls, And Christ in-vites us near; With both our friendship shall be sweet, And our com-mu - nion dear.

2. God pit - ies all our griefs; He par - dons ev - ery day; Al - mighty to pro - tect our souls, And wise to guide our way.

DENNIS. S. M.

ARRANGED FROM NAGELI.

While thro' this world we roam, From in - fan - cy to age, Heaven is the Chris - tian pil - grim's home, His rest at ev - ery stage.

TORREY. S. M.

J. LLOYD, JR.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2. To serve the pre-sent age, My call - ing to ful - fil,— O, may it all my powers en-gage To do my Mas-ter's will.

3. Arm me with jeal-ous care, As in thy sight to live; And O, thy ser-vant, Lord, prepare, A strict ac - count to give.

4. Help me to watch and pray, And on thy - self re - ly; As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for ev - er die.

LARGO. *mp* *mf*

CHILDS. S. M.

J. ZUNDEL, 1850.

1. O, cease, my wander-ing soul On rest - less wings to roam; All this wide world, to ei - ther pole, Has not for thee a home.

2. Be - hold the ark of God, Be - hold the o - pen door; O! haste to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.

3. There, safe thou shalt a - bide, There, sweet shall be thy rest, And ev - ery long - ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.

WITH ENERGY.

FRANKLIN SQUARE. S. M.

S. B. POND.

Give to the wind thy fears, Hope, and be un - dis - mayed; God hears thy sighs, and sees thy tears, God will lift up thy head.

ATONEMENT. S. M.

J. M. PELTON.

1. And is there, Lord, a rest For wear - y souls de - signed, Where not a care shall stir the breast, Or sor - row en - trance find?

2. Is there a bliss - ful home, Where kin - dred minds shall meet, And live, and love, and ev - er roam From that se - rene re - treat?

3. My soul would thith-er tend, While toil - some years are given; Then let me, gra - cious God, as - cend To sweet re - pose in heaven.

ANDANTINO.

EWER. S. M.

WM. MASON, BY PERMISSION.

1. How charming is the place Where my Re - deem-er, God,..... Un-veils the glo - ries of his face, And sheds his love a - broad.

m *cres.* *mf*

2. Here, on the mer - cy - seat.... With ra - diant glo - ry crowned, Our joy - ful eyes be - hold him sit, And smile on all a - round.

MILLARD. S. M.

DR HASTINGS, BY PERMISSION.

1. And must this bo - dy die? This mor - tal frame de - cay? And must these ac - tive limbs of mine Lay mouldering in the clay?
2. God, my Re - deem - er, lives, And oft - en from the skies, Looks down and watch - es all my dust, Till he shall bid it rise.
3. Ar-rayed in glo - rious grace, Shall these vile bo - dies shine; And ev - ery shape and ev - ery face, Look heaven-ly and di - vine.

FARMINGTON. S. M.

*

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de - signs to serve and please Thro' all their ac - tions run.
2. Blest is the pi - ous house Where zeal and friend - ship meet · Their songs of praise, their min - gled vows, Make their com - mun - ion sweet.
3. Thus on the heaven - ly hills The saints are blest a - bove, Where joy like morn - ing dew dis - tils, And all the air is love.

GREENWOOD. S. M.

From "Root and Sweetzer's Coll.," by Permission.

1. If, on a qui - et sea, Tow'rd heaven we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fav'r-ing gale.

2. But should the sur - ges rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest be the sor - row, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.

3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to thy con-trol: Thy ten-der mer - cies shall il - lume The mid - night of the soul.

SLOW and SOFT. Solo Voices or Semi-Chorus.

GORTON. S. M.

While my Re - deem-er's near, My Shep-herd, and my Guide, I bid fare - well to ev - ery fear; My wants are all sup - plied.

LEIGHTON. S. M.

H. W. GREATOREX, by Permission.

1. For ev-er with the Lord! A - men, so let it be! Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.

2. Here in the bo-dy pent, Ab-sent from Him I roam; Yet nightly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near - er home.

4. So, when my lat-est breath Shall rend the veil in twain, By death I shall es - cape from death, And life e - ter - nal gain.

5. Knowing as I am known, How shall I love that word, And oft re - peat be - fore the throne, For ev - er with the Lord!

WITH FEELING.

DALE. S. M.

1. O Lord, thy work re - vive, In Zi - on's gloom - y hour, And let our dy - ing gra - ces live By thy re - stor - ing power.
2. O let thy cho - sen few A - wake to earn - est prayer; Their cov - en - ant a - gain re - new, And walk in fi - lial fear.
3. Now lend thy gra - cious ear; Now list - en to our cry; O come, and bring sal - va - tion near; Our souls on thee re - ly.

IOWA. S. M.

OLD POPULAR MELODY.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill, O! may it all my powers en - gage— To do my Mas - ter's will.

EARNESTLY.

PERKINS. S. M.

E. MOORE.

1. O where shall rest be found,—Rest for the wear - y soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove, Un - mea - sured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.

(1st P. M.)

RAKEM. L. M. 6 lines.

W.

FINE.

D. C.

1. Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this won-drous world we see: Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are but re-flec-tions caught from thee;
D. C. Where'er we turn, thy glo - ries shine, And all things fair and bright are thine.

(1st P. M.)

SELENA. L. M. 6 lines.

I. B. W.

2. When day, with farewell beam, de - lays Among the ope-ning clouds of even,
And we can al-most think we gaze Through golden vistas into heaven, Those hues that make the sun's decline So soft, so ra-diant, Lord, are thine.

(1st P. M.)

BRENTFORD. L. M. 6 lines.

3. When youth-ful spring around us breathes, Thy Spirit warms her fra-grant sigh,
And every flower the sum-mer wreathes, Is born beneath thy kindling eye: Where'er we turn, thy glo - ries shine, And all things fair and bright are thine.

(1st P. M.) **ANDREWS.*** L. M. 6 lines. Dr. L. MASON.

Fine. D. C.

1. Give to mine eyes re - fresh - ing tears; Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires; Give to my soul, with fil - ial fears, The love that all heaven's host in - spires.
D. C. That all my powers, with all their might, In thy sole glo - ry may u - nite.

2. Thee will I love, my joy, my crown; Thee will I love, my Lord, my God; Thee will I love, be-neath thy frown, Or smile, thy scep- tre or thy rod;
D. C. What tho' my flesh and heart de - cay; Thee shall I love in end - less day.

(1st P. M.) **DALLIBA.** L. M. 6 lines. From the "Psalmista."

When shall I hear the in - ward voice, Which on-ly faithful souls can hear?
Par-don, and peace, and heavenly joys, At - tend the promised Comfort - er:
O come, and right-eousness di - vine, And Christ, and all with Christ are mine.

Not too Slow. (1st P. M.) **JULIEN.*** L. M. 6 lines. Dr. L. MASON.

1. O grant that nothing in my soul May dwell but thy pure love a - lone: O may thy love pos-sess me whole—My joy, my treasure and my crown: Strange
D. S. flames far from my heart remove; My ev - ery act, word, thought, be love.

Fine.

* Or L. M. Double, by repeating the first two lines.

(1st P. M.) **PROMISE. L. M. 6 lines.** S. J. VAIL.

1. When adverse winds and waves a - rise, And in my heart des - pond - ence sighs; When life her throng of cares re - veals, And weakness o'er my spir - it steals,
2. When, with sad footsteps, memory roves 'Mid smit-ten joys and bur - ied loves, When sleep my tear-ful pil - low flies, And dew-y morn - ing drinks my sighs,
3. One trial more must yet be past, One pang, the keen-est and the last; And when, with brow con-vulsed and pale, My feeble, quiver-ing heart-strings fail,

(2d P. M.) **RIDGEFIELD. L. P. M.** S. J. VAIL.

Grate-ful I hear the kind de - cree, That "as my day, my strength shall be."
Still to thy promise, Lord! I flee, That "as my day, my strength shall be."
Re - deem-er! grant my soul to see, That "as her day, her strength shall be."

1. I'll praise my Maker, while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death,
2. Happy the man whose hopes re - ly On Israel's God; he made the sky,

Praise shall employ my nobler powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or immortality endures, Or immortal - i - ty en - dures.

And earth, and seas, with all their train, His truth for ever stands secure; He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his promise vain, And none shall find, &c.

SLOWLY. (2d P. M.)

MILLER. L. P. M.

1. O God, of good th'un - fathom'd sea, Who would not give his heart to thee! Who would not love thee with his might! O Je - sus, lov - er of mankind, Who
2. Thou shin'st with ev - er - last - ing rays; Be - fore th'un-suf - fer - a - ble blaze An-gels with both wings veil their eyes: Yet free as air thy boun - ty streams; On
3. High throned on heaven's eter - nal hill, In num-ber, weight, and measure, still Thou sweetly or - d'rest all that is; And yet thou deign'st to come to me, And

(2d P. M.)

JEFFERSON STREET. L. P. M.

would not his whole soul and mind, With all his strength to thee u - nite.
all thy works thy mercy's beams, Dif - fus - ive as thy sun's, a - rise.
guide my steps, that I, with thee Enthroned, may reign in end - less bliss.

1. Fa - ther of ev - er - last - ing grace, Thy goodness and thy truth we praise,
2. So shall we pray, and nev - er cease; So shall we thankful - ly confess
3. Till, add - ed to that heavenly ch ir, We raise our songs of triumph higher,

Thy goodness and thy truth we prove; Thou hast, in hon - or of thy Son, Thy gift un-speak - a - ble sent down,—Spirit of life, and power, and love.
Thy wisdom, truth, and power, and love; With joy unspeak-a - ble a - dore, And bless and praise thee ev-er - more, And serve thee as thy hosts a - bove.

And praise thee in a bold - er strain; Out-soar the first-born seraph's flight, And sing, with all the saints in light, Thy ev - er - last ing love to man.

OAKLAND. H. M. (3d P. M.)

T. E. P.

1. { Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your God and King a - dore: }
{ Mor-tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more. } Lift up the heart, lift up the voice, Re - joice a - loud, ye saints re - joice.

2. { His king dom can - not fail, He rules o'er earth and heaven: }
{ The keys of death and hell Are to our Je - sus given. } Lift up the heart, lift up the voice, Re - joice a - loud, ye saints re joice.

MORN. H. M. (3d P. M.)

J. M. PELTON.

1. { Welcome, delightful morn, Thou day of sacred rest: }
{ I hail thy kind re-turn, [Omit .....] } Lord, make these moments blest: From the low train of mortal toys I soar to reach im-mor - tal joys.

2. { Now may the King descend, And fill his throne with grace: }
{ Thy sceptre, Lord, extend, [Omit.....] } While saints address thy face: Let sinners feel thy quickening word, And learn to know and fear the Lord.

DARWELL. H. M. (3d P. M.)

DARWELL.

All hail, incarnate God! The wondrous things foretold Of thee in sacred writ, With joy our eyes behold: Still doth thine arm new trophies wear, And monuments of glory rear.

(3d P. M.)

CHESTNUT HILL. H. M.

1. { Ye ran - somed sin - ners, hear, The prisoners of the Lord; }
{ And wait till Christ ap - pear, Ac - cord - ing to his word: } Re - joice in hope, re - joice with me; We shall from all our sins be free.

2. { In God we put our trust; If we our sins con - fess, }
{ Faith - ful is he and just, From all un-right-eous - ness } To cleanse us all both you and me: We shall from all our sins be free.

ALLEGRO MODERATO. (3d P. M.)

HARWICH. H. M.

DR. L. MASON,

Give thanks to God most high, The universal Lord; The sovereign King of kings: And be his name adored. Thy mercy, Lord, Shall stillendure, And ever sure Abides thy word.

ALLEGRO. (3d P. M.)

SUTHERLAND. H. M.

W. B. B. FROM "THE PSALMODIST,"

1. { Great King of glo - ry, come, And with thy fa - vor crown }
{ This tem-ple as thy home,—This peo - ple as thine own: } Be - neath this roof, O deign to show How God can dwell with men be - low.

2. { Here may thine ears at - tend Our in - ter - ced - ing cries, }
{ And grateful praise as-cend, Like in - cense to the skies: } Here may thy soul - con - vert - ing word With faith be preach'd, in faith be heard.

(3d P. M.)

BROOKLYN. H. M.

J. ZUNDEL.
By Permission

1. Blow ye the trum pet! blow, The glad ly sol - emn sound! Let all the na - tions know, To earth's re mot-est bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come,
2. Ex - alt the Lamb of God, The sin - a - ton - ing Lamb; Re-demp-tion by his blood, Thro' all the world pro - claim. The year, &c.

3. Ye slaves of sin and hell! Your lib - er - ty re - ceive; And safe in Je - sus dwell, And blest in Je - sus live; The year of ju - bi - lee is come;

Re - turn, ye ransomed sin - ners home, Re - turn, ye ransomed sin - ners home.

Re - turn, ye ransomed sin - ners home, Re - turn, ye ransomed sin - ners home.

(3d P. M.)

LISCHER. H. M. Dr. MASON.

1. { A - wake, ye saints, a - wake! And hail this sa - cred day: }
{ In loft - iest songs of praise Your joy - ful hom - age pay: }

2. { On this au - spi - cious morn The Lord of life a - rose; }
{ He burst the bars of death, And vanquish'd all our foes; }

Chorus.

Come bless the day that God hath blest, The type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest, The type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest.

Solo.

The type of heaven's

And now he pleads our cause a - bove, And reaps the fruit of all his love, And reaps the fruit of all his love.

NOT TOO FAST. (3d P. M.)

HARMON. H. M.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair; }
{ The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples, are; } To thine abode my heart aspires, With warm desires to see my God, With warm desires to see my God.

With warm de - sires to see my God.

2. { O happy souls that pray Where God appoints to hear! }
{ O happy men that pay Their constant service there! } They praise thee still; and happy they That love the way to Zion's hill, That love the way to Zion's hill.

With warm de - sires to see my God.

(3d P. M.)

ELLENWOOD. H. M.

I. B. SWEEZY.

1. { God of my life, to thee My cheerful soul I raise; }
{ Thy goodness bade me be, [Omit - - - - -] } And still prolongs my days: I see my natal hour return, And bless the day that I was born, And bless the day that I, &c.

2. { Long as I live be- neath, To thee O let me live; }
{ To thee my every breath [Omit - - - - -] } In thanks and praises give; Whate'er I have, whate'er I am, Shall magnify my Maker's Name, Shall magnify, &c.

ANDANTE. (3d P. M.)

ZEBULON. H. M.

Dr. MASON.

Ye dying sons of men, Immerged in sin and woe! Now mercy calls a - gain, Its message is to you! Ye perishing and guilty, come! In mercy's arms there yet is room!

(3d P. M.)

CLARKSVILLE. H. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove! How pleasant, and how fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly tem-ples are! To thine a - bode My heart as pires With
2. Oh! happy soul's who pray, Where God appoints to hear; Oh! hap-py men who pay Their constant ser vice there; They praise thee still · And hap py they, Who
3. They go from strength to strength, Thro' this dark vale of tears; Till each arrives at length, Till each in heaven ap-pears, Oh! glorious seat, When God our King, Shall

warm de - sires To see my God.
de - sires to see my God.
love the way To Zi - - - - - on's hill.
thith-er bring Our will - - - - - ing feet.

(3d P. M.)

LENOX. H. M.

EDSON. 1782.

1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow The glad - ly so lemn sound; Let all the na - tions know,
2. Je - sus, our great High Priest, Hath full a - tone-ment made: Ye wea - ry spi - rits, rest;
3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God,— The all - a - ton - ing Lamb; Re - demp-tion in his blood

To earth's re - mot - est bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - - - som'd sin - ners, home.

Ye mourn-ful souls, be glad; The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn, ye ran-som'd sin - ners, home.
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, &c.

Throughout the world pro-claim; The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju - bi - lee is come· Re - turn, ye ran - - - som'd sin - ners, home.

1. O, could I speak the matchless worth,— O, could I sound the glo - ries forth,..... Which in my Sa - viour shine; I'd soar and

2. I'd sing the char - act - ers he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Ex - alt - ed on his throne; In loft - iest *I'd*

3. Soon the de - light - ful day will come,.... When my dear Lord will bring me home..... And I shall see his face; Then, with my

I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga - - briel, while he sings, In notes al - most di - vine, In notes, *in notes* al - most di - vine.

songs of sweetest praise, I would to ev - - er - - lasting days, Make all his glories known, Make all, *make all* his glo - ries known.

soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga-briel, while he sings,
Sa - - viour, brother, friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri - umphant in his grace, Triumph-, *tri - umph*-ant in his grace.

touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga - - briel, while he sings, In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - - vine.

MODERATO. (4th P. M.) **MERIBAH. C. P. M.** (Or L. P. M. by singing the small notes.) DR. L. MASON.

When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To take thy ransomed people home, Shall I among them stand? { Shall such a worthless worm as I, / Who sometimes am afraid to die, } Be found at thy right hand?

* The syllables in italics to be repeated by Sopranos and Altos.

Rather Slow, and in exact time. (4th P. M.)

ARIEL. C. P. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. O, could I speak the matchless worth, O, could I sound the glories forth Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings. And vie with Gabriel, while he sings

mp Cres. *f*

2. I'd sing the precious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin, and wrath divine. I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all perfect, heavenly dress,

In notes almost divine, In notes al-most di-vine.

My soul shall ever shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.

(4th P. M.)

GREGG. C. P. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O thou that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death, That casts it-

2. Slain in the guilt-y sin-ner's stead, His spot-less right-eousness I plead, And his a-

-self on thee? I have no ref-uge of my own,.... But fly to what my Lord hath done... And suffered once for me, And suffered once for me.

-vail-ing blood That righteousness my robe shall be; That merit shall a-tone for me, And bring me near to God, And bring me near to God.

(4th P. M.)

BREMEN. C. P. M.

1. O love divine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my willing heart All tak-en up by thee? { I thirst, I faint, I die to prove / The greatness of redeem-ing love, } The love of Christ to me.

2. Stronger his love than death or hell; Its riches are unsearcha - ble: The first-born sons of light { De - sire in vain its depths to see; / They can not reach the my-stery, } The length, the breadth, the height.

(4th P. M.)

HOLMES. C. P. M.

S. J. V.

1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take thy ransomed people home, Shall I among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am afraid to die,
2. I love to meet thy people now, Before thy feet with them to bow, Though vilest of them all: But—can I bear the piercing thought?—What if my name should be left out,

(4th P. M.)

GANGES. C. P. M.

Be found at thy right hand!
When thou for them shalt call?

S. FINE.

O Lamb of God, for sinners slain, I plead with thee, my suit to gain,—I plead what thou hast done: Didst thou not die the death for me? Ju-
D. S. sus, re-mem-ber Calvary, And break my heart of stone.

(5th P. M.)

TWILIGHT. 7s.

W. B. B.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day; Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun, When the Chris-tian's course is run.

2. Peace is on the world a - broad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God; Sym - bol of the peace within, When the spir - it rests from sin.

3. Still the Spir - it lin - gers near, Where the eve - ning wor - ship - er Seeks com-mun - ion with the skies, Press - ing on - ward to the prize.

4. Sa - viour may our Sab - baths be Days of peace and joy in thee! Till in heaven our souls re - pose, Where the Sab - bath ne'er shall close.

(5th P. M.)

HENDON. 7s.

MALAN.

1. Sovereign Ru - ler of the skies, Ev-er gra-cious, ev-er wise! All my times are in thy hand; All e - vents at thy com - mand, All e - vents at thy com-mand.

2. Times of sick-ness, times of health, Times of penu - ry and wealth, Times of tri - al and of grief; Times of tri-umph and re - lief, Times of tri-umph and re - lief.

(5th P. M.)

ETERNITY. 7s.

WM. U. BUTCHER.

mp *mf*

1. Gen - tly glides the stream of life, Oft a - long the flower-y vale; Or im - pet - uous down the cliff, Rush-ing roars when storms as - sail.

2. 'Tis an ev - er va - ried flood, Al - ways roll - ing to its sea; Slow, or quick, or mild, or rude, Tend-ing to e - ter - ni - ty.

SMOOTH and FLOWING. (5th P. M.)

EDEN VALE. 7s.

1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum - bly bow; O, do not our suit dis - dain, Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
2. Lord, on thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion now de - scend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
3. Send some mes - sage from thy word, That may joy and peace af - ford; Let thy Spir - it now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart.

With Gentleness and Delicacy. 5th P. M.

EVE.* 7s.

W. * *

Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day; Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun, When the Christian's course is run.

* May be sung as a Quartet.

(5th P. M.)

GRISWOLD. 7s.

From "Songs of the Church,"

1. Go, ye mes - sen - gers of God, Like the beams of morn - ing, fly; Take the won - der - work - ing rod, Wave the ban - ner cross on high.
2. Go to ma - ny a trop - ic isle, In the bo - som of the deep, Where the skies for ev - er smile, And th' oppressed for ev - er weep.
3. O'er the pa - gan's night of care, Pour the liv - ing light of heaven; Chase a - way his wild de - spair; Bid him hope to be for - given.
4. Where the gold-en gates of day O - pen on the palm - y East, High the bleed-ing cross dis - play; Spread the Gos - pel's rich - est feast.

EARNESTLY. (5th P. M.)

COMFORT. 7s.

T. E. P.

1. Fa - ther of e - ter - nal grace, Glo - ri - fy thy - self in me; Sweet - ly beam - ing in my face May the world thine im - age see.

2. Hap - py on - ly in thy love, Poor, un - friend - ed, or un - known: Fix my thoughts on things a - bove; Stay my heart on thee a - lone.

(5th P. M.)

HOLLEY. 7s.

GEORGE HEWS.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare; Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer; He him - self in - vites thee near, Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

2. Lord, I come to thee for rest; Take pos - ses - sion of my breast; There thy blood-bought right main-tain, And with - out a ri - val reign.

Soft and slow. (5th P. M.)

GRANT. 7s.

W. B. B.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com - mune with thee.

2. Soon from us the light of day Shall for ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

(5th P. M.)

WORTHINGTON. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Heavenly Fa - ther, sov'-reign Lord, Be thy glo - rious name a - dored, Lord, thy mercies nev-er fail; Hail, ce - les - - tial Goodness, hail!

2. Tho' un - wor - thy of thine ear, Deign our hum - ble songs to hear; Pur-er praise we hope to bring, When a - round.... thy throne we sing.

3. While on earth or - dained to stay, Guide our foot - steps in thy way, Till we come to dwell with thee, Till we all..... thy glo - ry see.
. Then, with an - gel harps a - gain, We will wake a nobler strain; There, in joy-ful songs of praise, Our tri - umph - - ant voi-ces raise.

GENTLY. (5th P. M.)

HORTON. 7s.

ARR. BY DR. L. MASON.

Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum - bly bow; O, do not our suit dis - dain,— Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

(5th P. M.)

VON WEBER. 7s.

VON WEBER.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare; Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer; He him - self in - vites thee near, Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

2. Lord, I come to thee for rest; Take pos - ses - sion of my breast; There thy blood-bought right main-tain, And with - out a ri - val reign.

3. While I am a pil - grim here, Let thy love my spir - it cheer: As my guide, my guard, my friend, Lead me to my jour-ney's end.
4. Show me what I have to do; Ev - ery hour my strength re- new; Let me live a life of faith,—Let me die thy peo - ple's death.

(5th P. M.) **ST. LOUIS. 7s.** I. B. W.

Christians, brethren, ere we part, Every voice and every heart Join, and to our Father raise One last hymn of grateful praise.

(5th P. M.) **FULTON. 7s.**

Brother, though, from yonder sky Cometh neither voice nor cry,

W. H. B.

Yet we know for thee to-day, Ev - ery pain hath passed a-way.

(5th P. M.) **PLEYEL. 7s.** J. PLEYEL.

Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me? Can my God his wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

(5th P. M.) **KENAN. 7s.** I. B. W. FROM "CYTHARA."

Softly fades the twilight ray Of the holy Sabbath day; Gently as life's setting sun, When the Christian's course is run.

(6th P. M.) **HALLE. 7s. 6 lines.**

Saviour! how happy would I be, If I could but trust in thee:
Trust thy wisdom me to guide; Trust thy goodness to provide.

HAYDN.

Trust thy saving love and power; Trust thee every day and hour.

(6th P. M.) **NUREMBURG. 7s. 6 lines.** ARRANGED BY DR. MASON.

Trust thee as the on- ly light In the darkest hour of night,
Trust in sickness Trust in health; Trust in poverty and wealth, Trust in joy, and trust in grief; Trust thy promise for re - lief.

LARGHETTTO. (6th P. M.)

SABBATH. 7s. 6 lines.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Safe-ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way;—Let us now a blessing seek, Wait-ing in his courts to-day: Day of
2. While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the dear Re-deemer's name, Show thy re-con-cil-ed face, Take a-way our sin and shame; From our

all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest.
worldly cares set free, May we rest, this day, in thee; From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest, this day, in thee. 2d ending.

(6th or 7th P. M.)

ARDA. 7s Double. Or 7s 6 lines.*

W. B. B.

FINE. D. C.

{ Je-sus, mer-ci-ful and mild, Lead me as a help-less child;
{ On no oth-er arm but thine Would my weary [*Omit* - - -] soul re-cline; Thou art read-y to for-give, Thou canst bid the sin-ner live—
D. C. Guide the wanderer, day by day, In the strait and [*Omit.* - - -] nar-row way.

(8th P. M.)

TOPLADY, Or ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

DR. HASTINGS.

FINE. D. C

1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the wa-ter and the blood, From thy wounded side that flowed,
D. C. Be of sin the per-fect cure; Save me, Lord! and make me pure.

* By omitting the Repeat.

(6th P. M.)

GEORGETOWN. 7s. 6 lines.

I. B. W.

FINE. D. C.

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound-ed side which flowed,
D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure,—Save from wrath and make me pure.

(6th P. M.)

ALETTA. 7s. 6 lines.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Wea - ry sin - ner, keep thine eyes On th'a - ton - ing sa - cri - fice;
View him bleed - ing on the tree, Pour - ing out his life for thee: There the dread - ful curse he bore; Weep - ing soul, la - ment no more.

(6th P. M.)

ZADOC. 7s. 6 lines.

DR. HASTINGS

FINE. D.C.

Hearts of stone, re - lent, re - lent! Break, by Je - sus' cross sub - dued; See his bo - dy mang-led, rent, Stain'd and cov - er'd with his blood
D. C. Sin - ful soul, what hast thou done! Cru - ci - fied th'e - ter - nal Son.

(7th P. M.) **IVES. 7s. Double.** E. IVES.

1. Who are these in bright ar - ray, This ex - ult - ing, hap - py throng, Round the al - - tar night and day, Hymning one ...

2. These through fie - ry tri - als trod; These from great af - flic - tions came; Now, be - fore the throne of God, Sealed with his al-

3. Hung - er, thirst, dis - ease, un - known, On im - mor - tal fruits they feed: Them the Lamb, a - midst the throne, Shall to liv - ing

f

- umph-ant song? Worthy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless-ing, hon-or glo-ry, power, Wis - dom, rich - es to ob - tain, New do-min - ion ev - ery hour.

- might-y name: Clad in rai-ment pure and white, Vic-tor-palms in ev-ery hand: Thro' their great Redeemer's might, More than con - quer-ors they stand.

f. *p*

foun-tains lead: Joy and gladness ban - ish sighs: Per - fect love dis - pels all fears; And for ev - er from their eyes, God shall wipe a - way their tears.

(7th P. M). **MARTYN. 7s. Double.** MARSH.

Fine. D. C.

1. { Ma-ry, to the Saviour's tomb, Hast - ed at the ear - ly dawn, }
{ Spice she bro't, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone: } For a while she ling - ering stood, Filled with sor-row and sur - - prise;

D. C. Trembling, while a crys-tal flood Is - sued from her weep-ing eyes.

(7th P. M.) **NOVELLO. 7s. Double.** NOVELLO.

1. Faint not, Christian! tho' the road, Lead - ing to thy blest a - bode, Darksome be, and dangerous, too: Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee thro'.

3. Faint not, Christian! tho' the world Hath its hos - tile flag un - furled: Hold the cross of Je - sus fast; Thou shalt o - ver - come at last.

5. Faint not, Christian! Je - sus near Soon in glo - ry will ap - pear; And his love will then be - stow Power to con - quer ev - ery foe.

2. Faint not, Christian! tho' in rage Sa - tan would thy soul en - gage; Gird on faith's an - noint - ed shield.— Bear it to the bat - tle - field.

4. Faint not, Christian! tho' within There's a heart so prone to sin; Christ, the Lord, is o - ver all; He'll not suf - fer thee to fall.

6. Faint not, Christian! look on high; See the harp - ers in the sky: Pa - tient wait, and thou wilt join— Chant with them of love di - vine.

(7th P. M.) **WESLEY. 7s. Double.** DR. HASTINGS, BY PERMISSION.

They who toil upon the deep, And in vessels light and frail
O'er the mighty waters sweep, With the billows and the gale,
Mark, what wonders God performs, When he speaks, and unconfined, Rush to battle all his storms, In the chariots of the [wind.

NETTINE. 7s. Double. (7th P. M.)

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the wa - ters near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high.

2. Oth - er re - fuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee; Leave, O! leave me not a - lone; Still sup-port and com-fort me.

Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O, re - ceive my soul at last!

All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fenseless head With the sha-dow of thy wing.

ELTHAM. 7s. Double. (7th P. M.)

DR. L. MASON.

FINE. D. C.

{ Come, thou high and loft - y Lord, Low-ly, meek, in - car - nate Word; }
{ Humb-ly stoop to earth a - gain; Come, and vis - it ab - ject man. } Je - sus, dear ex - pect-ed guest, Thou art bid - - den to the feast:
D. C. For thy - self our hearts pre-pare; Come, and sit, and ban - quet there.

JOYFUL—ANIMATED. (5th P. M.)

AMBOY. 7s. Double.

DR. L. MASON.

D. C.

1. { Wake the song of Ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea! }
{ Now is come the promised hour; Je - sus reigns with sovereign pow'r! } All ye na - tions join and sing, "Christ, of lords and kings is King!"
Let it sound from shore to shore, Je - sus reigns for - ev - er - more.

f *m* *cres.* D. C.

* Sing the small notes at the D. C.

FLORIDA. 8s, 7s & 4s. (8th P. M.)

J. M. PELTON.

1. { Lo, he comes, with clouds descending, Once for favored sinners slain; }
{ Thousand thousand saints attending, [Oair.....] } Swell the triumph of his train. Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, God appears on earth to reign.

2. { Ev-ery eye shall now be - hold him, Robed in dreadful majesty: }
{ Those who set at nought and sold him, [Oair.....] } Pierced and nailed him to the tree, Deeply wailing, Deeply wailing, Shall the true Messi-ah see.

INDIA. 8s, 7s & 4s. (8th P. M.)

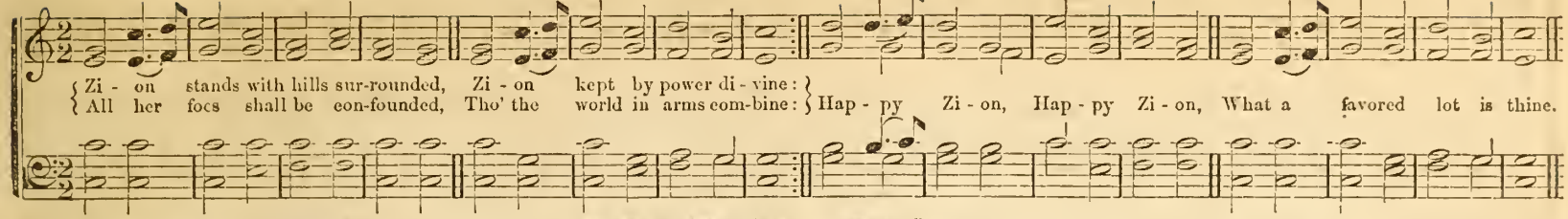
S. B. POND. BY PERMISSION.

{ O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Cheered by no ce - les tial ray, }
{ Sun of Righteousness a - ris-ing, [Oair.....] } Bring the bright, the glo - rious day. Send the go spel, Send the gos pel, Thro' the realms of earth and sea.

(8th P. M.)

HAPPY ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

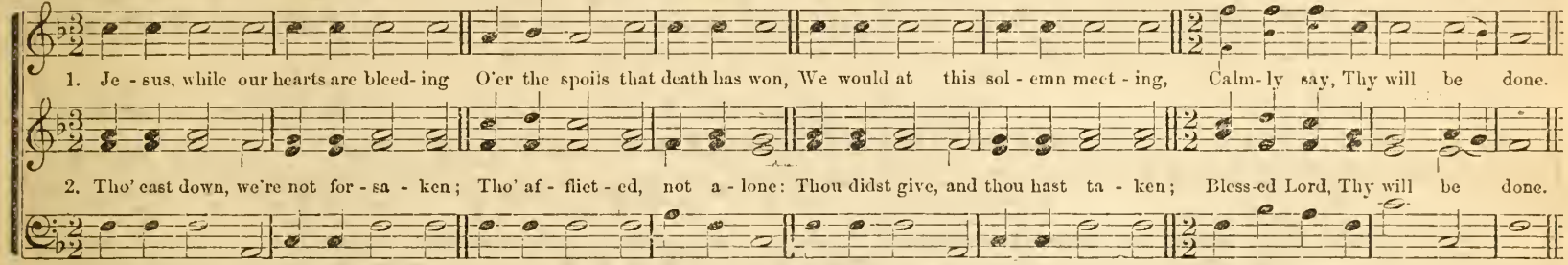
I. B. W. From "New Lute."



With Gentleness. (9th P. M.)

TALMAR. 8s & 7s.

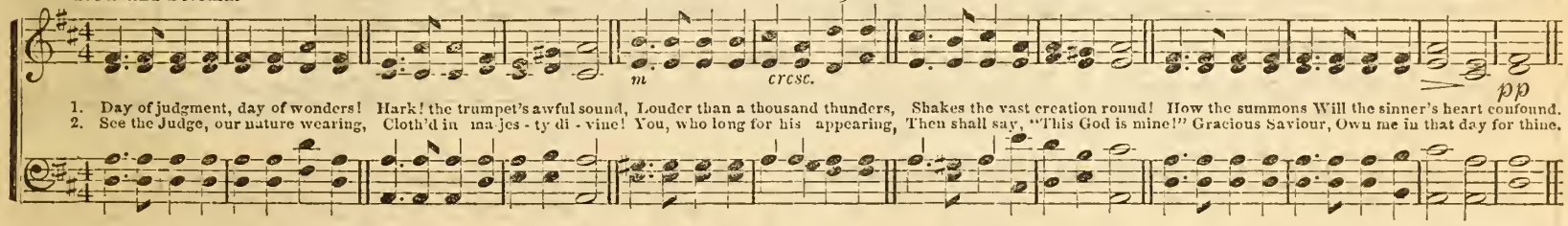
I. B. W.



Slow and Solemn.

BREST. 8s, 7s & 4s.

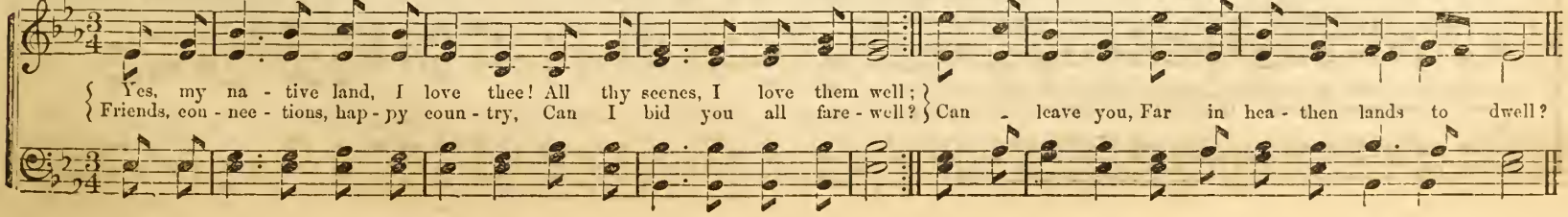
Dr. L. MASON.



Slowly and Tenderly.

NEWTON. 8s, 7s & 4s.

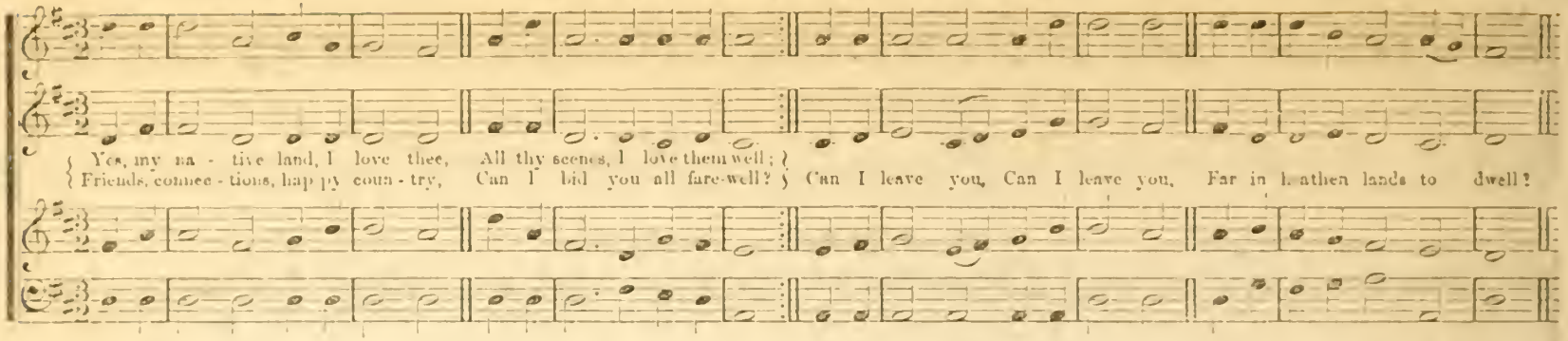
Dr. L. MASON.



8th P. M.

McCUTCHEN. 8s, 7s & 4s.

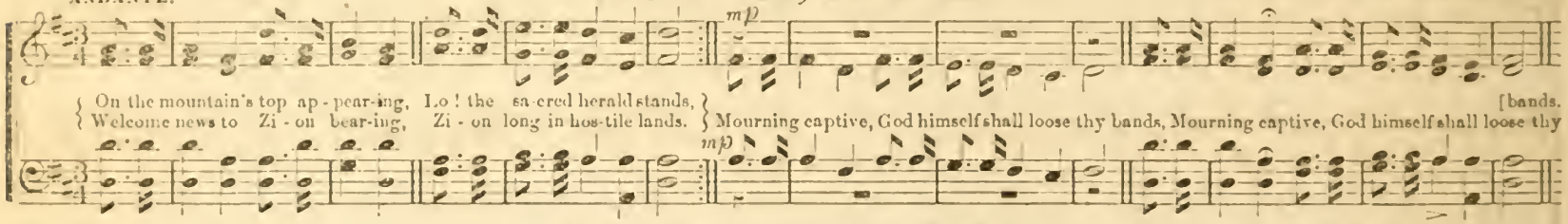
EDWIN MOORE.



ANDANTE. 8th P. M.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

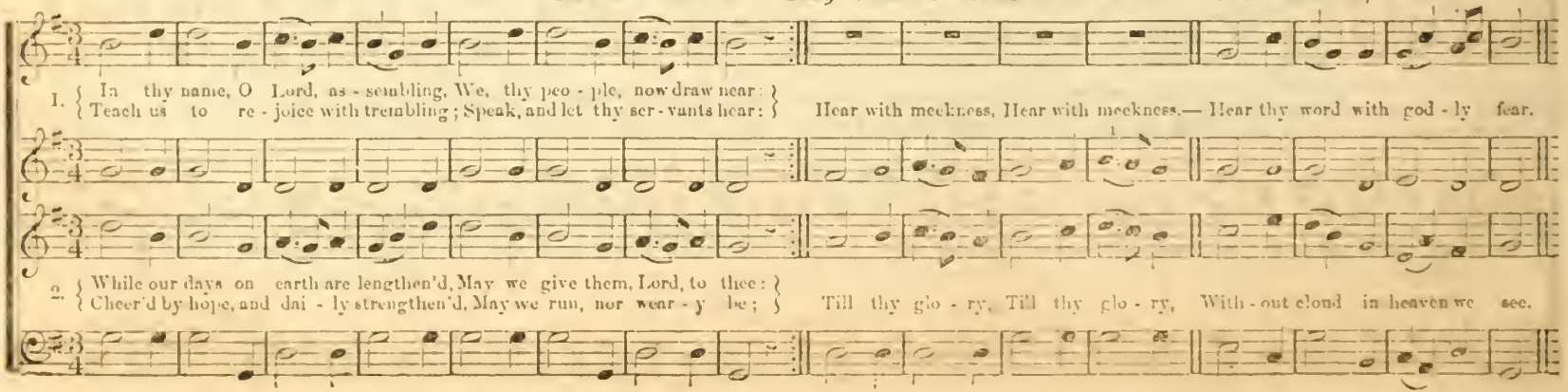
DR. HASTINGS, BY PERMISSION.



8th P. M.

ALVAN. 8s, 7s & 4s.

DR. L. MASON,



ALLEGRO. (8th P. M.)

OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

FROM "CARMINA SACRA."

Men of God, go, take your sta-tions; Dark-ness reigns throughout the earth; Go—pro-claim a-mong the na-tions, Joy-ful news of heaven-ly birth: Bear the ti-dings—Bear the ti-dings— Ti-dings of the Sa-viour's worth,.... Ti-dings of the Sa-viour's worth.

RATHER SLOW. (8th P. M.)

UNAM. 8s, 7s & 4s.*

FROM "CARMINA SACRA."

{ On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred herald stands! } Mourning captive! God him-self shall loose thy bands, God him-self shall loose thy bands.
{ Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on, long in hostile lands. } *Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord.*

* If the Hallelujah should be preferred to repeating the last line, let the small notes be sung, and observe the ⌐.

With Tenderness and Feeling. (8th P. M.)

OSGOOD. 8s, 7s & 4s.

FROM "CARMINA SACRA."

Ritard. Tempo Primo.

{ Hear, O sinner! mercy hails you, Now with sweetest voice she calls, }
{ Bids you haste to seek the Saviour, Ere the hand of justice falls; } Hear, O sinner, Hear, O sin-ner, 'Tis the voice of mer-cy calls, 'Tis the voice of mer-cy calls.

ACHOR. 8s, 7s & 4s.

W. B. B.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mercy Sounds aloud from Calvary, See! it rends the rocks asunder—Shakes the earth and veils the sky! "It is finished!"—Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2. "It is finished!"—O, what pleasure Do these charming words afford! Heav'nly blessings, without measure, Flow to us thro' Christ, the Lord; "It is finished!" Saints the dying words record.

3. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs! Join to sing the pleasing theme; All in earth and heaven, uniting, Join to praise Immanuel's name; Hallelujah! Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

HAMDEN. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land:
I am weak, but thou art might - y; Hold me with thy power - ful hand:
Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

ANIMATED.

HARWELL 8s, 7s & 7. (Or, 8s & 7s, Double.)

Dr. L. MASON.

Hark! ten thousand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove,
Je - sus reigns, and heaven re - joi - ces: Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
See, he sits on yon - der throne, Je - sus rules the world a - lone;

Fine. D. C.

D. C. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - - - men.

(9th P. M.)

ABBA. 8s & 7s. Double. DR. LOWELL MASON,

ALLEGRO.

1. Hark! what mean those holy voi - ces, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th' angelic host re - joi - ces—Heavenly hal- le - lu - jahs rise. List-en
2. Peace on earth, good-will from heav-en, Reaching far as man is found; Souls redeemed and sins forgiv - en; Loud our golden harps shall sound. Christ is

f Unison.

to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy; Glo - - ry in the highest, glo - ry, Glo-ry be to God most high!
born, the great An-oint - ed; Heaven and earth! his prais-es sing: O, re - ceive whom God ap - point-ed For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

f

(9th P. M.)

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. Double.

Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwell - ing; All thy faith - ful mer-cies crown. } Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un- bounded love thou art;
D. C. Vis - it us with thy sal- va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trem-bling heart.

FINE. D.C.

(9th P. M.)

SEAMAN'S SONG. 8s & 7s. Double.

1. Tossed up-on life's rag - ing bil- low, Sweet it is, O Lord to know,
Thou didst press a sai - lor's pil- low, And canst feel a sai - lor's woe. } Nev - er slumbering, nev - er sleeping, Though the night be dark and drear,
D. C. Thou the faithful watch art keeping, "All, all's well!" thy con - stant cheer.

FINE. D. C.

(9th P. M.) **STERLINGVILLE. 8s & 7s.** ARRANGED FROM GLUCK.

1. Gently, Lord! O! gently lead us, Through this lonely vale of tears; Through the changes thou'st decreed us, Till our last great change appears, Till our last great change appears.

2. In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near, Suffer not our hearts to languish, Suffer not our souls to fear, Suffer not our souls to fear.

3. And, when mortal life is ended, Bid us on thy bosom rest, Till, by an - gel bands at-tend-ed, We a - wake a-mong the blest, We a - wake a - mong the blest.

(9th P. M.) **FABEN. 8s & 7s. Double.** J. H. WILCOX.

1. Love divine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down! Fix in us thy humble dwelling; All thy faithful mercies crown;

2. Breathe, O, breathe, thy loving Spirit In - to ev - ery troubled breast; Let us all thy grace in-her - it, Let us find thy promised rest;

Je - sus, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded love thou art; Vis - it us with thy sal-va - tion, En-ter every trembling heart.

Take a - way the love of sin - ning, Take our load of guilt a - way; End the work of thy be - ginning, Bring us to e - ter - nal day.

FLOWING. (9th P. M.)

SUPPLICATION. 8s & 7s.

T. J. COOK.

1. Sa - viour, breathe an eve-ning blessing, Ere re - pose our eye-lids seal; Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou can'st save, and thou can'st heal.

2. Tho' de - struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly; An - gel guards from thee surround us, We are safe if thou art nigh.

GENTLY. (9th P. M.)

YATES. 8s & 7s. Double.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

{ Cease, ye mourners, cease to lan - guish O'er the grave of those ye love! }
{ Pain and death, and night and an - guish En - ter not the world a - bove! } While in dark - ness you are stray - ing, Lone - ly in the deepening shade;

D. C. Glo - ry's brightest beams are play-ing Round th'im - mor - tal spir - it's head.

FINE. D. C.

MODERATO. (9th P. M.)

RIPLEY. 8s & 7s. Double.*

ARRANGED FROM A GREGORIAN CHANT BY DR. L. M.

FINE. D. C.

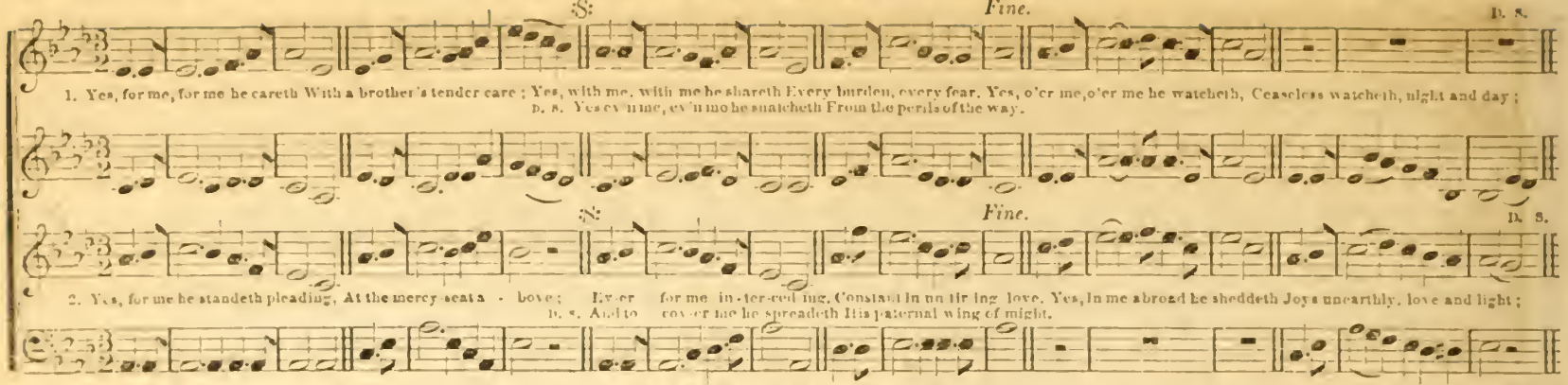
{ Glo-rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on ci - ty of our God; }
{ He, whose word can ne'er be bro - ken, Chose thee for his own a - bode. } On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

D. C. With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

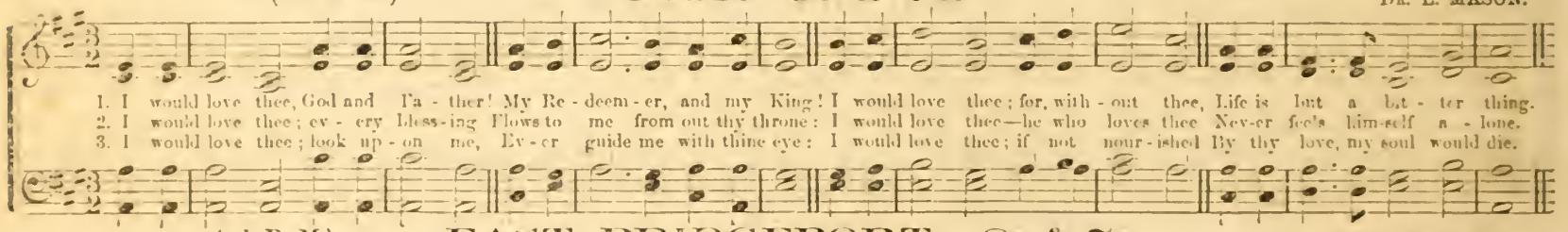
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord.

* When sung to a single stanza, the Hallelujah may be added, to make out the tune.

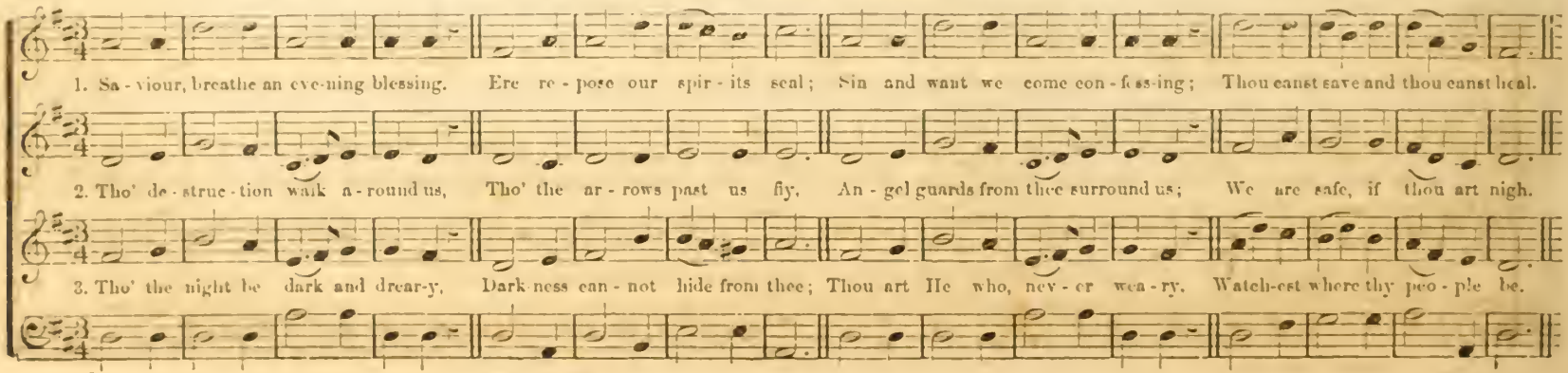
(9th P. M.) **AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double.** Spanish Melody.



(9th P. M.) **OVIO. 8s & 7s.** Dr. L. MASON.



(9th P. M.) **EAST BRIDGEPORT. 8s & 7s.** JAMES M. NORTH.



(9th P. M.)

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.

1. Glo-ry to th'Al-migh-ty Fa-ther, Fountain of e-ter-nal love, Who, his wan-dering sheep to ga-ther, Sent a Sa-viour from a-bove.

2. To the Son all praise be giv-en, Who with love un-known be-fore, Left the bright a-bode of heaven, And our sin and sor-rows bore.

3. E-qual strains of warm de-vo-tion Let the Spir-it's praise em-ploy; Au-thor of each pure e-mo-tion; Source of wis-dom, peace, and joy.

4. Thus, while our glad hearts, as-cend-ing, Glo-ri-fy Je-ho-vah's Name, Heavenly songs with ours are blending; There the theme is still the same.

Andante Maestoso. (9th P. M.)

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

FROM C. VON WEBER.

Lo! the Lord Je-ho-vah liv-eth; He's my rock, I'll bless his name: He, my God, sal-va-tion giv-eth; All ye lands, ex-alt his fame.

(9th P. M.)

IRENE. 8s & 7s.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Je-sus, while our hearts are bleeding, O'er the spoils that death has won, We would, at this sol-emn meet-ing, Calmly say,—Thy will be done.

2. Tho' east down, we're not for-sak-en; Tho' af-flict-ed, not a-lone: Thou didst give, and thou hast ta-ken; Blessed Lord,—Thy will be done.

3 Tho' to-day we're filled with mourning, Mercy still is on the throne; With thy smiles of love re-turning, We can sing,—Thy will be done.

(9th P. M.) **STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s. Single.** D. E. Jones.

Si - lent-ly the shades of ev - 'ning Gath - er round my low - ly door; Si - lent-ly they bring be - fore me, Fa - ces I shall see no more.

(9th P. M.) **SICILIAN. 8s & 7s. Single.** Mozart.

Come, thou long ex-pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set thy peo - ple free; From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in thee.

(9th. P. M.) **FERN DELL. 8s & 7s. Single.** I. B. W.

One sweet flower has drooped and fad-ed, One sweet in - fant voice has fled; One fair brow the grave has shad - ed, One dear schoolmate now is dead

(9th P. M.) **MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.** Dr. L. Mason.

Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen-tle as the sum-mer breeze, Pleasant as the air of evening, When it floats a - mong the trees.

(9th P. M.) **THOMPSON. 8s & 7s. Double.** L. Thompson.

Fine. D. S.

Vain are all terrestrial pleasures; Mixed with dross the purest gold; Seek we then for heaven-ly treasures, Treasures never waxing old. Let our best affections centre on the things a - bove the throne
D. S. There no thief can ever enter; Moth and rust are there unknown.

(9th. P. M.) **FAIRTON. 8s & 7s. Double.** W. B. Bradbury.

Fine D. S.

Happy soul, thy days are ending, All thy mournful days below. Go, the an - gel guards attending, To the sight of Je - sus go. Waiting to receive thy spirit, Lo, the Saviour stands a-bove.
D. S. Shows the fu - ness of His merit, Reaches out the crown of love.

(10th P. M.) **HUNTER. 8s.** I. B. W.

1. We speak of the realms of the bless'd, That country so bright and so fair; And oft are its glo - ries con-fess'd—But what must it be to be there!

2. We speak of its free-dom from sin, From sor - row, tempta - tion, and care, From tri - als with-out and with-in— But what must it be to be there!

3. We speak of its ser - vice of love, The robes which the glo - ri - fied wear, The church of the First-born a-bove— But what must it be to be there!

(10th P. M.) **ENON'S ISLE. 8s.** (Double.) I. B. W.

Fine. D. C.

{ O when shall we sweet-ly re - move, O when shall we en - ter our rest— }
{ Re - turn to the Zi - on a - bove, The moth-er of spir - its dis-tressed; } That ci - ty of God the great King, Where sor - row and death are no more,
D. C. Where saints our Im-man - u - el sing, And che - rub and se - raph a - dore?

(10th P. M.) **EDEN. 8s.**

1. From whence does the un - ion a - rise, That ha - tred is conquered by love? It fast - ens our souls with such ties That dis - tance nor time can re - move.

2. It can not in E - den be found, Nor yet in a pa - ra - dise lost: It grows on Im - man - u - el's ground, And Je - sus's blood it did cost

3. My friends, once so dear un - to me, Our souls so u - nit - ed in love, Where Je - sus is gone we shall be, In yon - der blest mansions a - bove

(10th P. M.)

SCUDDER. 8s. Double.

I. B. W.

FINE. D. C.

O Jesus, de-light of my soul, My Sa-viour, my Shepherd di-vine,
I yield to thy blessed con-trol, My bo-dy, and spi-rit are thine,
D. C. My God and my King I will serve, Whose fa-vor is heaven to me

Thy love, tho' I nothing de-serve, Still bids me be hap-py in thee;

(10th P. M.)

PORTLAND. 8s. Double.

W. H. OAKLEY

1. A-way with our sor-row and fear, We soon shall re-cov-er our home; The ci-ty of saints shall ap-pear—The day of e-ter-ni-ty come.

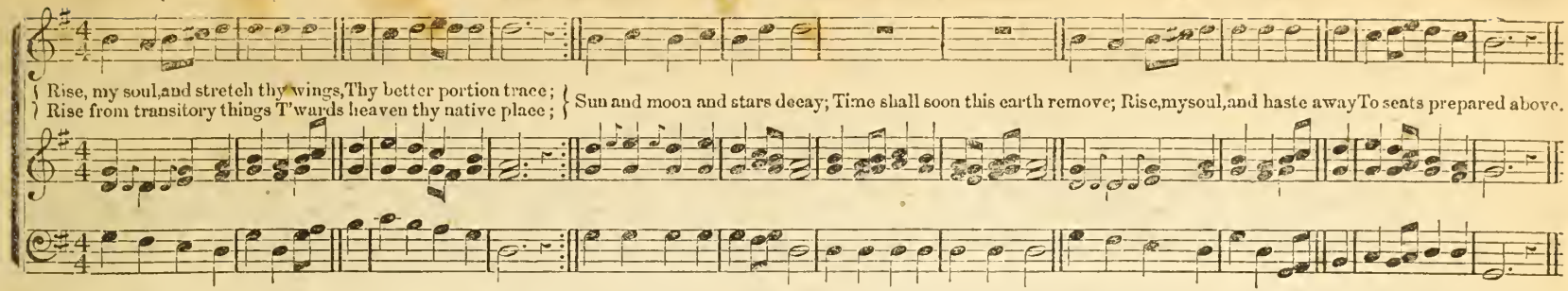
2. Our mourn-ing is all at an end, When, raised by the life-giv-ing Word, We see the new ci-ty descend, A-dorned as a bride for her Lord:

p *f*

From earth we shall quick-ly re-move, And mount to our na-tive a-bode; The house of our Fa-ther a-bove—The pal-ace of an-gels and God.

The ci-ty, so ho-ly and clean, No sor-row can breathe in the air: No gloom of af-flic-tion or sin; No sha-dow of evil is there.

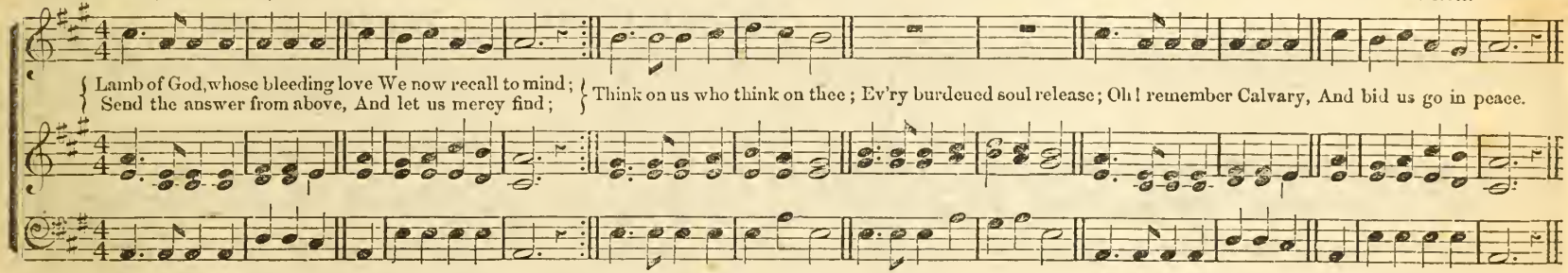
(11th P. M.) AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s. Peculiar. Or 8s & 6s.*



* By using small notes as in Soprano—See Hymn, "Sing hallelujah, praise the Lord."

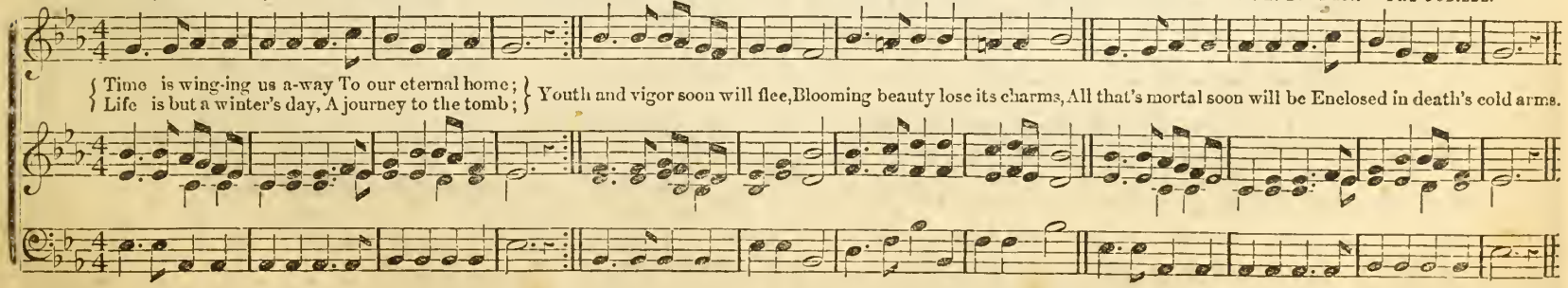
(11th P. M.) ENDOR. 7s & 6s. Peculiar.

S. B. MARSH.



(11th P. M.) TIME IS WINGING. 7s & 6s. Peculiar.

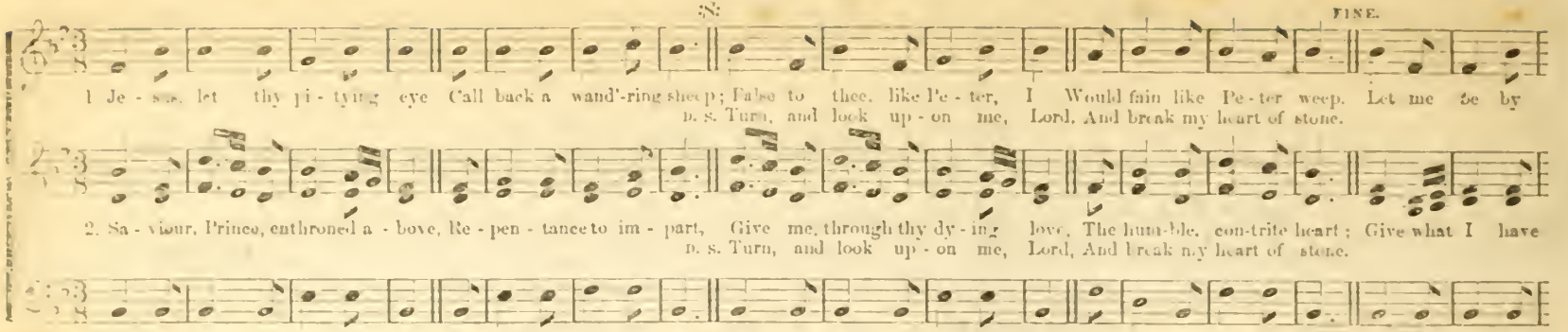
W. B. B. From "The Jubilee."



(12th P. M.)

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s & 8s.

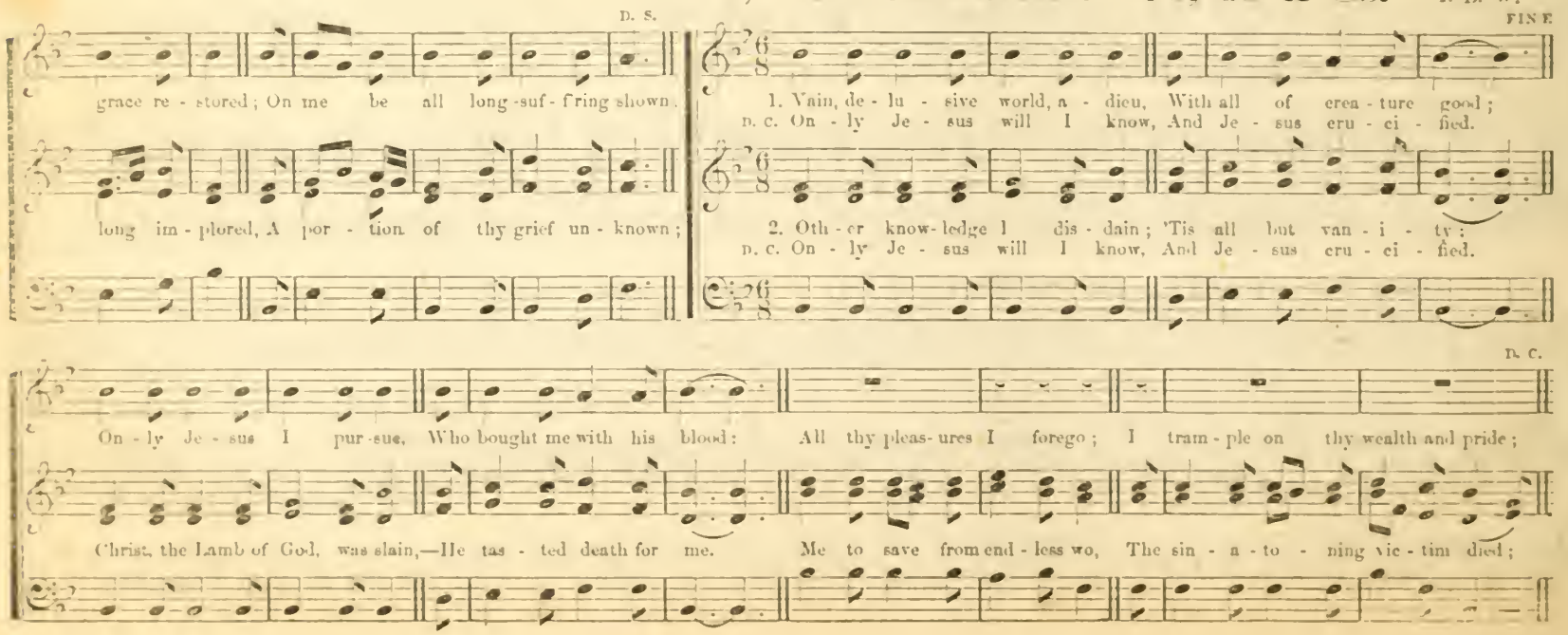
W. H. OAKLEY.



(12th P. M.)

ROCKPORT. 7s, 6s & 8s.

I. B. W.



(12th P. M.)

DYING LOVE. 7s, 6s & 8s.

1. Lamb of God, whose dy - ing love We now re - call to mind, Send the an - swer from a - bove, And let us mer - cy find.

2. By thine a - go - niz - ing pain, And blood-y sweat, we pray,— By thy dy - ing love to man,—Take all our sins a - way:

3. Let thy blood, by faith ap - plied, The sin - ner's par - don seal; Speak us free - ly jus - ti - fied, And all our sick - ness heal:

Think on us who think on thee, And ev - ery strug-gling soul re - lease; O re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace!

Burst our bonds, and set us free; From all in i - qui - ty re - lease; O re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace!

By thy pas - sion on the tree, Let all our griefs and trou - bles cease; O re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace!

(12th P. M.)

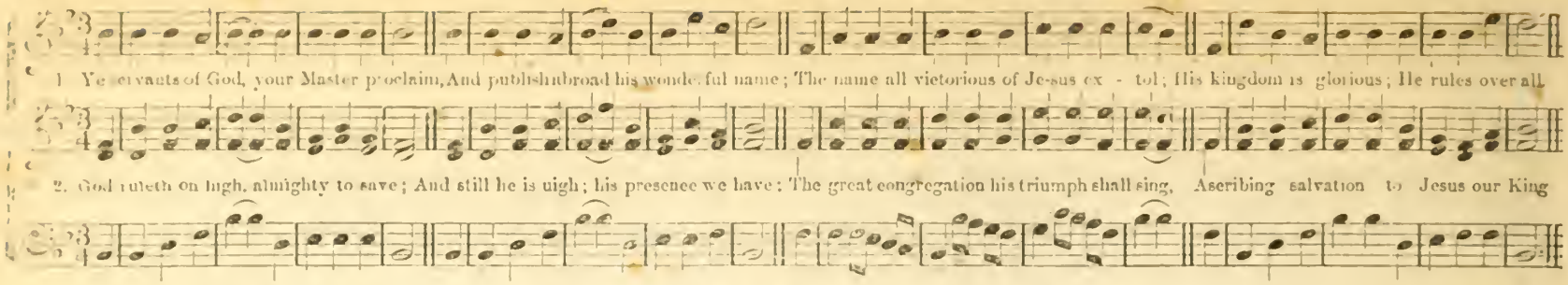
NEOSHO. 7s, 6s & 8s.

I. B. W.

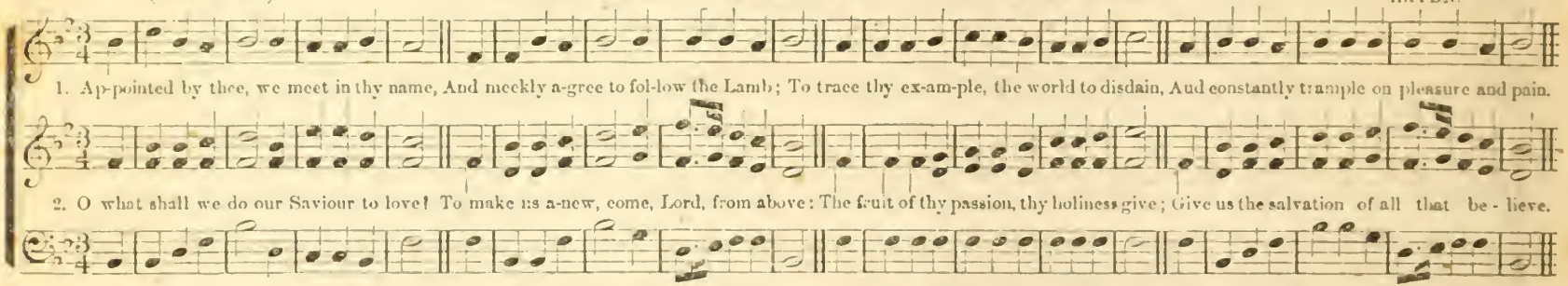
FINE. D. C.

{ Lamb of God, whose dy - ing love We now re - call to mind, }
{ Send the an - swer from a - bove, And let us mer - cy find: } Think on us who think on thee, And ev - ery strug-gling soul re - lease;
D. C. O, re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.

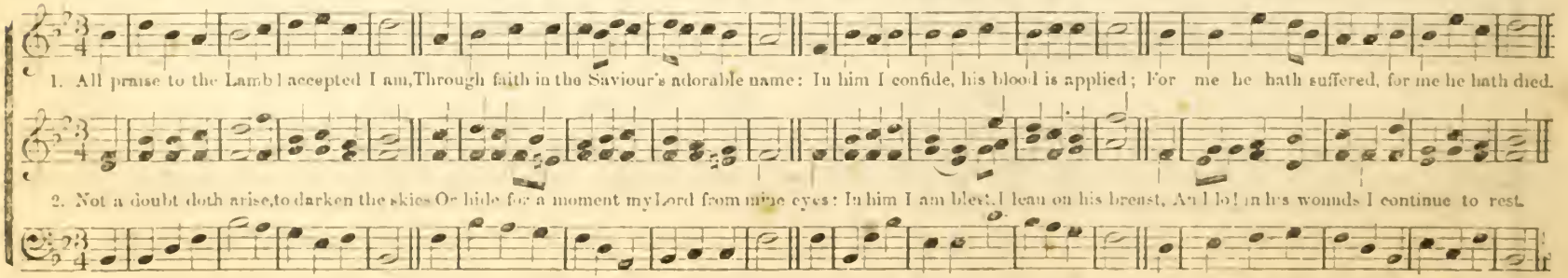
(13th P. M.) **MENDOSO. 5s, 6s. 10s & 11s. Or 11s.** I. B. W.



(13th P. M.) **LYONS. 5s & 6s. Or 10s & 11s.** HAYDN.



(14th P. M.) **ST. MICHAELS. 10s & 11s.** HANDEL



1. Come a - way to the skies, My be - lov - ed! a - rise, And re - joice in the day thou wert born; On this fes - ti - val day, Come ex -

2. We have laid up our love, With our treas-ure, a - bove, Tho' our bod - ies con - tin - ue be - low; The re - deemed of the Lord— We re -

- ult - ing a - way, And with sing - ing to Zi - on re - turn, And with sing - ing to Zi - on re - turn.

- mem-ber his word, And with sing-ing to Zi - on re - turn, And with sing - ing to Zi - on re - turn.

3.

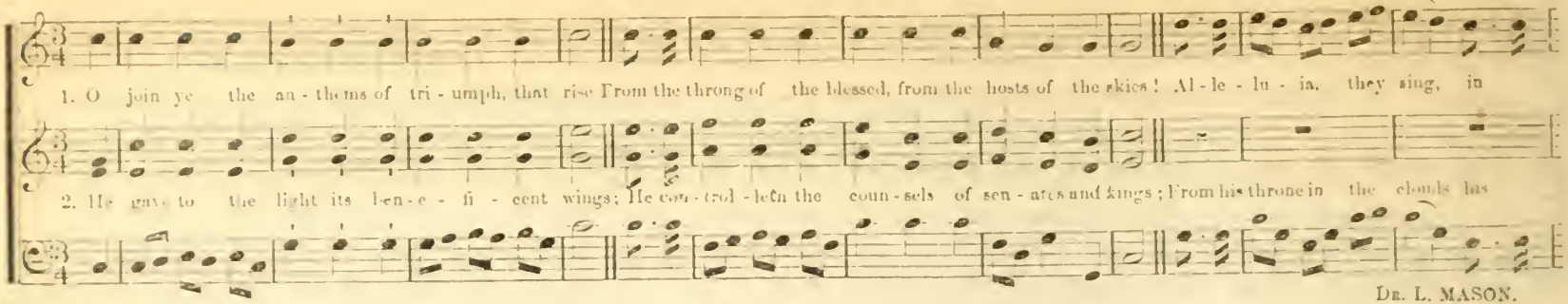
For thy glory we were
First created, to share,
Both thy nature and kingdom divine;
Now created again,
That our souls may remain,
Both in time and eternity thine.

(15th P. M.) THE CONVERT.

1. O how happy are they Who the Saviour obey, And have laid up their treasures above; Tongue can never express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its earliest love.

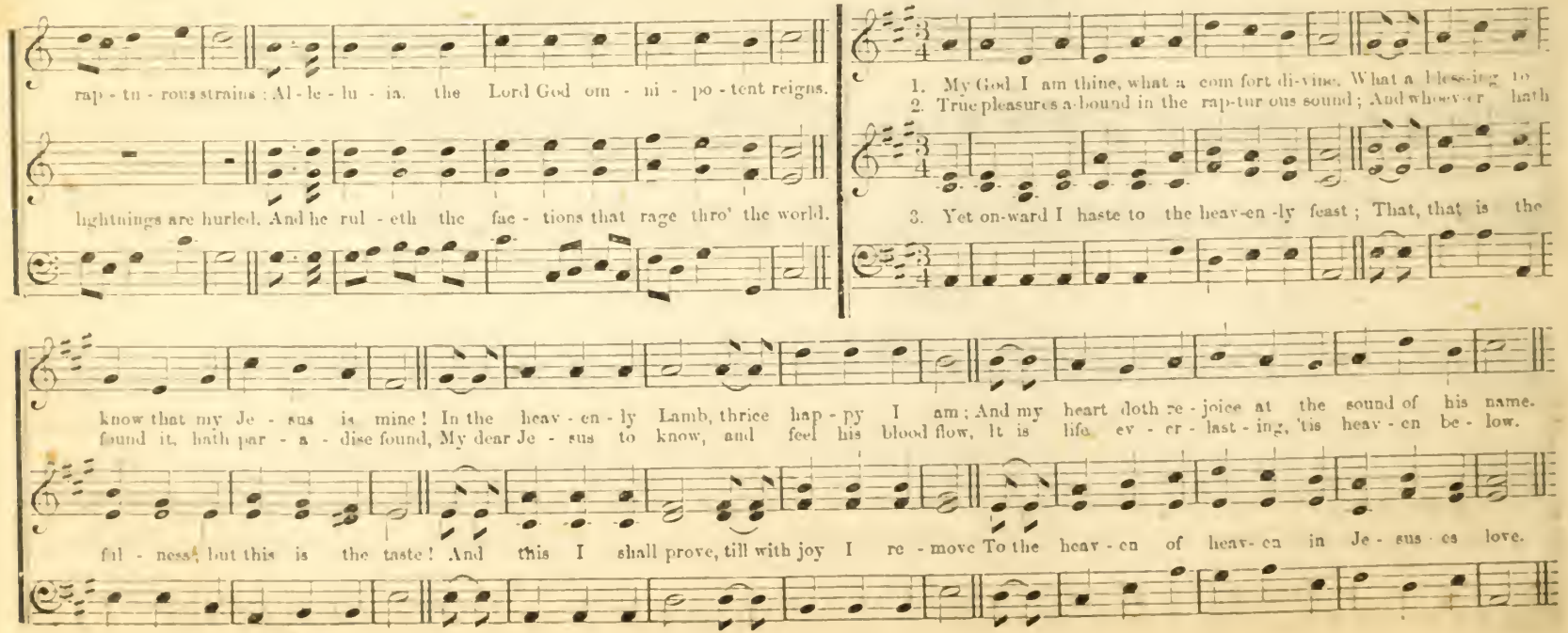
2. That sweet comfort was mine, When the favor divine I received thro' the blood of the Lamb; When my heart first believed, What a joy I received. What a heaven in Jesus's name.

(16th P. M.) **EBRO. 11s & 12s.** I. B. W.



Dr. L. MASON.

(16th P. M.) **ARNOLD. 11s & 12s.**



ALLEGRO.

SHOUT OF JOY. 6s, 7s & 8s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Hark! hark! a shout of joy! The world, the world is call - ing! In east and west, in north and south, See Sa - tan's king dom fall - ing! Wake, wake the

2. Trust, trust the faith-ful God! His pro-mise is un - fail - ing; The prayer of faith can pierce the skies, Its breath is all - pre - vail - ing; Look! look! the

church of God, And dis - si - pate thy slum-bers! Shake off thy deadly a - pa - thy, And mar-shal all thy numbers.

fields are white, and stay thy hand no longer; Tho' Satan's mighty legions fight, The arm of God is strong-er.

3 See! see! the cross is raised;
The crescent drops before it;
The pagan nations feel its power,
And prostrate ranks adore it;
Joy! joy! the Saviour reigns!
See prophecy fulfilling;
The hearts of stubborn Jews relent,
In God's own time made willing.

4 Pray! pray! then, Christian, pray;
Though faint, be yet pursuing,
And cease not, day by day, the prayer
Of lively faith renewing;
Soon, soon your waiting eyes
Shall see the heavens rending,
And rich, and richer blessings still
From God's bright throne descending.

(17th P. M.)

BABYLON. 10s.

FROM "ECLECTIC TUNE BOOK,"

1. Along the banks where Babel's current flows, The captive bands in deep despondence strayed; While Zi-on's fall in sad remembrance rose, Her friends, her children mingled with the dead.
2. The tuneful harp that once with joy they strung, When praise employed and mirth inspired the lay, Was now in si - lence on the willows hung, While grow-ing grief prolonged the tedious day.

3. Their proud oppressors, to increase their woe, With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim; Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow, While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

(18th P. M.)

KENDALL. 5s, 6s & 12s.

T. E. P

Fine.

1. Come let us a - new O ur jour ney pur - sue, Roll round with the year, } D. C.
And never stand still Till the mas - ter ap pears; [Omit - - - - - - -] } His a - dor - able will Let us gladly ful - fill And our ta - lents im - prove,
D. C. By the patience of hope and the lab - or of love

2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swiftly a - way, } D. C.
And the fu - gi - tive moment Re - fus - es to stay, [Omit - - - - - - -] } The ar - row is flown, The moment is gone; The mil - le - ni - al year
D. C. Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here.

(18th P. M.)

LUCAS. 10s, 5s & 11s.

From the Choir.

1. All praise to the Lord, who rules with a word The un - tract - a - ble sea, And lim - its its rage by his stead - fast de - cree: Whose pro - vi dence

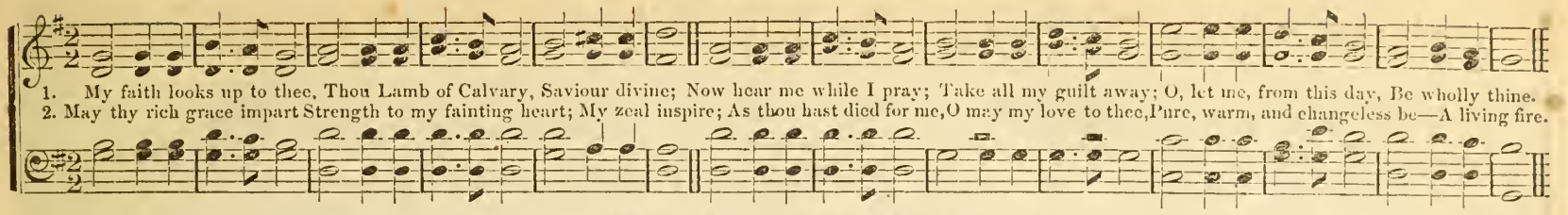
2. E'en now he hath heard our cry, and ap - peared On the face of the deep, And com - mand - ed the tem - pest its dis - tance to keep: His pi - lot - ing

binds or re - leases the winds, And compels them a - gain, At his beck to put on the in - vis - i - ble chain, At his beck to put on the in - vis - i - ble chain.

Tenor or Alto ad lib.

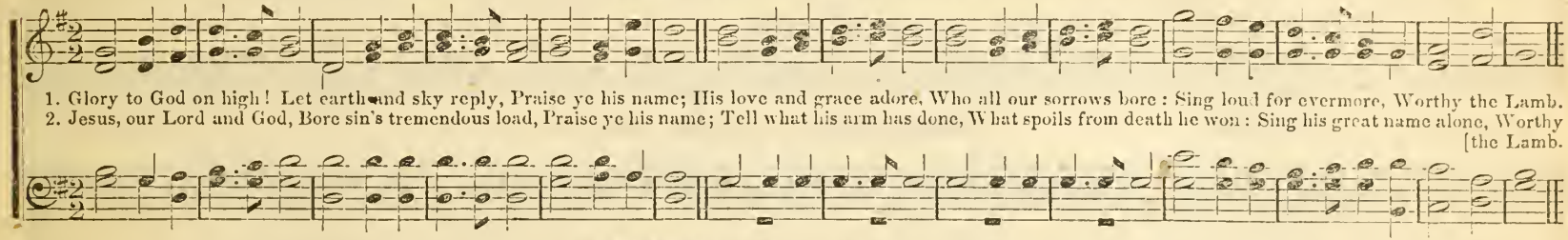
hand hath brought us to land, And, no longer distressed, We are joy - ful a - gain in the ha - ven to rest, We are joy - ful a - gain in the ha - ven to rest.

(19th P. M.) **NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.**



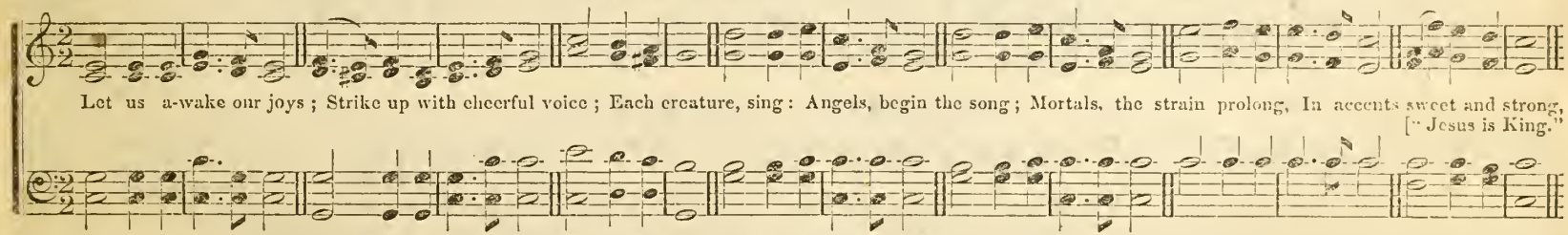
1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine; Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away; O, let me, from this day, Be wholly thine.
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart; My zeal inspire; As thou hast died for me, O may my love to thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be—A living fire.

(19th P. M.) **OLIVET. 6s & 4s.** Dr. L. MASON.



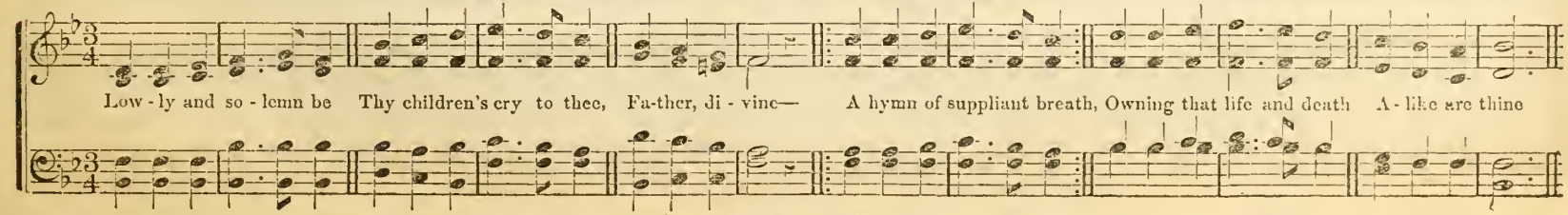
1. Glory to God on high! Let earth and sky reply, Praise ye his name; His love and grace adore, Who all our sorrows bore: Sing loud for evermore, Worthy the Lamb.
2. Jesus, our Lord and God, Bore sin's tremendous load, Praise ye his name; Tell what his arm has done, What spoils from death he won: Sing his great name alone, Worthy the Lamb.

(19th P. M.) **BRETON. 6s & 4s.** I. W. WOODBURY.



Let us a-wake our joys; Strike up with cheerful voice; Each creature, sing: Angels, begin the song; Mortals, the strain prolong, In accents sweet and strong, "Jesus is King."

(19th P. M.)* **HEMANS. 6s & 4s. Peculiar.** W. B. BRADBURY.



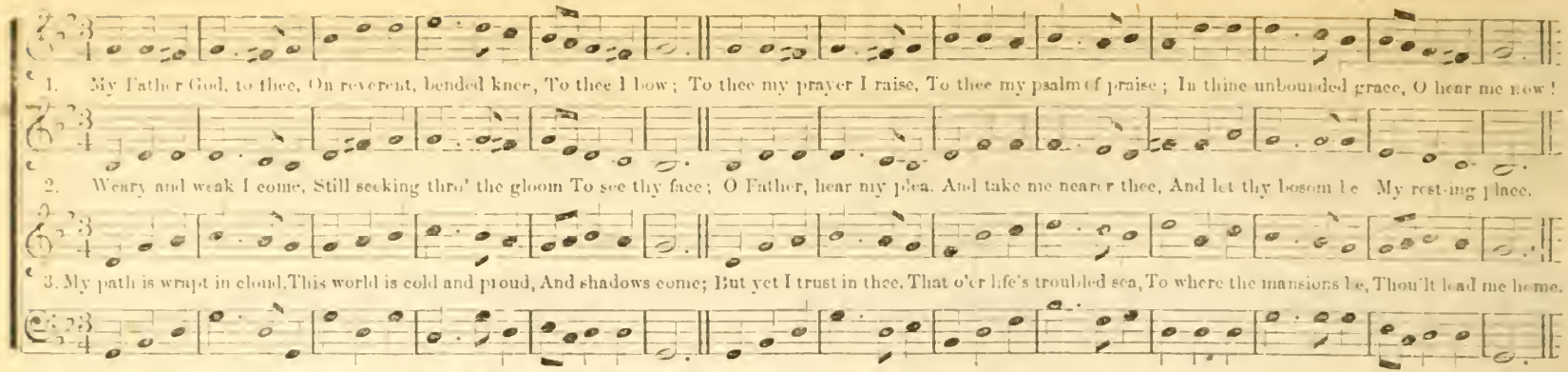
Low - ly and so - lemn be Thy children's cry to thee, Fa-ther, di - vine— A hymn of suppliant breath, Owning that life and death A - like are thine

* By using the repeat

EARNESTLY. (19th P. M.)

DAILY PRAYER. 6s & 4s.

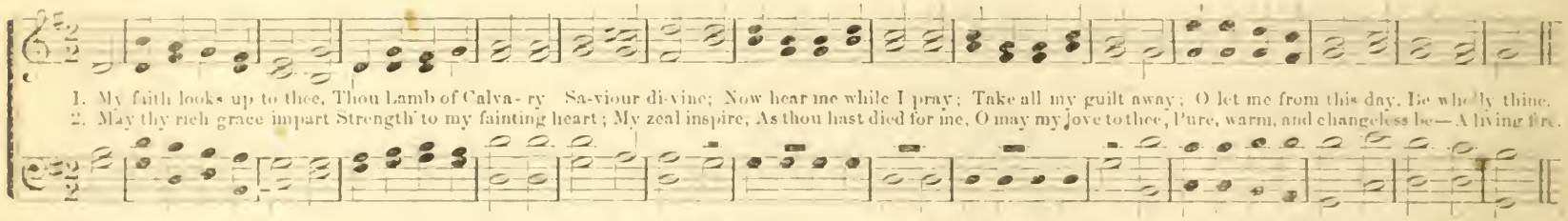
T. E. PERKINS.



ANIMATED. (19th P. M.)

MELLIE. 6s & 4s.

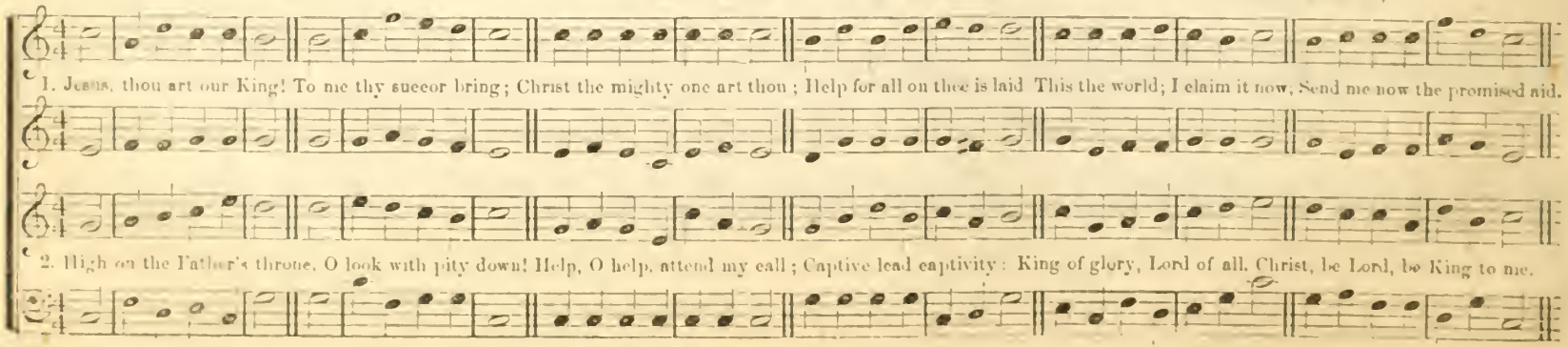
S. J. VAIL.



(20th P. M.)

NASHUA. 6s & 7s.

DR. L. MASON.



(21st P. M.) **JOHN STREET.** 6s, 8s & 4s. LTE REV. G. COLES.

1. Tho' nature's strength de - cay, And earth and hell with-stand, To Canaan's bounds I urge my way, At his com-mand: The wa-tery deep I pass,
2. The good - ly land I see, With peace and plenty blest: A land of sa - cred lib - er - ty, And end - less rest: There milk and ho - ney flow,

(21st P. M.) **BROWNE.** 6s, 8s & 4s. Miss BROWNE.

With Je - sus in my view; And thro' the howling wil - der-ness, My way pur - sue.
And oil and wine a - bound; And trees of life for - ev - er grow, With mer - cy crowned.

1. Proclaim the lof - ty praise Of Him who once was slain,
2. All hon-or, power, and praise, To Je-sus' Name be-long;

S: FINE. D. S.

But now is risen, through end - less days, To live..... and reign; He lives and reigns on high, Who bought us with his blood,—
D. S. En-throned a - bove the far - thest sky, Our Sa - - - - viour God.

With hosts se - ra - phic, glad we raise The sa - - - - cred song; Wor - thy the Lamb, they cry, That on the cross was slain;
D. S. But now as - cend - ed up on high, He lives..... to reign.

(22d P. M.)

NELLER. 8s & 4s.

DR. L. MASON

1. Hark! how the gos - pel trum pet sounds! Thro' all the earth the ech - o bounds! And guides them safely by his word To end - less day.
2. And Je - sus, by re - deeming blood, In bringing sin - ners back to God, Be thou by all man-kind a - dored! That we with thee might ev - er reign In end - less day.
3. Hail, Je - sus! all vic - to - rious Lord! For us didst thou the fight main-tain, And o'er our foes the vic - t'ry gain, And crowns of glo - ry ev - er wear In end - - less day.
4. Fight on, ye con-qu'ring souls, fight on! And when the con quest you have won, And in his king-dom have a share, And this shall be our theme a - bove, In end - - less day.
Then palms of vic - t'ry you shall bear, There in full cho - rus shall we join, To sing of his re - deeming love, With saints and an - gels all combine. When roll - ing years shall cease to move;

(23d P. M.)

NEARER MY GOD. 6s & 4s.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Near er, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee; Ev'n tho' it be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
2. Tho', like a wander-er, Day-light all gone, Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone: Yet in my dreams, I'd be Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
3. There let the way appear, Steps up to heaven; All that thou sendest me In mercy given; An - gels to beckon me, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
4. Then with my waking thoughts, Bright with thy praise, Out of the stony griefs, Bethel I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

STANLEY. 8s & 4s.

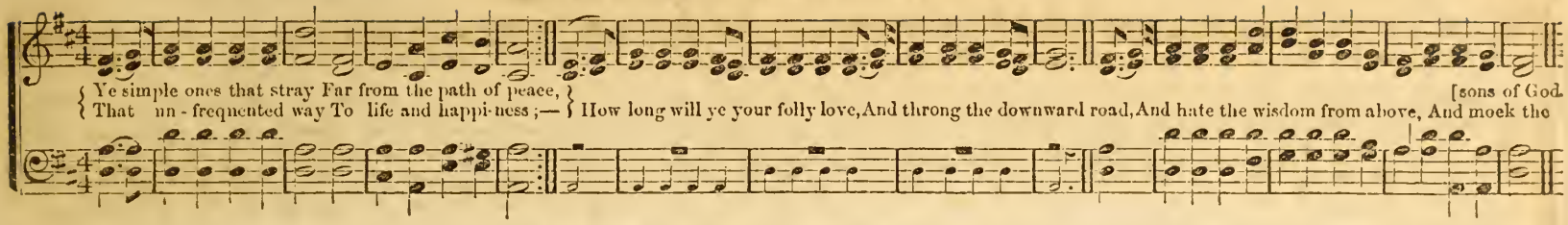
ARR. FROM A M. S. OF DR. STANLEY BY J. F. FARGO.

MODERATO.

1. Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, The bri - dal of the earth and sky, Sweet dew shall weep thy fall to - night, For thou must die.
2. Sweet rose, in air whose o - dors wave, Whose co - lors charm the gaz - er's eye, Thy root is ev - er in the grave, Thou too must die.
3. Sweet spring of days and ro - ses made, Whose cherished sweets and beau - ties vie, While days de - part thy ro - ses fade, All all must die.

(24th P. M.)

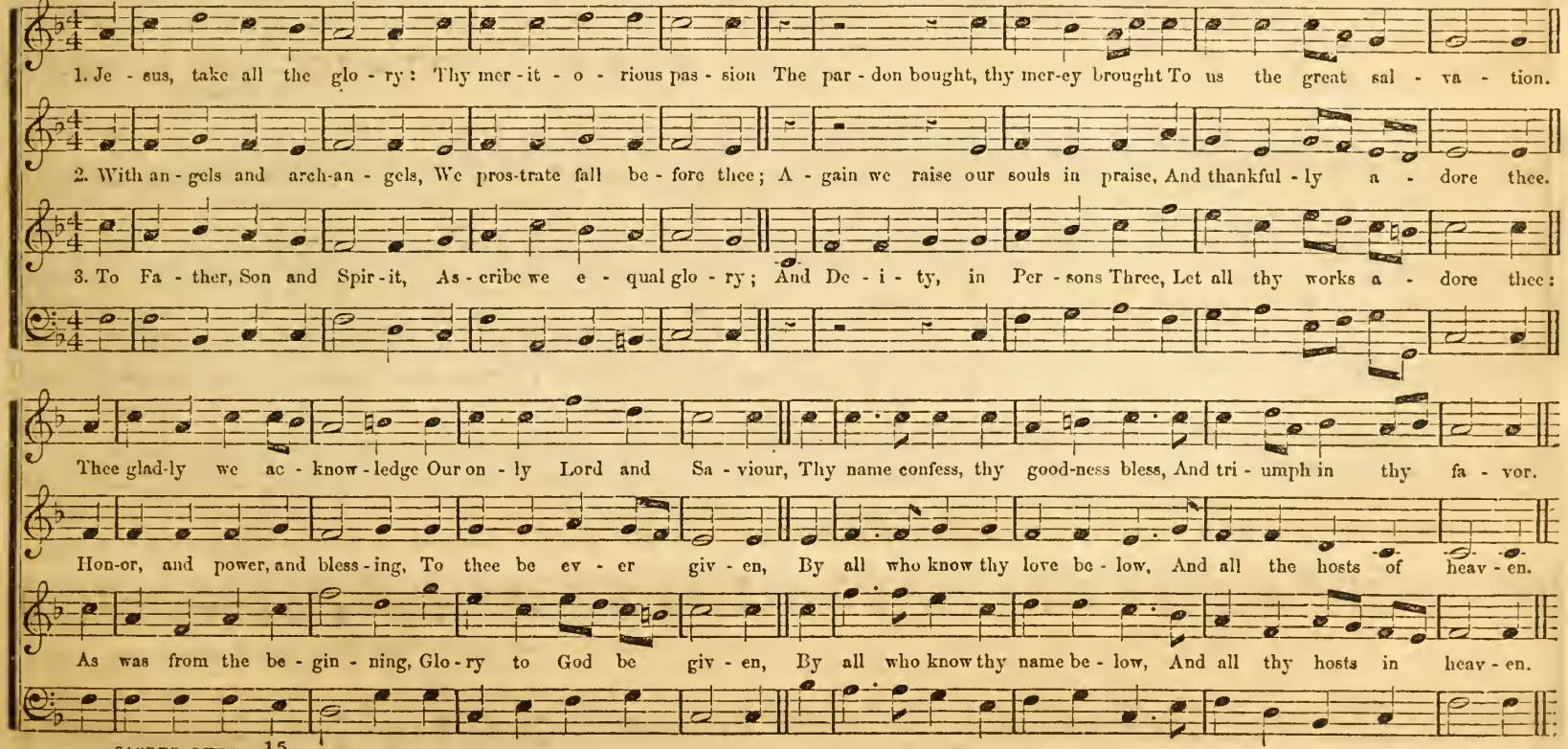
HOMEVILLE. 6s & 8s.



(25th P. M.)

TRIUMPH. 7s, 8s & 7s.

T. CLARK. ARRANGED BY S. JACKSON.



(26th P. M.) **NELLIE. 7s & 6s.** Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high his roy-al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss. "Ye that are men, now serve him,"

2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in his strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos-pel ar - mor,

(26th P. M.) **TULLY. 7s & 6s.**

Dr. MASON,

A-gainst unnumbered foes; Your courage rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose.

And, watching un-to prayer, Where duty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev-er wanting there.

1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear,

2. Wher - ev - er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back;

Fine. D. S.

And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth-ing chang-es here. The storm may roar with-out me, My heart may low be laid,

D. S. But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?

D. S.

My Shepherd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack: His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim:

D. S. He knows the way he tak - eth, And I will walk with him.

(26th P. M.

MODENA. 7s & 6s.

I. B. WOODBURY.

:S: Fine. D. S.

Roll on, thou mighty o - cean ; And, as thy bil-lows flow, Bear messengers of mer-cy To ev - ery land be-low. A - rise, ye gales, and waft them Safe to the destined shore,
s. That man may sit in darkness And death's deep shade no more.

(26th P. M.)

BENJAMIN. 7s & 6s.

From 'Cantica Laudis.

ALLEGRETTO.

1st time. Fine. 2d time. D. C.

1. { When shall the voice of sing - ing Flow joy - ful - ly a - long ? }
{ When hill and val - ley ring - ing With (Omit - - - - - -) } one tri-umph-ant song, Proclaim the con - test end - ed, And Him who once was slain,
D. C. A - gain to earth de - scend-ed, In righteous-ness to reign.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

(26th P. M.) GEO. JAMES WEBB.

:S: Fine.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears ; The sons of earth are waking To penitential tears. Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar,
D. C. Of nations in com-motion, Prepared for Zion's war.

D. C. dal Segno.

(26th P. M.)

BANNISTER. 7s & 6s.

BANNISTER

There is a peaceful river Descending from on high, Whose streams are pure for ever, Whose waters cannot dry: No waves of tribulation Disturb their gladd'ning course, The Rock of our salvation Is their unfailing source

(26th P. M.)

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

DR. L. MASON

From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

(27th P. M.)

HINTON. 11s.

OLD GERMAN.

1. O garden of Olivet, thou dear honored spot, The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot; The theme most transporting to seraphs above, The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love.
2. Come, saints, and adore him: come, bow at his feet: O, give him the glo - ry, the praise that is meet; Let joy - ful ho-san-nas unceas-ing a-rise, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

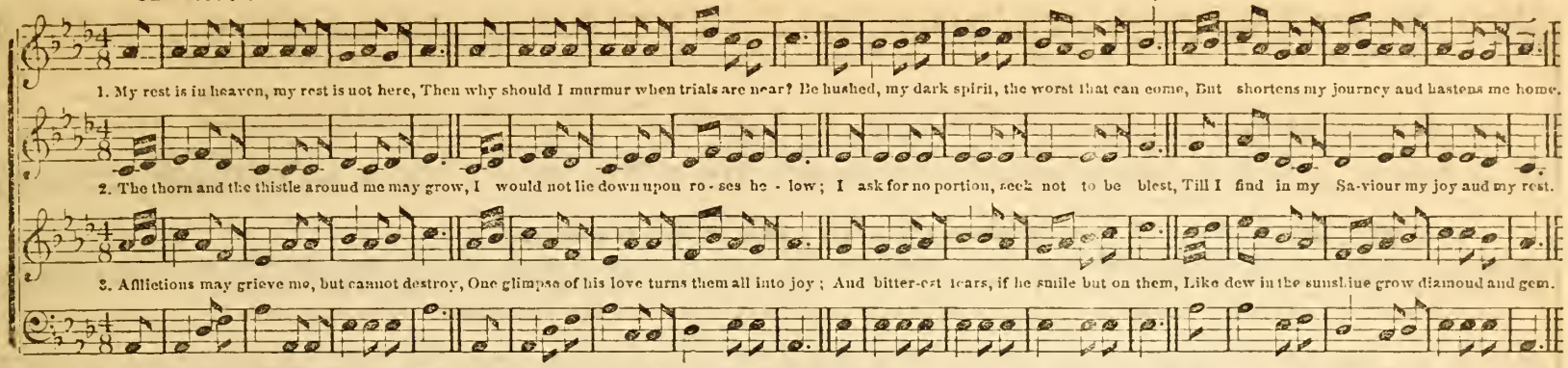
(27th P. M.)

PORTUGUESE. 11s.

1. Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph, To Bethlehem go, the Lord of life to meet: To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour: O come, and let us worship, O come, and let us worship, O come, and let us worship at his feet.

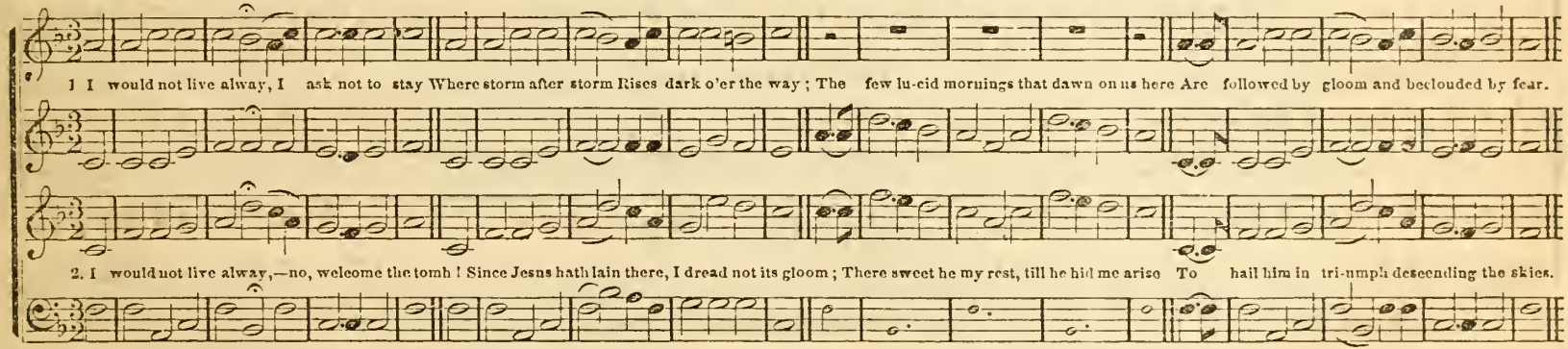
CHEERFUL.

MAGILL. (27th P. M.) T. E. PERKINS.

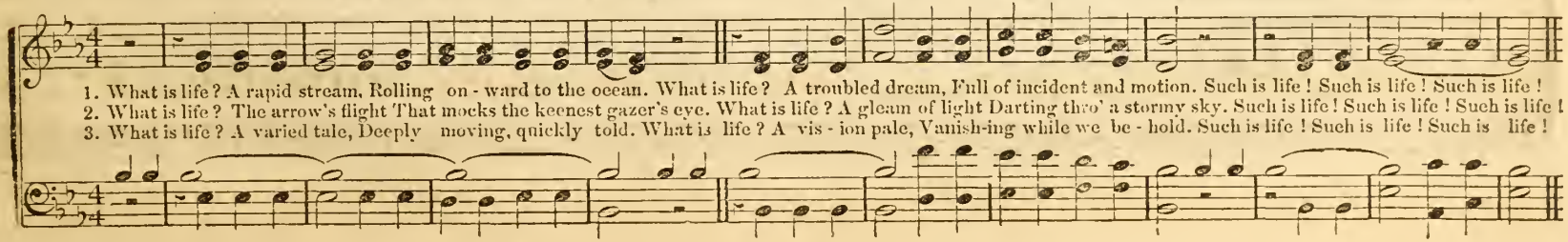


With STRONG EXPRESSION.

FREDERICK. 11s. (27th P. M.) GEO. KINGSLEY. By Permission.



WHAT IS LIFE? 7s & 8s. Dr. L. MASON. From the "Hallelujah." By Permission.



TRUMPET. 10s, 11s & 12s.

I. B. W.

FINE

1. Lift your glad voi-ces in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath ris-en, and man shall not die; Vain were the ter-rors that gathered around him,
D. C. Loud was the cho-rus of an-gels on high,— The Sav - iour hath ris-en, and man shall not die.

2. Glo - ry to God, in full anthems of joy; The be - ing he gave us death can-not de - stroy: Sad were the life we may part with to-mor-row,
D. C. Lift then your voi-ces in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath ris-en, and man shall not die.

D. C.

And short the do-min - ion of death and the grave; He burst from the fet-ters of dark - ness that bound him, Re-splendent in glo - ry, to live and to save:

D. C.

If tears were our birthright, and death were our end; But Je - sus hath cheered the dark val - ley of sor - row, And bade us, im - mor-tal, to hea - ven as - cend:

(29th P. M.)

TEMPEST. 12s.

I. B. W.

FINE.

D. C.

When thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming, When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming, Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea-man to cherish,
D. C. We fly to our Maker—Save, Lord, or we perish.

(29th P. M.) **SCOTLAND. 12s.** M. CLARKE.

The voice of free grace cries, Es - cape to the mountain, For A - dam's lost race Christ hath o - pened a foun-tain; { For sin and un-clean - ness, and
{ Hal-le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who hath

ev - ery trans - gres - sion, His blood flows most free - ly in streams of sal - va - tion, His blood flows most free - ly in streams of sal - va - tion.
pur-chased our par - don, We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass o - ver Jor - dan, We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

(30th P. M.) **COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.** S. WEBBE.

SOLO, DUET, OR TRIO. *First time Duet, second time Chorus.*

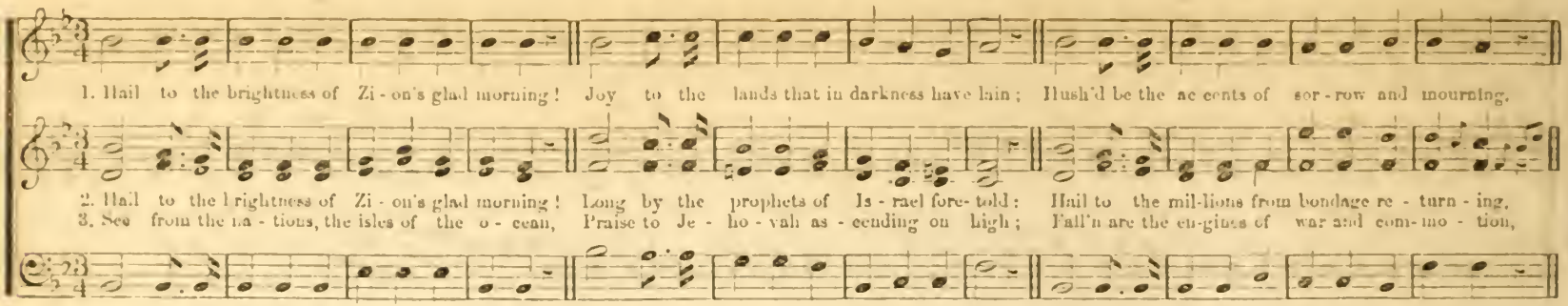
1. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish; Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the straying; Hope of the pen - i - tent, fadeless and pure; Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying, Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

(30th P. M.)

HALE. 11s & 10s.

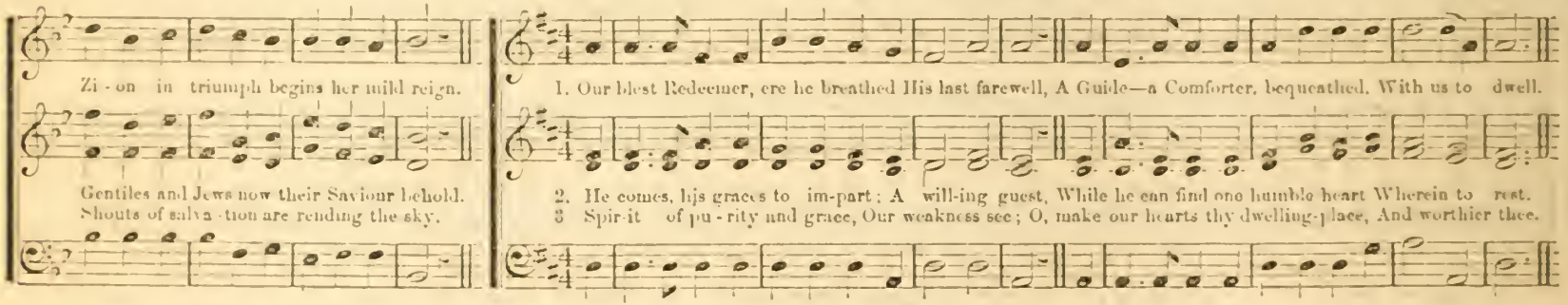
DR. L. MASON.



(31st P. M.)

VASHTI. 8s & 4s.

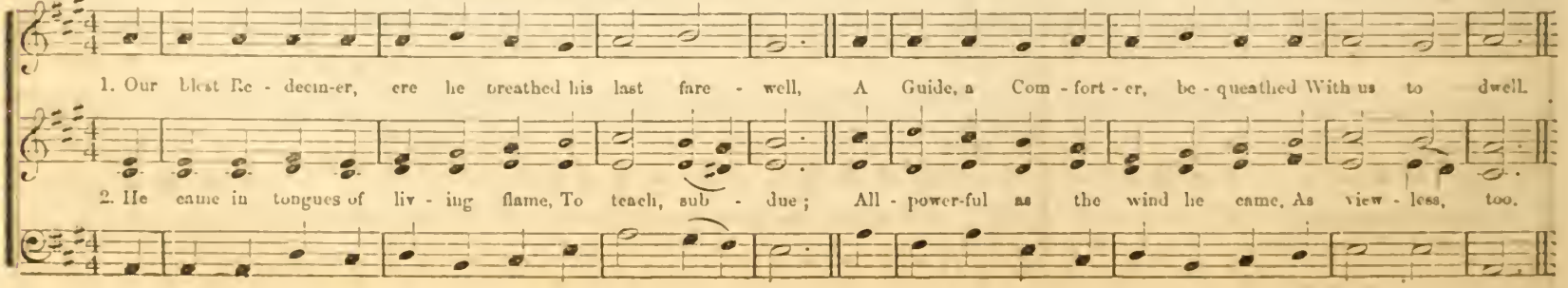
T. E. P.



(31st P. M.)

DUFFIELD. 8s & 4s.

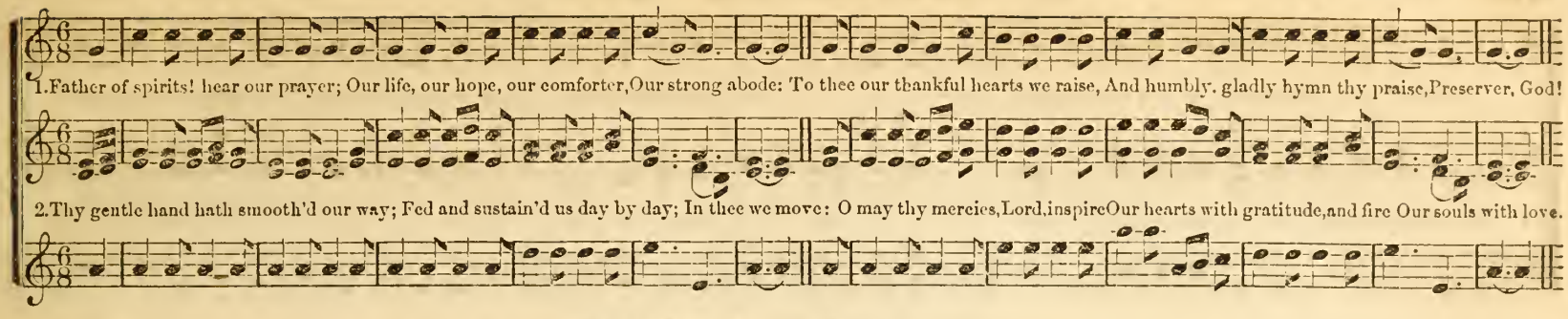
PECULIAR. J. B. P. FROM "THE DIAPASON," BY PERMISSION.



SLOW. (32d P. M.)

TOY. 8s & 4s.

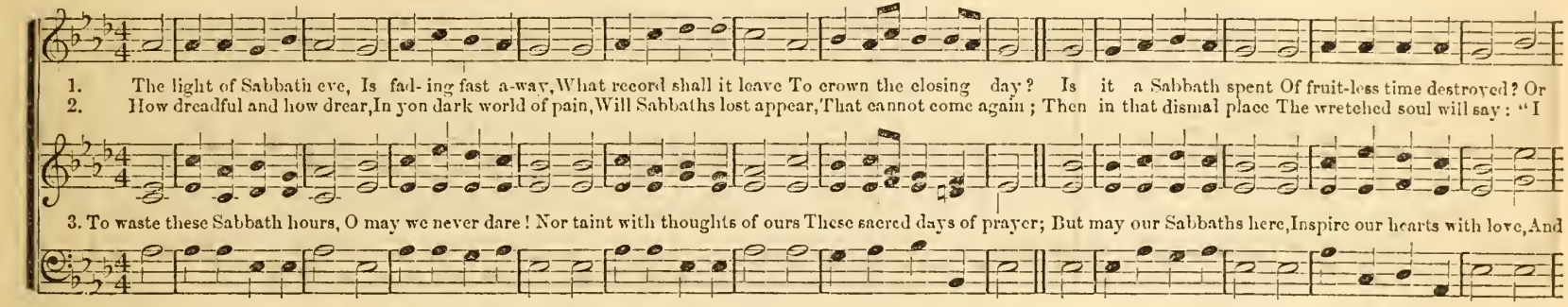
R. S. TAYLOR.



(33d P. M.)

MERCER. 6s. (Double.)

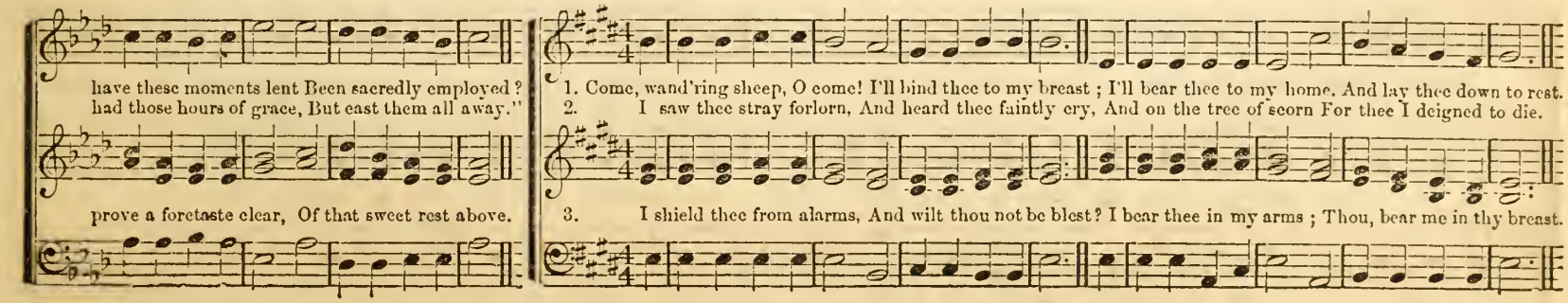
N. C. STEWART.



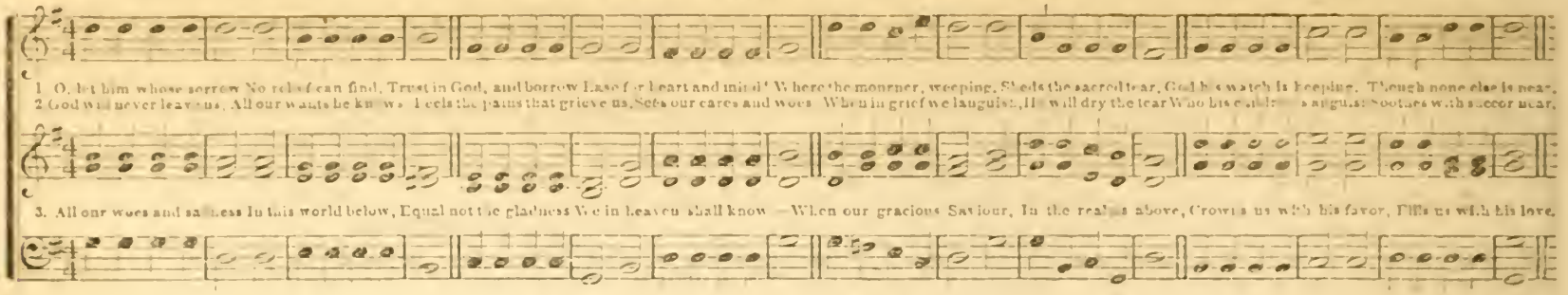
(33d P. M.)

RIPPLE. 6s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



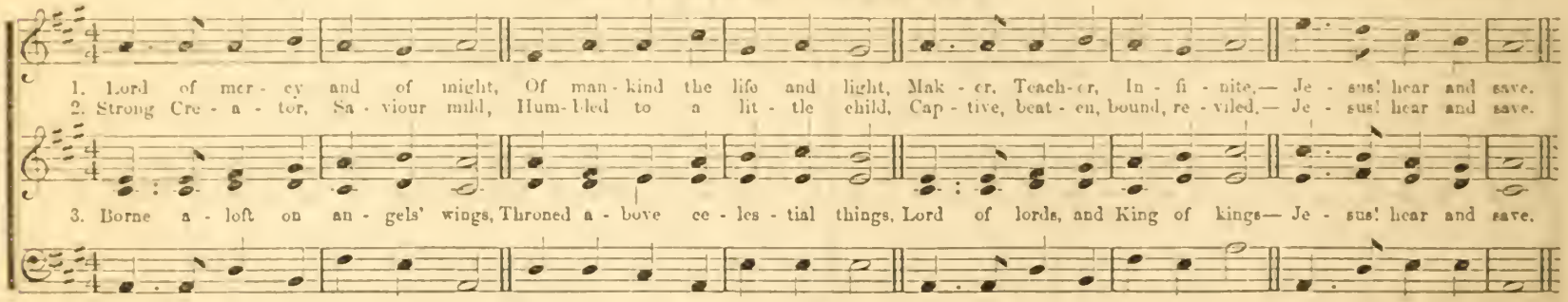
LANSINGBURH. 6s & 5s.



(34th P. M.)

HUGHES. 7s & 5

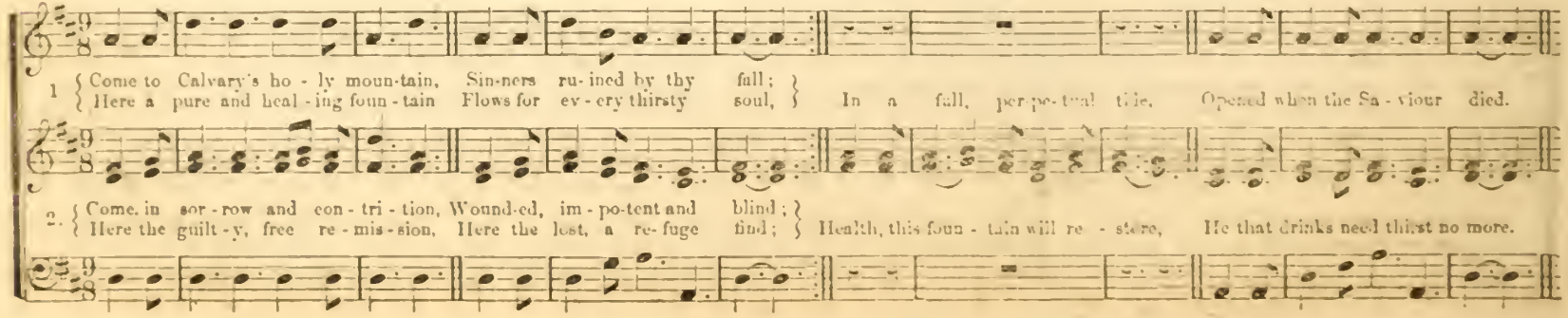
T. E. PERKINS.

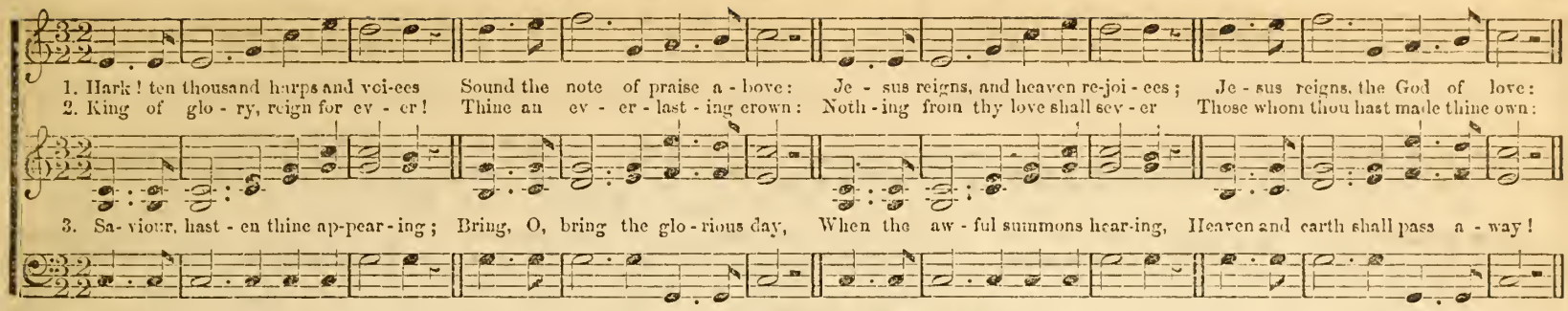


(35th P. M.)

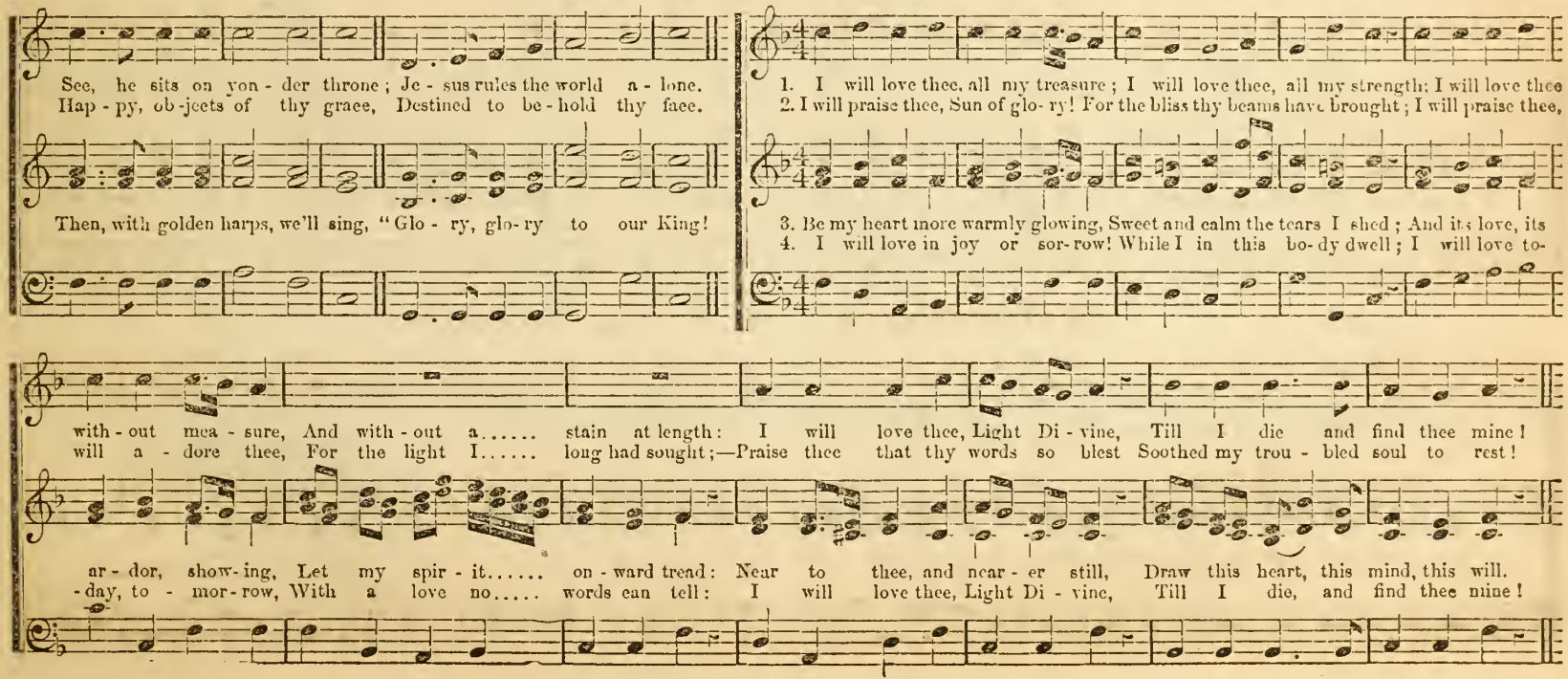
INDIANOLA. 8s & 7s. Peculiar.

I. B. W.





(35th P. M.) JACKSONVILLE. 8s & 7s. From "Plym. Coll.," by Permission.



(36th P. M.) **LANESBORO'. C. M., or 8s & 6s.** English

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'rers given; There is a joy for souls distress'd, A balm for ev - ery wound-ed breast, 'Tis found a-bove in heaven.
2. There is a home for wea-ry souls, By sin and sorrow driven, When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and o-cean rolls, And all is drear but heaven.
3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye, To brighter prospects given; And views the tempest passing by, The evening shadows quick - ly fly, And all se - rene in heaven.
4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom, And joys supreme are given; There rays divine disperse the gloom; Beyond the confines of the tomb Appears the dawn of heaven.

(37th P. M.) **DEPARTURE. S. L. M.** Dr. T. HASTINGS, by Permission.

1. Friend af - ter friend de - parts: Who hath not lost a friend? There is no u - nion here of hearts, That finds not here an end:
2. Be - yond the flight of time, Be - yond this vale of death, There sure - ly is some bless - ed clime Where life is not a breath.

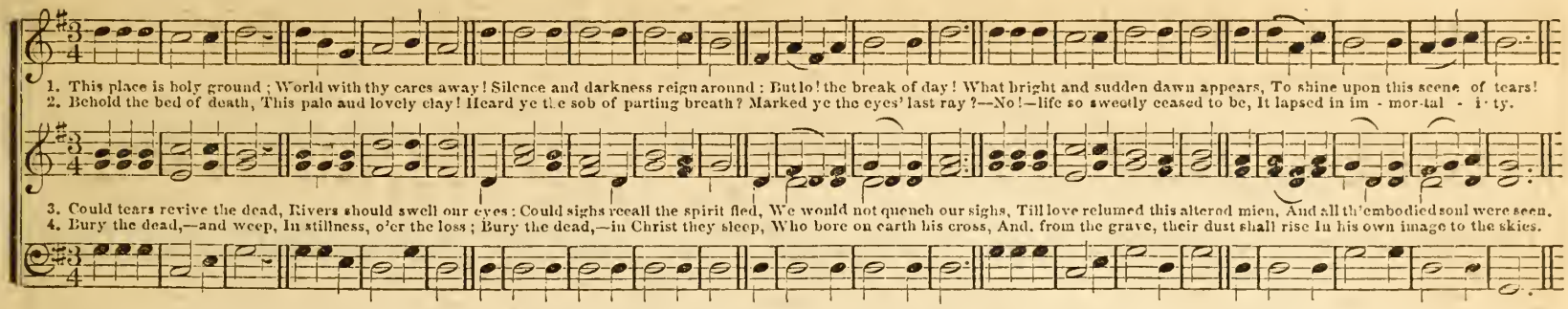
dim

Were this frail world our fin - al rest, Liv - ing or dy - ing, none were blest.
Nor life's af - fec - tions tran - sient fire, Whose sparks fly up - ward and ex - pire.

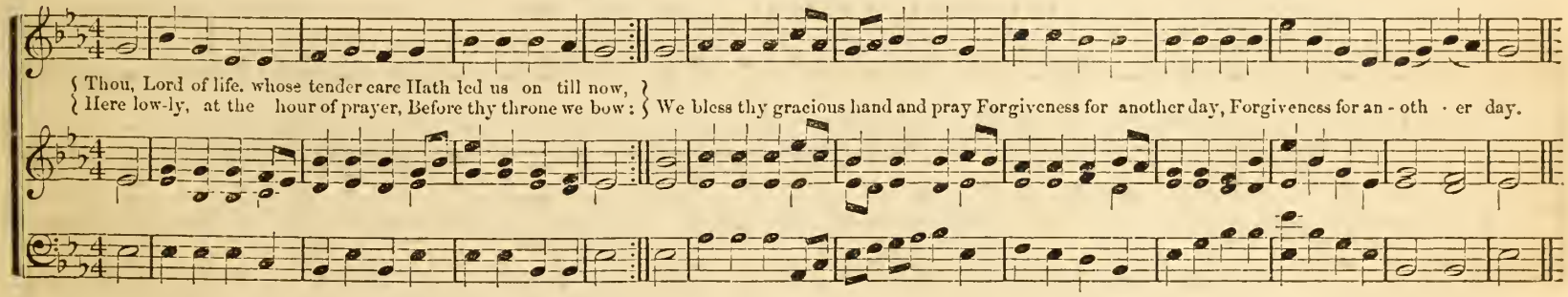
3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,-
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

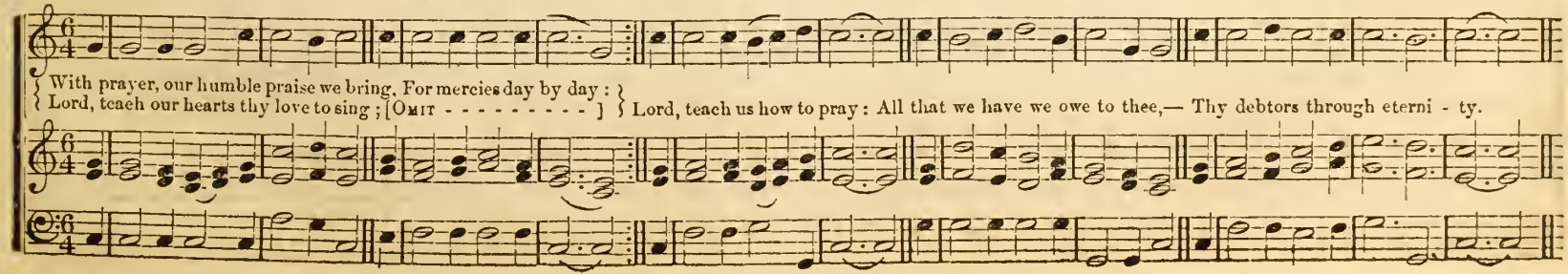
(37th P. M.) **DWIGHT. S. L. M. or 6s & 8s.** I. B. W.



(38th P. M.) **BOONTON. C. L. M.** Wm. B. BRADBURY.



(38th P. M.) **JENNISON. C. H. M.* 8s, 6s & 8s.** T. E. PERKINS,

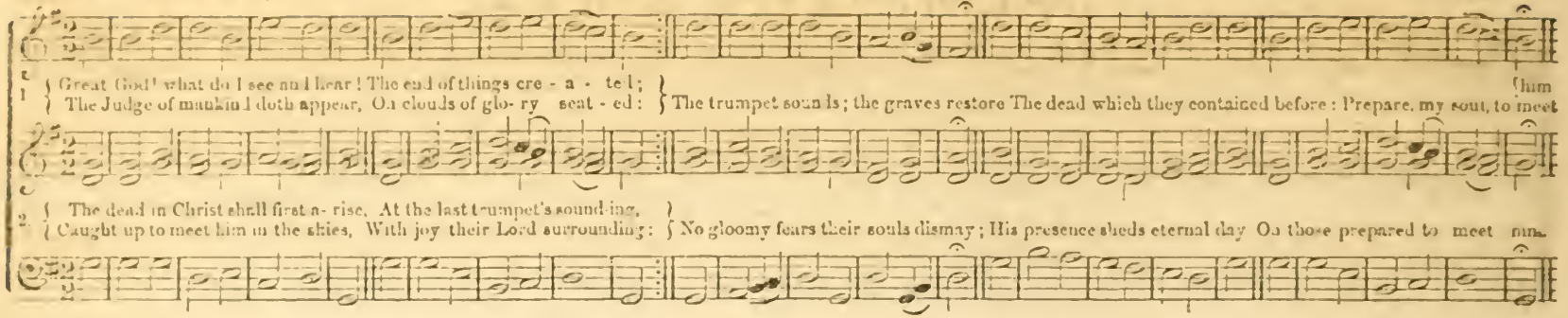


* Sometimes marked C. L. M. or P. L. M.

(39th P. M.)

MONMOUTH. 8s & 7s. Peculiar.

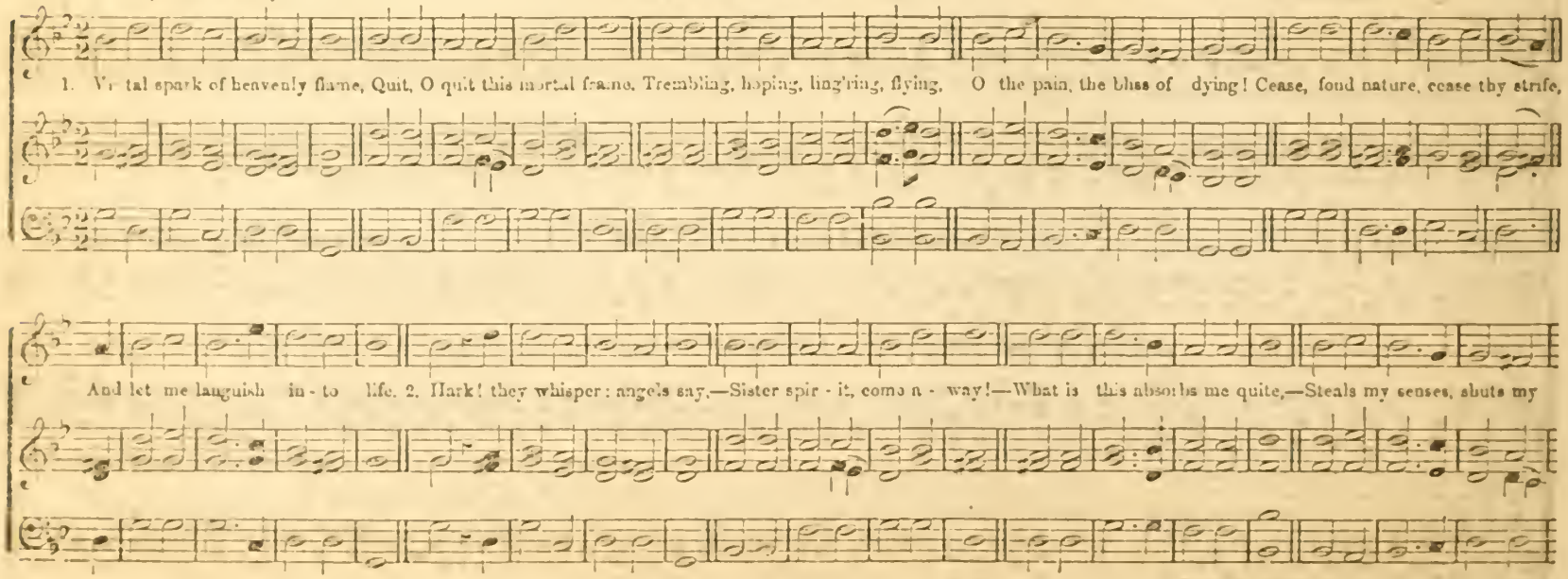
LUTHER.

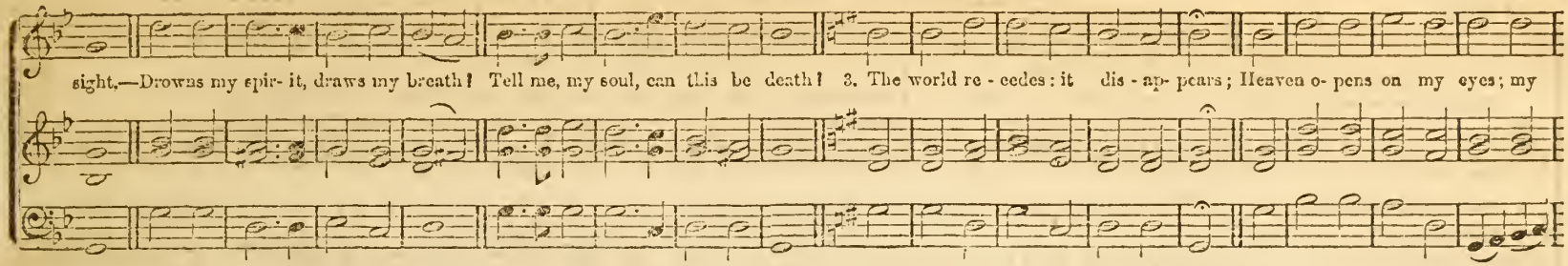


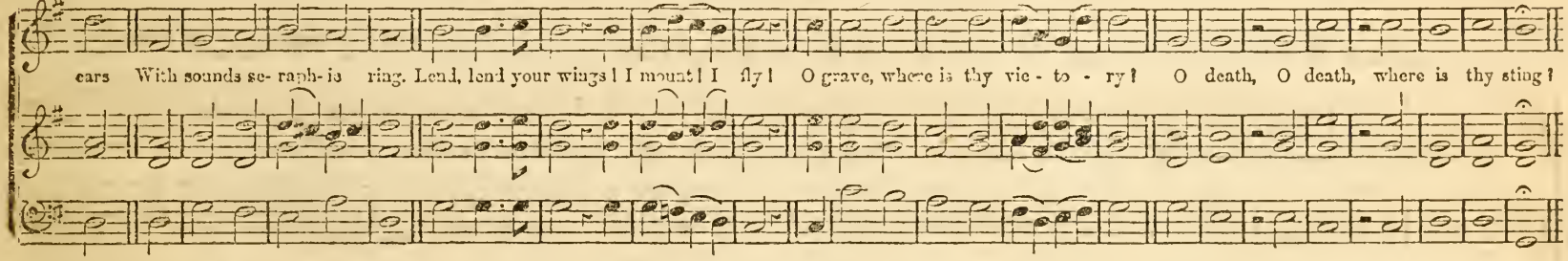
(10th P. M.)

VITAL SPARK.

FROM "METHODIST HYMN AND TUNE BOOK," BY PERMISSION.



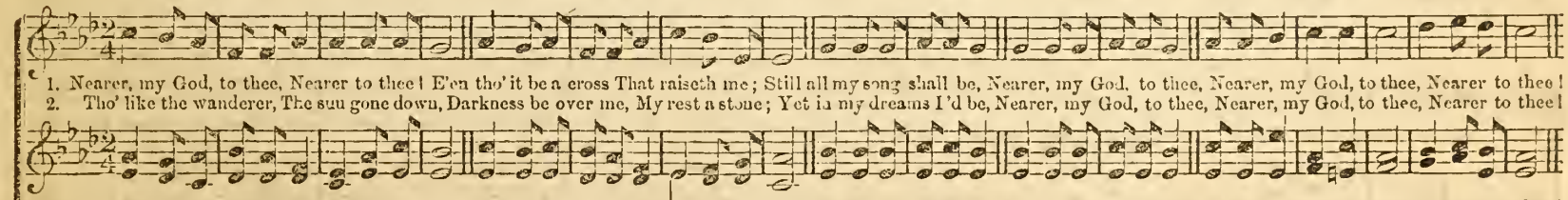




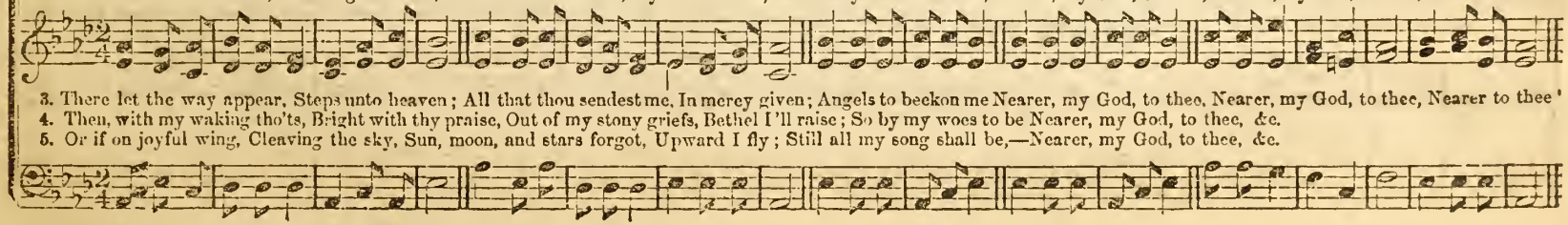
(23d P. M.)

NEARER TO THEE.

W. B. B. From "Cottage Melodies."



1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!
2. Tho' like the wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness be over me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!



3. There let the way appear, Steps unto heaven; All that thou sendest me, In mercy given; Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts, Bright with thy praise, Out of my stony griefs, Bethel I'll raise; So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to thee, &c.
5. Or if on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Upward I fly; Still all my song shall be,—Nearer, my God, to thee, &c.

FIRMLY.

SALEM. 7s & 6s. (10th P.M. 76,76,76,76.) T. E. PERKINS.

1. Stand up—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross, Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss.
3. Stand up—stand up for Je - sus! Stand in his strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own.
4. Stand up—stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long; This day the noise of battle, The next the vic - tor's song.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall be led, Till ev - ery foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And watching un - to prayer, Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

BILLOW. 8s, 7s & 4s. Peculiar.

"NATIONAL PSALMIST."

dim. *p* 1st time. 2d time. *p*

1. Star of peace, to wanderers weary, Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the pi - lot's vi - sion dreary, Far, far at sea, Far, far at sea.
2. Star of hope, gleam on the bil - low, Bless the soul that sighs for thee; Bless the sail - or's lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea, Far, far at sea.
3. Star of faith, when winds are mocking, All his toil, he flies to thee; Save him on the bil lows rock - ing, Far, far at sea, Far, far at sea.

Words by Rev. F. S. JEWELL.

LIKE A HIGH STAR.

J. M. NORTH.

1. Like a high star, so let thy soul In heaven's sweet calm se-rene-ly dwell, In heaven's sweet calm se-rene-ly dwell, Un-dimm'd, tho' clouds around thee roll,.... Unmoved tho' tempests rock the pole, And girt with peace no storm can quell, And girt with peace no storm can quell, And girt with peace no storm can quell.

2. Like a high star, so let thy light O'er a dark world in beau-ty shine, O'er a dark world in beau-ty shine, Beam-ing re-splend-ent thro' the night,... To point the wand'rer's path a-right, In-to the port of bliss di-vine, In-to the port of bliss di-vine, In-to the port of bliss di-vine.

3. Like a high star, so let thy power Bind hosts a-round thy cen-tral heart, Bind hosts a-round thy cen-tral heart, A link thro' sun-shine and thro' shower, Steadfast,..... beyond thy life's brief hour, Bright be thy sway till time de-part, Bright be thy sway till time de-part, Bright be thy sway till time de-part.

4. Like a high star, so let thy course, On-ward, unwavering, ev-er tend, On-ward, un-waver-ing, ev-er tend; Sprung from an un-seen, mighty Source, Press on, o'er each op-pos-ing force, And win the god-like, glorious end, And win the god-like, glorious end, And win the god-like, glorious end.

Words by S. F. SMITH.

BURLINGTON. 12s, 11 & 8.

Dr. L. MASON.

The Prince of sal-va-tion in triumph is rid-ing, And glo-ry at-tends him a-long his bright way—The news of his grace on the breezes are glid-ing, And na-tions are owning his sway.

(65th P. M.) **UNITY. 6s & 5s. Peculiar.** Dr. L. MASON

AFFETUOSO. *mf* *m* *f* *m* *mf*

1. When shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreathe her chain Round us for ever? Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Never, no, never.
2. When shall love freely flow, Pure as life's river? When shall sweet friendship glow, Changeless forever? Where joys celestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill Never, no, never.

3. Up to that world of light Take us, dear Saviour; May we all there unite, Happy for ever: Where kindred spirits dwell, There may our music swell, And time our joys dispel Never, no, never.
4. Soon shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever; Soon will peace wreathe her chain Round us for ever: Our hearts will then repose, Secure from worldly woes, Our songs of praise shall close Never, no, never.

(62d P. M.) **CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW. 6s & 4s. Peculiar.** Dr. HASTINGS.

1. Child of sin and sorrow, Filled with dismay, Wait not for to-morrow, Yield thee to-day: Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room, Child of sin and sorrow, Hear and obey.

2. Child of sin and sorrow, Why wilt thou die? Come while thou canst borrow Help from on high; Grieve not that love Which from above, Child of sin and sorrow, Would bring thee nigh.
3. Child of sin and sorrow, Thy moments glide, Like the flitting arrow, Or the rushing tide, Ere time is o'er, Heaven's grace implore, Child of sin and sorrow, In Christ confide.

(45th P. M.) **INVITATION 8s & 6s.** From "Cottage Melodies."

1. Just as thou art, without one trace Of love, or joy, or inward grace, Or meetness for the heavenly place, O, guilty sinner, come.

2. Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree, The stripes, thy due, were laid on me, That peace and pardon might be free—O, wretched sinner, come!

3. Burdened with guilt, would'st thou be blest?
Trust not the world, it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts oppressed,
O, weary sinner, come!

4. Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss—
O, needy sinner, come!

5. Come hither, bring thy boding fears
Thine aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears—
O, trembling sinner, come!

1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plain-tive moan Hath taught these rocks the notes of woe; Cease thy complaint, sup-press thy groan, And

DUET. *p* *Cres.* *Dim.*

2 Come, free-ly come, by sin op-pressed, Un-bur - - then here thy weigh - ty load; Here find thy re-fuge and thy rest, And

CHORUS. *f*

let thy tears for-get to flow; Be-hold the pre-cious balm is found, To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

trust ..... the mer-cy of thy God: Thy God's thy Sa-viour, glo-rious word! For ev - - - er love and praise the Lord.

The first part may be sung as a Duet, or as a Quartet, or in Chorus.

SMOOTH and GENTLE. (1st P. M.) ORFORD. L. M. Or 6 lines. FROM "THE CHOIR," BY PERMISSION.

p

O Je-sus, full of truth and grace,—More full of grace than I of sin,—
Yet once a-gain I seek thy face; O-pen thine arms and take me in!

And free-ly my back-slid-ings heal, And love the faith-less sin-ner still.

m

MODERATO. **HE LEADETH ME BESIDE STILL WATERS.** EDWIN MOORE.

1. He lead - eth me! O, bless - ed thought, O, words with heavenly com - fort fraught! Whate'er I do, wher - e'er I be,
2. Some-times, 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Some - times where E - den's bow - ers bloom; By wa - ters still, o'er troub - led sea,
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine; Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by thy grace the vic - tory's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,

Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me. He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By his own hand he lead - eth me.
Still 'tis his hand that lead - eth me. He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By his own hand he lead - eth me.
Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me. He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By his own hand he lead - eth me.
Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me. He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By his own hand he lead - eth me.

REPEAT *p*

DUET AND CHORUS. Hear my Prayer.

N. BARKER.

SUITABLE FOR AN OPENING OR CLOSING PIECE.

ANDANTE.

SOPRANO. TENOR. CHORUS *p*

Hear my prayer, O Lord, hear my prayer, O Lord, hear my prayer; And let my cry come un - to thee, come un - to thee. Hide not thy face,

ALTO. BASE.

MODERATO. **OPENING PIECE. Again the Lord of Life and Light.** N. BARKER.

p *mf* *Cres.* *f* *mp* *mp*

A - gain the Lord of life and light, A - wakes the kin-dling ray; Un - seals the eye-lids of the morn, And pours in - creasing day.

A - gain the Lord of life and light, A - wakes the kin-dling ray; Un - seals the eye-lids of the morn, And pours in - creasing day.

ALLEGRETTO. *mf* *f* *ff*

This day be grateful hom-age paid, And loud ho - san-nas sung; Let gladness dwell in ev - ery heart, And praise on every tongue.

This day be grateful hom-age paid, And loud ho - san-nas sung; Let gladness dwell in ev - ery heart, And praise on every tongue.

Let gladness dwell in every heart,

HEAR MY PRAYER. Concluded.

p *cres.* *p* *mp cres.* *p ral.*

hide not thy face from me in the day when I'm in trouble, in the day when I'm in trouble. In - cline thine ear un - to me. A - - men, A - men.

f

ALLEGRO. With Animation.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

T. E. P

f

Praise ye the Lord, O sing prais-es to Je - ho - vah; Praise ye the Lord, O sing prais-es to his name, Praise ye the Lord, O sing prais-es to his name.

Praise ye the Lord, O sing prais-es to Je - ho - vah; Praise ye the Lord, O sing prais-es to his name, Praise ye the Lord, O sing prais-es to his name.

mf *f* *mf* *f*

O mag-ni - fy his name for ev - er - more, Mag-ni - fy and praise him for ev - er, ev - er - more. Ex - alt his name for ev - er. Ex-

O mag-ni - fy and praise his name for ev - er - more,

O mag-ni - fy his name for ev - er - more, Mag-ni - fy and praise him for ev - er, ev - er - more. Ex - alt his name, ex-

SLOWLY. Six beats in a measure.

MOTET. How lovely are thy Dwellings.

Dr. L. MASON.

How lovely are thy dwellings, How lovely are thy dwellings, How lovely are thy dwellings, O Lord of hosts. My soul doth long—My soul doth long—My soul doth

PRAISE YE THE LORD. Concluded.

Cres. *ff* *f* *Cres.* *Cres.*

-alt his name for ev - er-more, Ex-alt his name for ev - er - more, for ev - er - more. Sing his praise,..... Sing his praise,..... Sing his praise....

Sing for ev - er, Sing for ev - er, Sing for

-alt his name for ev - er-more, Ex-alt his name for ev - er-more, for ev - er - more. Sing for ev - er, Sing for ev - er, Sing for

D. C.

..... ye who love Je - ho-vah's name. O sing for ev - er, O sing for ev - er, sing his praise for ev - er, O praise him ev - er - more.

ev - er, ye who love Je - ho-vah's name. Sing his praise for ev - er, Sing his praise for ev - er, Sing his praise for ev - er, O praise him ev - er - more.

O sing for ev - er, O sing for ev - er,

HOW LOVELY ARE THY DWELLINGS. Concluded.

f

long to en - ter thy courts: Blessed are they who dwell... in thy house, For they shall always praise thee, They shall always praise thee

Blessed are they.....who dwell in thy house,

SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

L. v. BEETHOVEN.

QUARTET OR SEMI-CHORUS.

ADAGIO. *p* Cres Dim *mf* *p*

1. Softly, now, the light of day Fades up-on my sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord! I would commune with

2. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord! to dwell with

pp CHORUS. Cres Dim.

thee, Lord! I would commune with thee. Ho - ly Sab - bath, blessed Sab - bath, Fading from my sight a - - way.

thee, Take me, Lord! to dwell with thee. Ho - ly Sab - bath, heavenly Sab-bath, Take me, Lord! to dwell with thee.

I WILL ARISE.

WM. B. BRADBURY, BY PERMISSION.

Cres. *mf* *mp*

I will a - rise, I will a - rise, I will a - rise, and go to my Fa - ther, and say un - to him, say un - to him, Fa - ther, Fa - ther,

SLOW.

FUNERAL MOTET. Arranged from a Miserere of ZINGARELLI.

p *mf* *pp*

Bless-ed are the dead, blessed are the dead..... who die in the Lord, bless-ed, blessed are the dead, bless-ed

Bless-ed are the dead, bless-ed are the dead, the dead, who die in the Lord, bless-ed, blessed are the dead, bless-ed

Bless-ed are the dead, bless-ed are the dead

Cres Dim & Rit

are the dead who die in the Lord, they rest from their la-bors, and their works do fol - - - - - low them.

they rest from their la - bors, and their works do fol - - - - - low them.

Cres Dim & Rit

are the dead who die in the Lord, they rest from their la - bors, their la - bors, and their works do fol - - - - - low them.

they rest from their la-bors, and their works do fol - - - - - low them.

I WILL ARISE. Concluded.

Affet. *p*

I have sin - ned, I have sin - ned a-gainst heav-en and be - fore thee, and am no more wor-thy, no more wor-thy to be call-ed thy son.

MODERATO.

MOTET. Behold, what Manner of Love. 1 John III. 1, 2, 3.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Be - hold, what man-ner of love, Be - hold, what man-ner of love the Fa - ther hath bestowed up - on us, that we should be

mp *cres.* *m* *cres.*

Be - hold, what man-ner of love, Be - hold, what man-ner of love the Fa - ther hath bestowed up - on us, that we should be

Repeat—Tenor singing Soprano.

call - ed the sons of God. Be - hold, what manner of love.... the Father hath bestowed up - on us, That

call - ed the sons of God. Be - hold, what manner of love the Fa-ther hath bestow'd up-on us, That

call - ed the sons of God Be - hold, what manner of love.... the Father hath bestowed up - on us, That

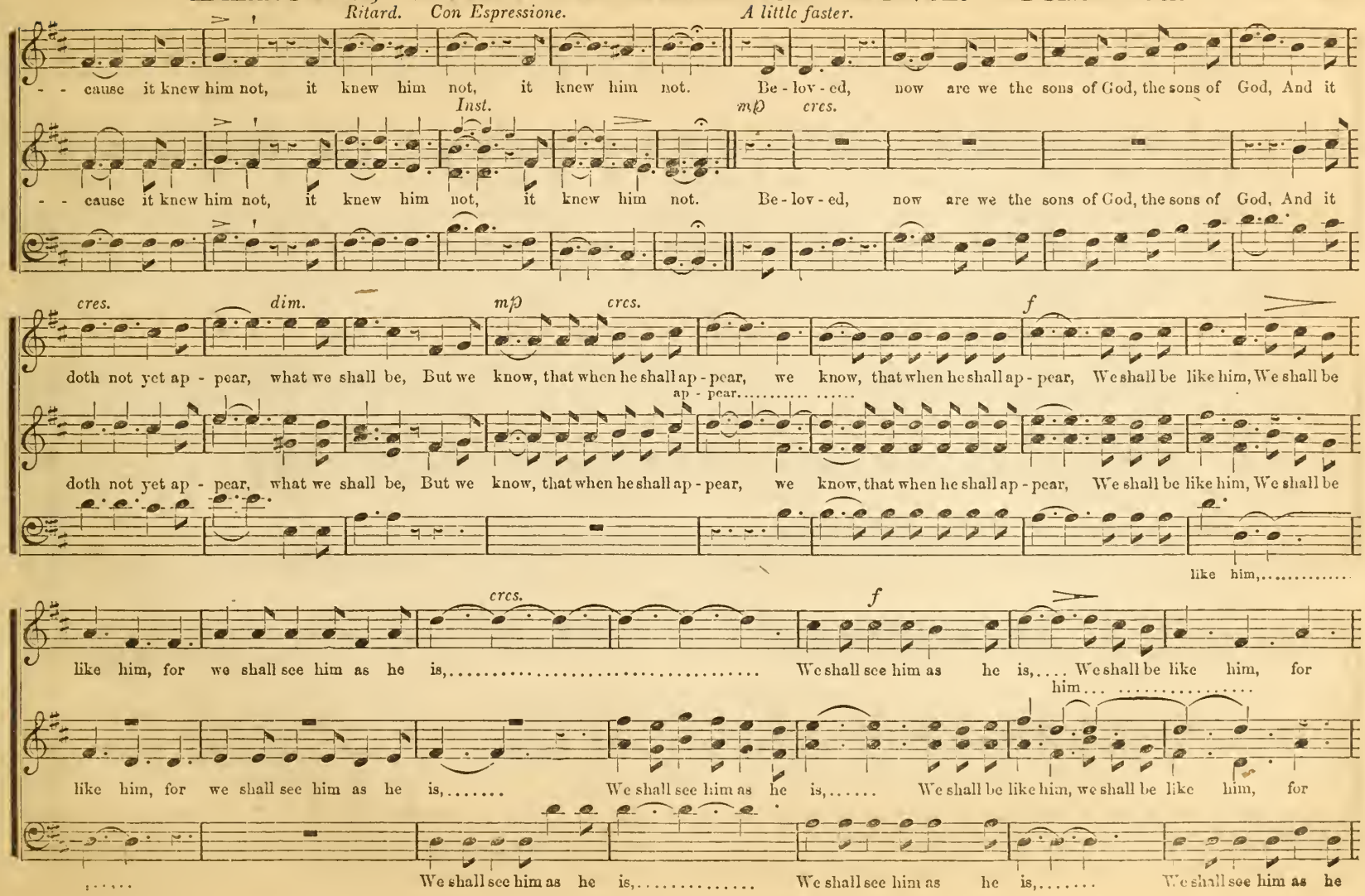
Distinct and expressive.

we..... should be call - ed the sons..... of God. There-fore the world know - eth us not, be -

mf

we..... should be call - ed the sons..... of God. There-fore the world know - eth us not, be -

we should be call - ed the sons of God, that we should be call - ed the sons of God.


Ritard. Con Espressione.
A little faster.
- - cause it knew him not, it knew him not, it knew him not. Be - lov - ed, now are we the sons of God, the sons of God, And it
Inst.
mp cres.
- - cause it knew him not, it knew him not, it knew him not. Be - lov - ed, now are we the sons of God, the sons of God, And it
cres. dim. mp cres. f
doth not yet ap - pear, what we shall be, But we know, that when he shall ap - pear, we know, that when he shall ap - pear, We shall be like him, We shall be
ap - pear.
doth not yet ap - pear, what we shall be, But we know, that when he shall ap - pear, we know, that when he shall ap - pear, We shall be like him, We shall be
like him,
cres. f
like him, for we shall see him as he is, We shall see him as he is, We shall be like him, for
him
like him, for we shall see him as he is, We shall see him as he is, We shall be like him, we shall be like him, for
We shall see him as he is, We shall see him as he is, We shall see him as he

BEHOLD, WHAT MANNER OF LOVE. Concluded.

Two Tenors. *cres.* *f* *mf* *f* *Slower.*

we shall see him as he is, ... as he is, ... We shall be like him, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.....
We shall see him as he is ...

we shall see him as he is, shall see him as he is, ... We shall be like him, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is...

is ..... for we shall see him as he is, &c.

UNTO THEE LIFT I UP MINE EYES.

FIRM. I. B. W.

m *cres.* *dim.*

Un-to thee lift I up mine eyes, Be-hold,..... as the eyes of servants look un-to the hand of their mas-ters,

Un-to thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens; Be-hold, as the eyes of servants look un-to the hand of their mas-ters,

Be-hold,.....

f

so our eyes wait up-on the Lord our God, un-til that he have mercy, have mer-cy up-on us, have mer-cy up-on us. A--men.

f

so our eyes wait up-on the Lord our God, un-til that he have mercy, have mer-cy up-on us, have mer-cy up-on us. A--men.

* This repeat should be sung as a Duet the first time, by Alto and Soprano, and second time add all the parts *f*.

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.—Miriam's Song.

Allegro:

CHARLES AVISON, Author of an Essay on Musical Expression, 1740. Original key, C

mp

1 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea, ... Je - ho - vah hath triumphed his people are free. Sing, for the pride of the ty - rant is broken, His

2 Praise for the vic - t'ry, all praise to the Lord,.... His word was our ar-row, his breath was our sword, Who shall return to tell E-gypt the sto-ry, Of

mf

chariots and horsemen all splendid and brave, How vain was their boasting, the Lord hath but spoken, And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.

those she sent forth in the hour of her pride. The Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory, And all her vain thousands are dashed in the tide.

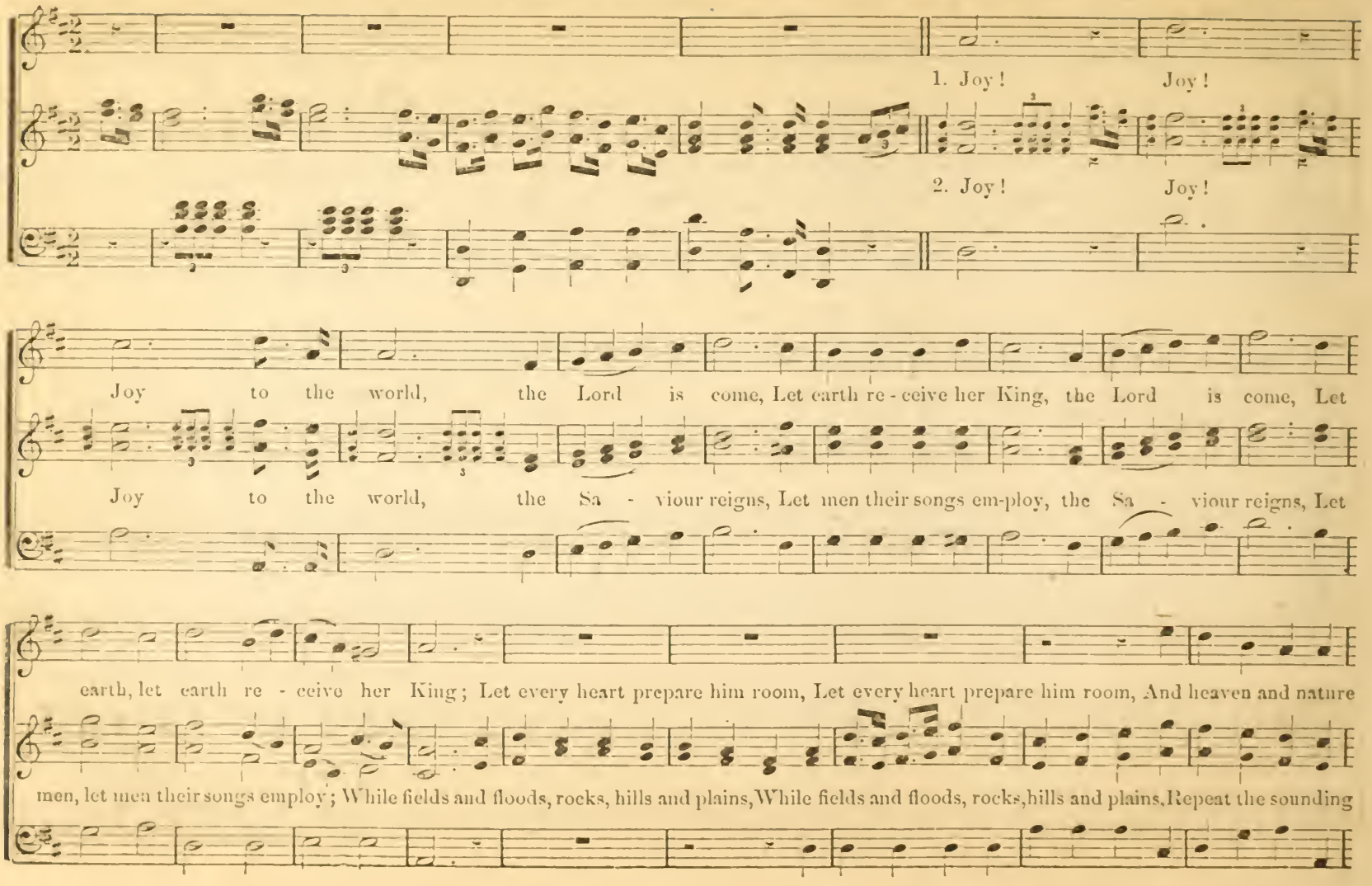
ff

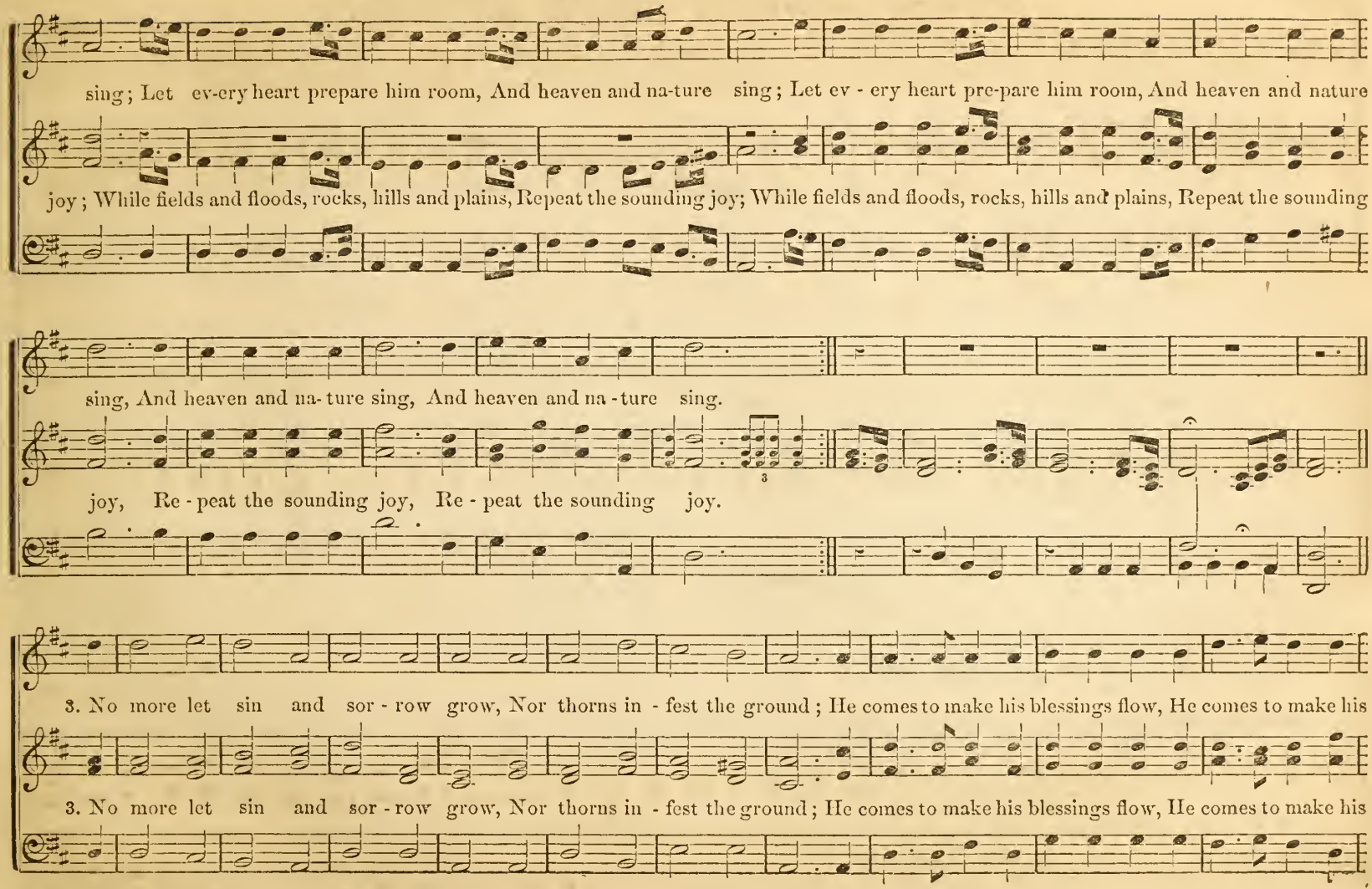
Sound the loud tim brel o'er E-gypt's dark sea, Je - ho - vah hath triumphed his peo-ple are free, His peo-ple are free, his peo-ple are free.

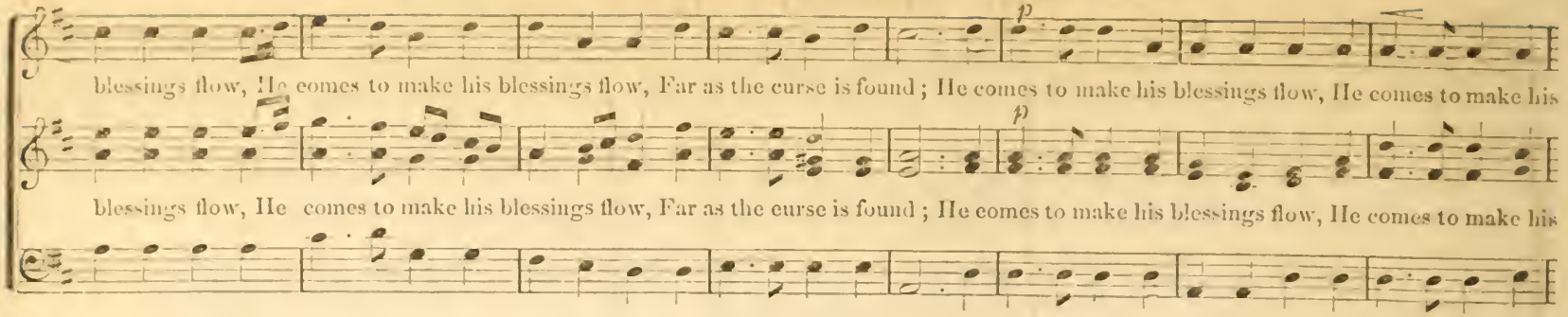
See also the hymn "Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing."

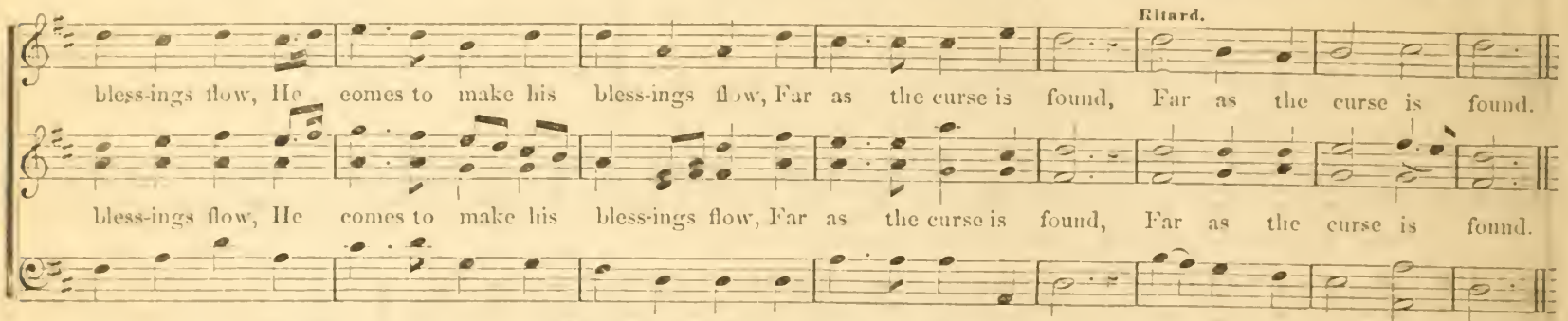
HYMN-ANTHEM. Joy to the World.

S. J. VAIL.



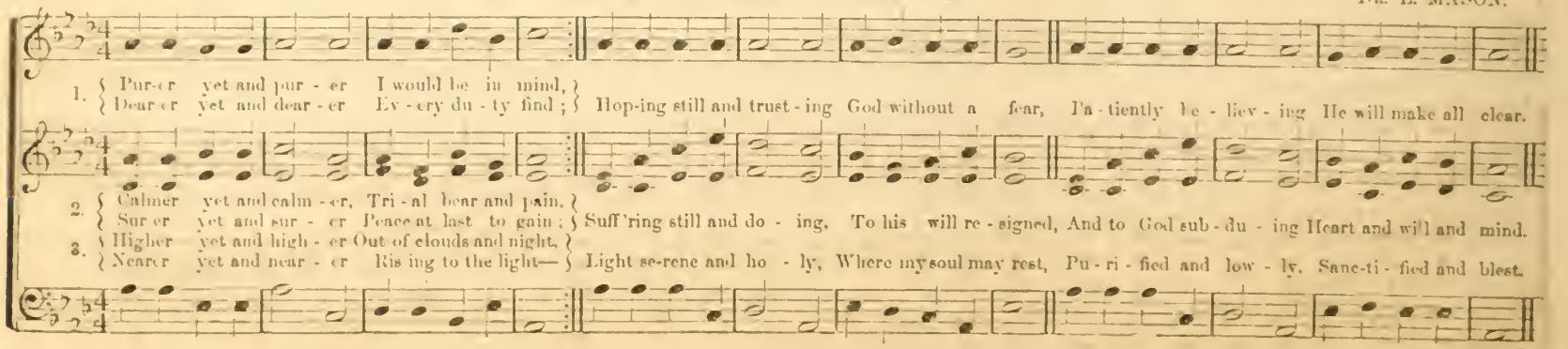

sing; Let ev-ery heart prepare him room, And heaven and na-ture sing; Let ev - ery heart pre-pare him room, And heaven and nature
joy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding
sing, And heaven and na- ture sing, And heaven and na - ture sing.
joy, Re - peat the sounding joy, Re - peat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He comes to make his blessings flow, He comes to make his
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He comes to make his blessings flow, He comes to make his





SEVERN. 6s & 5s.

Dr. L. MASON.



THE MISSIONARY'S CALL.

Words arranged from Rev. N. BROWN, Assam, Asia. Music by EDWARD HOWE, Jr.

1. My soul is not at rest.. There comes a strange and secret whisper to my	spirit.....	like a dream of.....	night.....	that tells me I am on en - - - -	chant - ed....	ground.
2. Why live I here? The vows of God are.....	on me.....	and I may not stop to play with shadows, or pluck earthly	flowers...	till I my work have done, and.....	rendered up ac-	count.
3. And I will.....	go!.....	I may no longer doubt to give up friends and idol.....	hopes...	and every tie that binds my heart to...	thee..... my...	country!
4. Henceforth, then, it matters not if storm or sunshine be mine.....	earthly lot..	bitter or sweet my.....	cup.....	I only pray, "God make me holy, and my spirit nerve for the stern...	hour.....of...	strife!"
5. And when I come to stretch me for the.....	last.....	in unattended agony, beneath the cocoa's.....	shade.....	it will be sweet that I have toiled for..	other worlds than.....	this.
6. And if one, for whom Satan hath struggled as he hath for.....	me.....	should ever reach that blessed..	shore.....	O how this heart will glow with.....	grat-itude and	love.

Vivace.—CHORUS after each of the first five verses. *cres.* *p*

The voice of my de - part - ed Lord, "Go teach all na - tions," Comes on the night air, and a - wakes mine ear.

The voice of my de - part - ed Lord, "Go teach all na - tions," Comes on the night air, and a - wakes mine ear.

f *CHORUS for last verse.*

Through a - ges of e - ter - nal years, My spir - it nev - er shall re - pent That toil and suffer - ing once were mine be - low

Through a- - ges of e - ter - nal years, My spir - it nev - er shall re - pent That toil and suffer - ing once were mine be - low.

ANTHEM. Bless the Lord, O my Soul.

WM. B. BRADBURY

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O.... my soul, And all that is with - in me, bless his ho - ly name. Bless the Lord, Bless the

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O.... my soul, And all that is with - in me, bless his ho - ly name. Bless the Lord,

Lord, O.... my soul, and for - get not all his ben - e - fits, and for - get not all his ben - e - fits. Who for - giv - eth all thine in-

Bless the Lord,

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and for - get not all his ben - e - fits, and for - get not all his ben - e - fits. Who for - giv - eth all thine in-

SENTENCE. I will lay me down in Peace.

FROM NEUKOMM.

Cres. *Dim.*

I will lay me down, lay me down in peace, and take my rest, and take my rest; For

- i - qui-ties, Who heal-eth all thy dis - eas- es, Who crowneth thee with loving kind- ness and ten - der mer-cies, Who crowneth thee with loving kind - ness and

- i - qui-ties, Who heal eth all thy dis - eas- es, Who crowneth thee with loving kind - ness and ten - der mer-cies, Who crowneth thee with loving kind - ness and

ten - der mer-cies. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness, Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.

ten - der mer-cies. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness, Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.

I WILL LAY ME DOWN IN PEACE. Concluded.

Cres. *f* *Dim.*

it is thou, it is thou, Lord, on - ly that mak - est me to dwell in safe - - - - ty.

HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK. Anthem.

SLOWLY. With Gentleness. MAY BE SUNG WHEN CHILDREN AND YOUTH ARE TAKEN INTO THE CHURCH. FROM ANTHEM THANKSGIVING.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, He shall ga-ther the lambs with his arms, And car-ry them in his bo-som, And

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, He shall ga-ther the lambs with his arms, And car-ry them in his bo-som, And

car-ry them in his bo-som, He shall feed his flock, He shall feed his flock, flock like a

car-ry them in his bo-som, He shall feed his flock, He shall feed his flock like a

He shall feed his flock, He shall feed his flock,

shepherd, He shall feed his flock, shall feed his flock like a shepherd, And ga-ther the lambs in his arms, And ga-ther the

shepherd, He shall feed his flock, shall feed his flock like a shepherd, And ga-ther the lambs in his arms, ...

And ga-ther the

p *pp* Rit. molto.

lambs in his arms, And ga - ther the lambs in his arms, The lambs in his arms.

And ga - ther the lambs in his arms,

And ga - ther the lambs in his arms, And ga - ther the lambs in his arms, The lambs in his arms.

lambs in his arms, And ga - ther the lambs in his arms,

COME UNTO HIM, AND HE WILL GIVE YOU REST.

SLOW. FOR THE OPENING, OR CLOSE OF SERVICE. FROM THE ANTHEM THANKSGIVING

m

Come un-to him, and he will give you rest, Oh, come un-to him, and he will give you rest, Oh, come un-to him,

Come un - to him, and he will give you rest,

Come un-to him, and he will give you rest, Oh, come un-to him, and he will give you rest, Come un-to him, and

Come un - to him, Oh, come un - to him,

f *m* *p* *pp*

Come,..... Oh, come, and he will give you rest, And he will give you rest, And he will give you rest, come, come, O come.

Oh, come, And he will give you rest.

f *p*

he will give you rest, Come, Oh, come, and he will give you rest, And he will give you rest, And he will give you rest, Come, come, O come.

Come,.... And he will give you rest.

ALLEGRO.

SALVATION! O THE JOYFUL SOUND.

J. M. PELTON.

f

Sal-va-tion! Sal-va-tion! O, the joyful sound! 'Tis plea-sure to our ears; A sovereign balm for ev-ery wound, A cor-dial

f *mf* *f*

Sal-va-tion! Sal-va-tion! O, the joyful sound! 'Tis plea-sure to our ears; A sovereign balm for ev-ery wound, A cor-dial

f *mf* *f*

p Slower *Tempo Primo. Cres.*

for our fears; Bu-ried in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;— But we a-rise by grace di-vine, To

for our fears; Bu-ried in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;— But we a-rise by grace di-vine, To

MODERATO.

SABBATH EVENING AT HOME.

T. J. COOK.

1. When Sab-bath bells have ceased their sounds, And hours of day are past, And twi-light draws its cur-tain round, And sha-dows gath-er fast—
2. That spot is home; its sa-cred walls Ad-mit no dis-cord then; Nor crowded marts, nor fes-tive halls, Nor gay-est haunts of men;
3. Home's well-loved group! its Sab-bath songs, Its tunes I seem to hear; Tho' borne full many a league a-long, They come dis-tinct and clear.

SALVATION! O THE JOYFUL SOUND. Concluded.

Dim. *f* *mf Cres.*

see a heaven-ly day. Sal-va-tion! Sal-va-tion! let the ech-o fly The spa-cious earth a-round; While all the

see a heaven-ly day. Sal-va-tion! Sal-va-tion, let the ech-o fly The spa-cious earth a-round; While all the

Cres. *f* *ff*

ar-mies of the skies, Conspire to raise the song, While all the ar-mies of the skies, Conspire to raise the song.

ar-mies of the skies, Conspire to raise the song, While all the ar-mies of the skies, Conspire to raise the song.

SABBATH EVENING AT HOME. Concluded.

There is one spot, and that a lone, Round which our hearts must cling, And fond-est mem-'ries, one by one, Their choic-est treas-ures bring.
Can know a joy so real and pure, None such to them is given: Might joys like these for aye en-dure, This earth were quite a heaven.
O Sab-bath night! O treas-ured home! Fond pride of mem-'ry's train— The thoughts of you, wher-e'er I roam, Shall bring my youth a-gain.

REST, SPIRIT, REST.

From "The Sabbath Bell."

Largo.

Quartet or Chorus.

Solo. Soprano.

Rest, rest, rest, spir - it, rest, In heav - en blest, Rest, rest, spir - it, rest, Rest, spir - it, rest;

Rest, rest, rest, rest, spir - it. rest, rest; In heav - en blest, Rest, rest, spir - it, rest, *Ist.*

Thou art fled, To realms of end - less day; In heav - en blest, By warb - ling choirs of se - raphs led;

Quartet or Chorus. *Tenor.*

Soar, spir - it, soar a - way; Rest, spir - it, rest; Rest, rest, rest. spir - it, rest, In heav-en blest; Rest, rest, spir - it, rest!

Soprano.

Alto.

Rest, rest, rest, rest, spir - it, rest, rest; In heav-en blest; Rest, rest, spir - it, rest, rest.

REST, SPIRIT, REST. Concluded.

SOLO. SOPRANO.

Soar, spir - it, soar..... spir - it, soar, In heav - en blest..... spir - it, rest,

SOPRANO, ALTO, OR 2D SOPRANO.

Soar, spir - it, soar, soar, spir - it, soar, In heav - en blest. soar, spir - it,

TENORE, BASSO.

rest, rest, spir - it, rest, In heav - en blest, rest, rest, spir - it, rest.

soar, spir - it, soar; Rest, spir - it, rest, rest, rest, blest spir - it, rest.

Andante con expressione.

QUARTET. Morn is the Time to Pray.

I. B. WOODBURY,

FOR MALE VOICES.

1. Morn is the time to pray, Before the cares of day Steal on the hours, Just when the saffron hue Tinges the Eastern blue, Spangling the early dew On fragrant flowers.
2. Noon is the time to pray, 'Mid busy scenes of day, We need it more; 'Tis then the heavenly Dove May test our plighted love, His snowy pinions move And from us soar.
3. Eve is the time to pray, Just when the tints of day Die in the West, When violets sweetly weep, And weary zephyrs sleep, Upon the mighty deep, In quiet rest.

Very spirited.

GLORY TO GOD. Anthem for Christmas.

Play the first four measures as an introductory Symphony.

ARRANGED FROM CIMAROSA.

Glo-ry to God in the highest, in the highest, Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry to God in the high-est, Glo-ry to

Unison.

Glo-ry to God in the highest, Glo-ry to God in the highest,

Glo-ry to God in the highest, in the highest, Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry to God in the high-est, Glo-ry to

Cres. *ff* *Dim.* *Cres.*

God in the highest, in the highest, in the highest, And on earth peace, good will, good will.....

in the high-est, in the high-est, And on earth peace, And on earth peace, good will, good will..... Glo-ry to God in the

God in the highest, in the highest, in the high est, And on earth peace, And on earth peace, good will, good will.....

Slow and with expression.

AS FOR MAN. For the Close of the Year.

FROM "LIBER MUSICUS."

m *Cres.* *p* *Cres.*

As for man, his days are as the grass; As a flow'r of the field, so he flourish-eth; for the wind pass-eth o-ver it and it is

m

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST. Concluded.

f *ff*

Glo-ry to God in the highest, Glo-ry to God in the high-est, Glo-ry to God in the high-est, Glo-ry be to God in the high - - est.

high-est, Glo-ry to God ..... in the high-est, Glo-ry to God in the high-est, Glo-ry be to God in the high - - est.

f *ff*

Glo-ry to God in the highest, Glo-ry to God in the high-est, Glo-ry to God in the high-est, Glo-ry be to God in the high - - est.

(10th P. M.) **MATSON. 8s.** M. W. HANCHETT.

In - spir - er and hear-er of prayer, Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine; My all to thy cov - e - nant care I, sleep-ing or wak-ing, re - sign.

In - spir - er and hear-er of prayer, Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine; My all to thy cov - e - nant care I, sleep-ing or wak-ing, re - sign.

AS FOR MAN. Concluded.

cres. *dim.* more..... *rit.* *ppp*

no more.....

gone, gone, gone; and the place there - of shall know it no more, shall know it no more, no more, no more.

ANTHEM. Hear, O my People.

JAMES M. NORTH,
Teacher of Music, State Normal School, Albany, N. Y.

Hear, O my peo - ple, O my people, and I will speak, O Is - ra-el, and I will tes - ti - fy a - gainst thee, and I will tes-ti - fy a -

Hear, O my peo - ple, O my people, and I will speak, O Is - ra-el, and I will tes - ti - fy a - gainst thee, and I will tes- ti- fy a -

- gainst thee. I am God, I am God, E-ven thy God, Even thy God, Even thy God.....

E - ven thy God,.....

- gainst thee. I am God, I am God, E-ven thy God, Even thy God, E-ven thy God,

E - ven thy God, thy God, E - ven thy

DEVOTIONALLY.

SENTENCE. Search me, O God.

J. E. B.

Search me, O God, Search me, O God, Search me, O God, and know my heart; Search me..Search me, O God, Search me..Search me, O God,

HEAR, O MY PEOPLE. Concluded.

E - ven thy God, I will not reprove thee, re-prove thee, re-prove thee. For thy sa - cri-fice or thy burnt offerings.

E - ven thy God, I will not reprove thee, re-prove thee, re-prove thee. For thy sa - cri-fice or thy burnt offerings.

God, thy God. I will not re - prove thee, will not re - prove thee, will not re-prove thee.

Rall.

Hear, O my peo-ple, and I will speak, O Is - ra-el, and I will tes-ti - fy a - gainst thee; I am God, E - ven thy God.

Hear, O my peo-ple, and I will speak, O Is - ra-el, and I will tes-ti - fy a - gainst thee; I am God, E - ven thy God.

SEARCH ME, O GOD. Concluded.

Search me, O God, and try my heart, Try me, and know my ways, Try me, Try me, Try me, and know my thoughts, know my thoughts.

MODERATO.

GOD OF EVENING. Solo Soprano, and Chorus.

A. MINE.

CHORUS IN UNISON.

God of eve - ning and of morn-ing, Bound - less

Source of light and love, Now the light is sweet - ly dawn - ing, Shine up - on us from a - bove.

SOLI. *dol.*

Sa - viour, keep us, and be

near us, Where we go, or where we be; Sa - viour keep us, and be

near us, Till we rise to dwell with thee. *p* O, deign to hear us, *ff* O, deign to hear us,

O, deign to hear us deign to hear us, *p* O, deign to

hear us while we pray, O, deign to hear us, *f* deign to hear us while we pray. *p* A - men.

hear us while we pray, O, deign to hear us, *f* deign to hear us, deign to hear us while we pray. *p* A - men.

HYMN ANTHEM. Christian, the Morn.

JOHN ZUNDEL.
By permission from the "Monthly Choir."

Soprano and Alto—*Soli.*

1. Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the midnight sha - dows flee; Tinged are the distant skies with glo - ry, A bea - con light hung out for thee.

Inst.

f Chorus.

Arise, arise! the light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is graven on the throne; Thy home is in the world of glory, Where the Redeemer reigns alone, Where the Redeemer reigns alone.

Arise, arise! the light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is graven on the throne; Thy home is in the world of glory, Where the Redeemer reigns alone, Where the Redeemer reigns alone.

Female Voices

2. Tossed on time's rude, re-lent-less surges, Calmly, composed and dauntless stand, For lo! beyond those scenes emerges The lights that bound the prom-ised land.

f Chorus.

Behold, behold, the land is nearing, When the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er; Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering, See in what throngs they range the shore, See in what, &c.

f

Behold, behold, the land is nearing, When the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er; Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering, See in what throngs they range the shore, See in what, &c.

Male Voices. Dolce. *f*

3. Cheer up! cheer up! the day breaks o'er thee, Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray; The star-gemmed crowns and realms of glory Invite the hap - py soul a - way.

f Chorus.

Away, away! leave all for glory, Thy name is graven on the throne, Thy home is in that world of glory, Where the Redeemer reigns alone, Where the Redeemer reigns alone.

Away, away! leave all for glory, Thy name is graven on the throne, Thy home is in that world of glory, Where the Redeemer reigns alone, Where the Redeemer reigns alone.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

Allegretto

GEORGE KINGSLEY. By permission.

Hark! Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing. Glo - ry to the new-born King

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King.....

Hark! Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing. Glo - ry to the new-born King.

Glo - ry to the new - born King, Glo - ry to the new - born King; Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled;

Glo - ry to the new - born King, Glo - ry to the new - born King; Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled;

SING A SWEET, MELODIOUS MEASURE. Quartett & Chorus.

1. Sing a sweet, melodious measure, While enchanting [illegible] Home, a home replete with pleasure, Home, a grateful theme resound! Home, sweet home, an am - ply treasure, Home, sweet home, an
2. Leave, my [illegible] by learning, Leave thy task so hard to [illegible], Leave thy labor ease returning; Leave this bosom, O my care. Home, &c
3. Now the swallow seeks her dwelling, And no longer roves to roam; Her example thus impelling, Let us seek our native home. Home, &c.
4. O, what rapture, O what bliss, When we gain the lovely gate, Mother's arms and mother's kisses, There our blest arrival wait. Home, &c.

Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise, Join the triumph of the skies, With th'angel - ic host proclaim.

Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies, With th'an-gel - ic host proclaim,

Joy - ful all ye hosts proclaim, Join the triumph of the skies, With th'angel - ic host proclaim,

ff DUET.—*Andantino. mf*

Christ is born in Beth - le - hem. Christ, by heaven-ly hosts a - dor'd, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord, Late in time be - hold him come,

ff *mf*

Christ is born in Beth - le - hem. Christ, by heaven-ly hosts a - dor'd, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord, Late in time be - hold him come,

SING A SWEET, MELODIOUS MEASURE. Concluded.

Home, sweet home.

am -ple trea-sure, Home, perpet - ual source of plea - sure, Home with eve-ry bless-ing crown'd, Home, a no - ble strain re-sound. Home, sweet home,

Home, sweet home.

Home, sweet home.

Off - spring of the Vir - gin's womb.

Veil'd in flesh the God - head see; Hail th'in - car - nate De - i - ty; Pleased as man with man to dwell,

Off - spring of the Vi - gin's womb;

CHORUS. *f*

Risen with healing on his wings, Risen with healing on his wings, Life and light to all he brings, Life and light to all he brings;

Je - sus now Im - man - u - el; Risen with healing on his wings, Life and light to all he brings;

Risen with healing on his wings, Risen with healing on his wings, Life and light to all he brings, Life and light to all he brings;

SPEAK GENTLY TO THE ERRING. Quartette.

Emphatically, with strong accent.

I. B. W.

1 Speak gent - ly to the err - ing— Ye know not all the power With which the dark tempta-tion came, In some unguard-ed hour: Ye may not know how
2 Speak gent - ly of the err - ing— Oh! do not thou for - get, How-ev - er dark - ly stained by sin, He is thy broth-er yet. Heir of the self - same

Hail! hail! hail! Hail! hail! hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail! hail! hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hark! Hark! the

Hail! hail! hail! The Sun of Righteousness! Hail! hail! hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail! hail! hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing,

Hark! Hark! the

her-ald an-gels sing, Hark! the herald an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King, Glo-ry to the new-born King, Glo-ry.

Hark! the herald an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King, Glo-ry to the newborn King, Glo-ry.

her-ald an-gels sing. Hark! the herald an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King, Glo-ry to the new-born King, Glo-ry.

SPEAK GENTLY TO THE ERRING. Concluded.

earnest-ly They struggled, or how well; Un-til the hour of weakness came, And sadly thus they fell.
her-it-age, Child of the self-same God, He hath but stumbled in the path, Thou hast in weakness trod.

3

Speak kindly to the erring—
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace are gone
Without thy censure rough.
It surely is a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear;
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

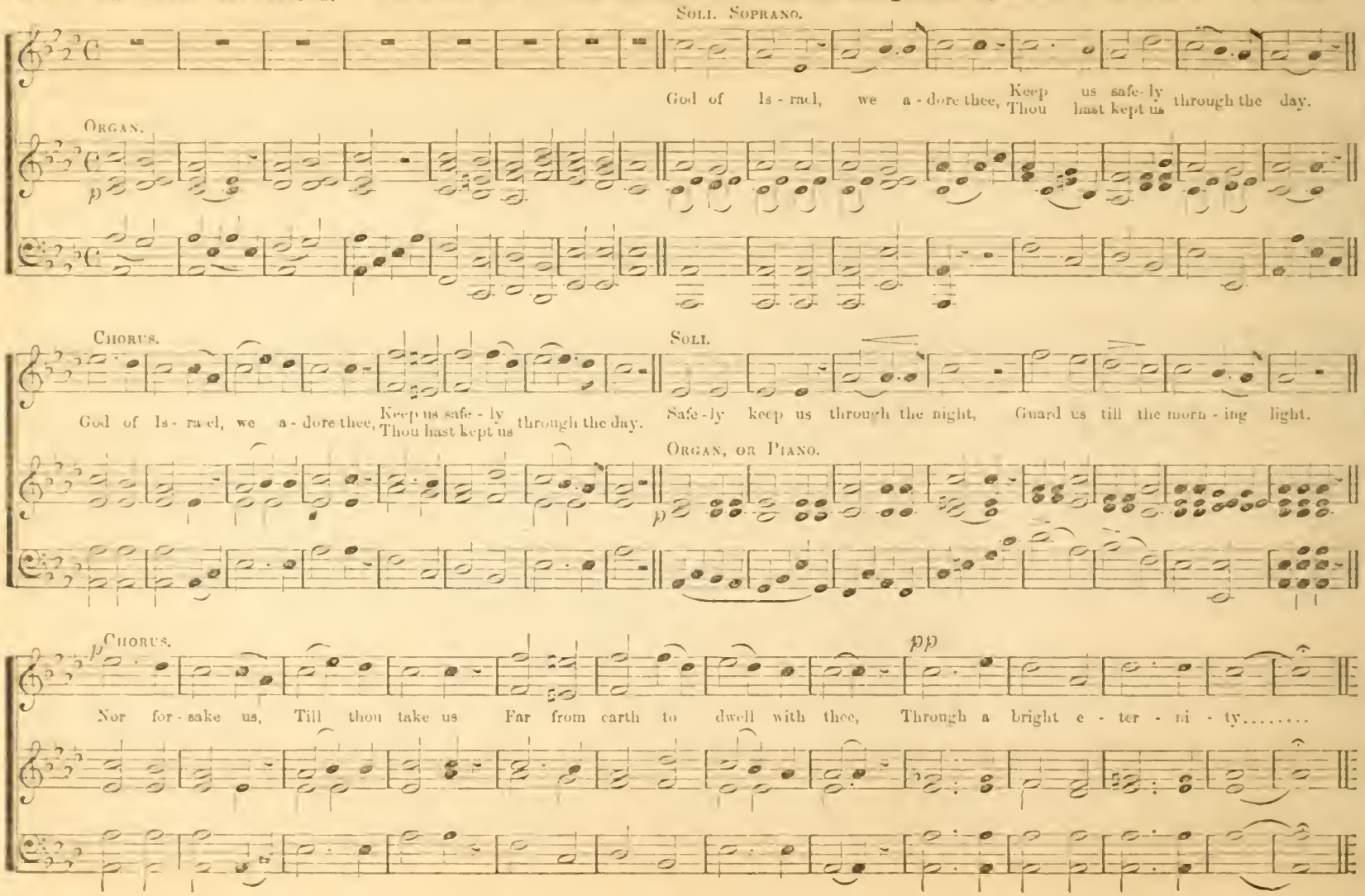
4

Speak kindly to the erring—
Thou yet mayst lead him back,
With holy words and tears of love
From mis'ry's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be;
Deal kindly with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee.

RELIGIOSO ESPRESSIVO.

GOD OF ISRAEL. Solo Soprano, and Chorus.

A. MINE.



HOLY LORD GOD OF HOSTS.

EASTER.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord; Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of hosts, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Heaven and earth are

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord; Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of hosts, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Heaven and earth are full, are
Heaven and earth are

full of thy glo - ry. Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord most high. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord most high.

full of thy glo - ry. Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord most high. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord most high.

full, are full of thy glo - ry. Glo - ry be to thee, &c.

HYMN. "Heart be still." 3s & 7s.

WORDS FROM THE GERMAN.

1. Heart be still! In the darkness of thy woe, Bow thee si - lent - ly and low; Comes to thee whate 'er God will; Be thou still! Be..... thou still.

2. Be thou still! Vainly all thy words are spoken, Till the word of God hath broken Life's dark mysteries, good or ill, Be thou still, Be..... thou still.

3. Sleep thou still! 'Tis thy Father's work of grace Wait thou yet before his face, He thy sure de-liverance will; Keep thou still! Keep ..... thou still.

DOXOLOGY. Glory to the Lord.

ALLA BREVE. Words by Prof. F. S. JEWELL. Music by J. M. NORTH.

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry to the Lord, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, to our fall - en race; Glo - ry, Glo - ry, for his pre - cious

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry to the Lord, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, to our fall - en race; Glo - ry, Glo - ry, for his pre - cious

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry to the Lord, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, to our fall - en race; Glo - ry, Glo - ry, for his pre - cious

word, Glo - ry for his match-less grace.

word, Glo - ry for his match-less grace. Glo - ry to the Spirit bring, Glo - ry to the Sa - viour be, Glo - ry to the Fa - ther

Adagio. Duet.

word Glo - ry for his match-less grace. Glo - ry to the Spirit bring, Glo - ry to the Sa - viour be, Glo - ry to the Fa - ther

Inst.

(7th P. M.) **HYMN. While with Ceaseless Course the Sun. 7s. Double.** (Benevento.)

mp ANDANTE. *cres.* *dim* S. WEBBE.

1. While with cease - less course the sun Has - ted thro' the for - mer year, Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here.
2. Spared to see an - oth - er year, Let thy bless-ing meet us here, Come, thy dy - ing work re - vive, Bid thy droop - ing gar - den thrive;

GLORY TO THE LORD. Concluded.

Alla Breve.

Trio.

Glo-ry to..... the three in One. Glo - - ry, Glo - ry to the Spirit bring.

King, Glo-ry to..... the three in One. Glo - ry,.... Glo - ry,..... to the Spirit bring. Glo - ry...

King, Glo-ry to..... the three in One. Glo - - ry, Glo - ry to the Spirit bring.

Glo - ry..... Glo - ry,..... to the Spirit bring. Glo - ry...

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, to the Sa - viour be, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, to the Fa-ther King. Glo - ry to the three in One.

..... Glo - ry..... to the Sa - viour be, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, to the Fa-ther King, Glo - ry to the three in One.

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, to the Sa - viour be, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, to the Fa-ther King, Glo - ry to the three in One.

..... Glo - ry,.....

WHILE WITH CEASELESS COURSE THE SUN. Concluded.

mp *m* Cres. Dim.

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low; We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle none can know.
Sun of righ-teous-ness, a - rise! Warm our hearts and bless our eyes: Let our prayer thy pit - y move; Make this year a time of love.

CHORUS. Hail, Great Creator.

From the "Harmony of the Spheres," by ROMBERG.

FAST and SPIRITED.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hail! great Crea - tor, Thine is the glo - ry, Thine is the glo - ry, Thine the glo - ry, Be thine the praise, Thine the

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hail! great Crea - tor. Thine is the glo - ry, Thine is the glo - ry, Thine the glo - ry, Be thine the praise, Thine the

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hail! great Crea - tor, Thine is the glo - ry, Thine is the glo - ry, Thine the glo - ry, Be thine the praise, Thine the

glo - ry, Be thine the praise; Worlds ce - les - tial, Thy works ter - res - trial, Worlds ce - les - tial, Thy works ter - res - trial, Proclaim thee, Pro-claim thee

glo - ry, Be thine the praise; Worlds ce - les - tial, Thy works ter - res - trial, Proclaim thee, Pro-claim thee

glo - ry, Be thine the praise; Worlds ce - les - tial, Thy works ter - res - trial, Worlds ce - les - tial, Thy works ter - res - trial, Proclaim thee, Pro-claim thee

SENTENCE. Incline your Ear.

T. E. PERKINS

In - cline your ear and come un - to me; Hear, and your souls shall live, hear, and your souls shall live, and

Al - mighty, An-cient of Days, Almighty! Thine be the praise, Almighty! Thine be the praise. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hail! great Crea - tor! Thine is the

Al - mighty, An-cient of Days, Al - mighty! Thine be the praise. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hail! great Crea - tor! Thine is the

Al - mighty, An-cient of Days, Almighty! Thine be the praise, Almighty! Thine be the praise. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hail! great Crea - tor! Thine is the

glo - ry, Thine is the glo - ry, Thine the glo - ry, Be thine the praise, Thine the glo - ry, be thine the praise, Thine the glo - ry, Be

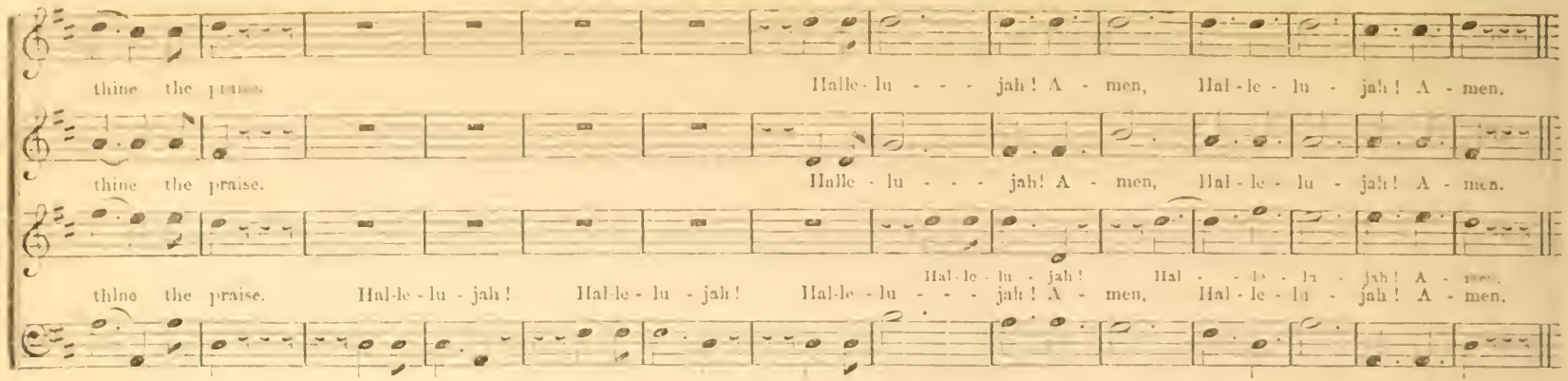
glo - ry, Thine is the glo - ry, Thine the glo - ry, Be thine the praise, Thine the glo - ry, be thine the praise, Thine the glo - ry, Be

glo - ry, Thine is the glo - ry, Thine the glo - ry, Be thine the praise, Thine the glo - ry, be thine the praise, Thine the glo - ry, Be

INCLINE YOUR EAR. Concluded.

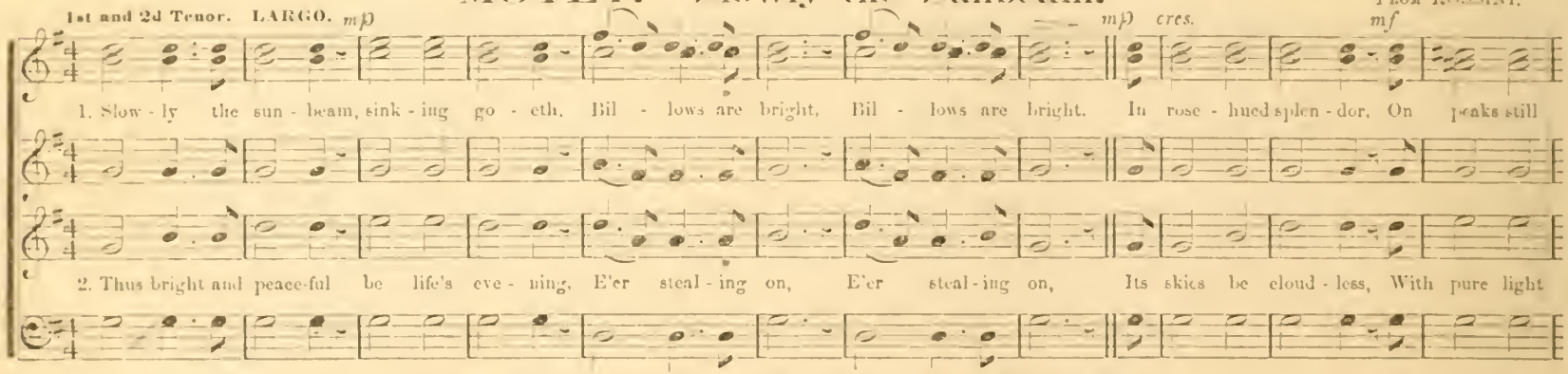
I will make an ev - er - last - ing cov - e - nant with you, e - ven the sure, the sure mer - cies of Da - vid, A - men.

HAIL, GREAT CREATOR. Concluded.



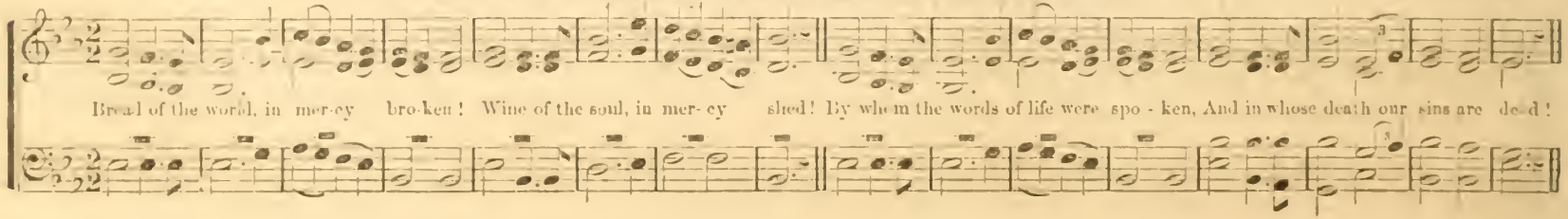
MOTET. Slowly the Sunbeam.

From ROSSINI.



HYMN BEFORE SACRAMENT.

J. M. PELTON.



SLOWLY THE SUNBEAM. Concluded.

dim. *cres.*

glow - eth, The clear lingering light, The clear lingering light. Hear sweet bells of eve - ning peal - ing, The vis - ions of rest soft re -

dim *cres.*

glow - ing, Set calm - ly its sun, Set calm - ly its sun. Light of heaven, dis - pell - ing sor - row, Fore - tell - ing a glo - rious to -

mf *mp* *p* *pp*

- veal - - - ing, In si - - - lent night, In si - - - lent night, In si - - - lent night, In si - - - lent night.

mf *mp* *p* *pp*

- mor - - - row, Of ho - - - ly rest, Of ho - - ly rest, Of ho - - - ly rest, Of ho - - - ly rest.

pp

Of ho ly rest, Of ho - ly rest, Of ho - ly rest, Of ho - ly rest.

HYMN BEFORE SACRAMENT. Concluded.

Look on the heart by sor - row bro - ken, Look on the tears by sinners shed, And be thy feast to us the to - ken That by thy grace our souls are fed.

ABIDE WITH US.

W. B. B.

1. A - bide with me, fast falls the e - - ven - tide; The dark - ness thick - ens, Lord, with me a - - bide. When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day, Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I
3. I need thy pres - - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour, What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like thy - self my guide and stay can
4. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes, Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies. Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain sh a - dows

flee, Help of the help - - less, O, a - bide with me, Help of the help - - less, O, a - bide with me.
see, Thou, who ne'er chang - - est, O, a - bide with me, Thou, who ne'er chang - - est, O, a - bide with me.
be? Thro' cloud and sun - - shine, O, a - bide with me, Thro' cloud and sun - - shine, O, a - bide with me.
flee, In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me. In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

SENTENCE. The Lord is in His Holy Temple.

W. B. B.

The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, Let all the earth keep sil - ence.

Be-

1. Through the day thy love has spared us; Now we lay us down to rest; Through the si - lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our

2. Pil - grims here on earth, and strangers, Dwell - ing in the midst of foes.— Us and ours pre - serve from dan - gers, In thine arms, let

Cres. *Dim.* *Ritard*

peace mo - lest; Je - sus! thou our guar - dian be, Sweet it is to trust in thee, Sweet it is to trust, to trust in thee. trust in thee.

heaven, in heaven at last.

us re - pose, And, when life's short day is past, Rest with thee, in heaven, at last, Rest with thee, in heaven, at last.

SENTENCE. The Lord is in His Holy Temple. Concluded.

Keep si - lence be - fore him.....

Keep si - lence be - fore him, Let all the earth keep si - lence be - fore, keep si - lence, keep si - lence be - fore him.

- fore him, be - fore him, be - fore him, keep si - lence be - fore him.

HOSANNA. BLESSED IS HE. Duet and Chorus.

Rev. C. GREGOR.

DUET.

Ho - san - na, bless-ed is he that comes, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na,

Ho - san - na, bless - ed is he that comes, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, bless-ed is

ACCOMPANIMENT.

bless-ed is he that comes, he that comes in the name of the Lord. Ho - san na, bless-ed is he that

he that comes, he that comes in the name of the Lord. Ho - san - na, bless - ed is he that comes,

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. (QUARTET AND CHORUS.)

I. B. WOODBURY.

m *cres.* *m*

The Lord is my Shep - herd, I shall not want; he mak-eth me to lie down in green pas - tures, He lead-eth me, he lead-eth me, he

HOSANNA, BLESSED IS HE. Continued.

comes, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na, Ho -

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san-na in the high - est, in the high - est, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na,

CHORUS. *f* *p*

san - na in the highest, Ho - san - na in the high - est..... Ho - san - na, bless - ed..... is he that comes, Ho - san - na, bless - ed, bless-ed is he that

Ho - san - na, bless - ed, blessed is he that comes, Ho-san - na, bless - ed, bless-ed is he, &c.

f *p*

Ho - san - na in the high - est..... Ho - san - na, bless - ed is he that comes, Ho-san - na, bless - ed is he that

Ho - san - na, bless - ed, bless-ed is he that comes,

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. Continued.

dim. *cres.* *f* *dim.* *cres.* *f*

leadeth me, he leadeth me be - side the still wa - ters, he re - stor - eth, re - stor - eth my soul, he leadeth me, he leadeth me in the paths of

HOSANNA, BLESSED IS HE. Concluded.

f *ff*

comes, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, bless - ed is he that comes in the name of the Lord, in the

f

comes, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, bless-ed is he that comes,..... he that comes in the name of the Lord, in the

Bless-ed is he that comes, &c.

p *p* *f*

name of the Lord. Ho - san - na, bless-ed is he that comes, Ho - san - na, bless - ed is he that comes, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the

p *p* *f* Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san-na in, &c.

name of the Lord. Ho - san - na, bless-ed is he that comes, Ho - san - na, bless - ed is he that comes, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san-na in the

p *f*

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na,.... &c.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. Continued.

dim. *m* *cres.* *dim.* *m*

righteousness, for his name's sake. Yea, tho' I walk, tho' I walk thro' the val - ley, the val - ley of the shad - ow of death, of death, I will

HOSANNA, BLESSED IS HE. Continued.

ff high-est, in the high - est. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, *p* Ho - san - na in the

ff high-est, in the high - est. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, SYMPHONY. *p* Ho - san - na in the

f high-est, Ho - san - na in the high - - - - est, *p* Ho - san - na in the high-est, *ff* Ho - san - na in the high - - - est.

f high-est, Ho - san - na in the high - - - - est, *p* Ho - san - na in the high-est, *ff* Ho - san - na in the high - - - est,

Ho - san - na in the high - - - - - - - - - - - - est,

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. Concluded.

cres. fear, will fear no e - vil, *f* for thy rod and thy staff they com-fort me, they comfort me, they comfort me, they comfort, *dim.* *m* *cres.* *p* com - fort me..... *ppp*

HOW BEAUTIFUL IN ZION.

T. E. P.

How beau - ti - ful in Zi - on, Up - on the moun-tain's brow, The com - ing of the Mes - sen - ger To cheer the plains be - low. How

How beau - ti - ful in Zi - on, Up - on the moun-tain's brow, The com - ing of the Mes - sen - ger To cheer the plains be - low. How

Fine.

beau - ti - ful in Zi - on, Up - on the moun-tain's brow, The com - ing of the Mes - sen - ger To cheer the plains be - low.

beau - ti - ful in Zi - on, Up - on the moun-tain's brow, The com - ing of the Mes - sen - ger To cheer the plains be - low.

CHANT. Thy Will be done.

Dr. Mason.

1. "Thy will be done!" In devious way The hurrying stream of life may run Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, ... "Thy will be done."
2. "Thy will be done!" If o'er us shine a gladdening and a... prosperous sun, This prayer will make it more divine—..... "Thy will be done."
3. "Thy will be done!" Though shrouded o'er Our..... path with gloom one comfort—one is ours: to breathe, while we adore, "Thy will be done."

Note.—Close by repeating the last two [illegible] "Thy will be done."

HOW BEAUTIFUL IN ZION. Concluded.

Return here after D. C.

Em - bas - sa - dor of par - don From an in - jured King of kings, Glad tid - ings of sal - va - tion To a ru - ined world he brings.

Em - bas - sa - dor of par - don From an in - jured King of kings, Glad tid - ings of sal - va - tion To a ru - ined world he brings.

SOLI.

How beau - - - ti - ful! How beau - - - ti - ful! The com - ing of the Mes - sen - ger To cheer the plains be - low.

CHORUS —*Tenor.*

How beau - ti - ful! How beau - ti - ful! The com - ing, &c.

How beau - ti - ful in Zi - on, Up - on the mountain's brow, The com - ing of the Mes - sen - ger To cheer the plains be - low.

How beau - ti - ful! How beau - ti - ful! The com - ing, &c.

CHANT. The Lord is my Shepherd. *

1. The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. { 2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me be- - - side the still.... waters. A - - - men.

3. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me
In the paths of righteousness for his | name's—| sake.
4. Yea, tho' I walk thro' the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy | staff they | comfort | me.
5. Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My | cup runneth | over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
All the days of my life;
And I shall dwell in the | house of the | Lord for- | ever.

ANTHEM. "Teach me thy way, O Lord."

Wm. O. Butcher.

Largo.

Teach me thy way,..... O Lord; I will walk in thy truth;

mp

Teach me thy way, teach me thy way,

Teach me thy way,..... O Lord; I will walk in the truth;

Con Spirito. Chorus.

U - nite my heart to fear.... thy name.

f

I will praise thee, O Lord, my God, with

cres.....

I will praise thee, I will praise thee, with

U - nite my heart to fear.... thy name. I will praise thee, I will praise thee, I will praise thee, O Lord, my God, with

I will praise thee, O Lord,

"Ho! Every one that Thirsteth."

T. J. COOK.

Ho! ev - ery one that thirst - eth. Ho! ev - ery one that thirst - eth, Come ye to the wa - - ters, Come and buy.

all my heart, I will praise thee, I will praise thee, O Lord, my God, with all my heart, and I will

ff *mez.*

all my heart, I will praise.....

all my heart, I will praise thee, I will praise thee, O Lord, my God, with all my heart, and I will

ff

I will praise.....

Adagio.

glo - ri - fy, I will glo - ri - fy, I will glo - ri - fy thy name, thy name for ev - er more, Thy name, thy name for ev - er more.

Cres. *f* *mp*

glo - ri - fy, I will glo - ri - fy, I will glo - ri - fy thy name, thy name for ev - er more, Thy name, thy name for ev - er more.

"Ho! Every one that Thirsteth." Concluded.

Come with - out mo - ney, Come with - out price, Come, ev - ery one that thirst-eth, Yes, come and buy, Come, come, come.

ARDENT.

O, how beautiful, how beau ti ful thy gar-ments, O .... Zi-on! O Zi - - on! how beauti-ful, O Zi-on!

O, how beautiful, how beau-ti ful thy gar-ments, O..... Zi-on! how beautiful, how beautiful, how beauti-ful, O Zi-on!

m *f* *dim.*

O, how beautiful, how beau ti ful thy gar-ments, O .. Zi-on! O..... Zi-on! how beautiful, how beautiful, O Zi-on!

cres. *rit.* *ff* *tempo.*

m *cres.*

They shall pros-per that love.. thee, They shall pros-per that love..... thee, shall prosper, shall prosper, They shall prosper that love thee!

They shall pros-per that love... thee, They shall pros-per that love..... thee, shall prosper, shall prosper, They shall prosper that love thee!

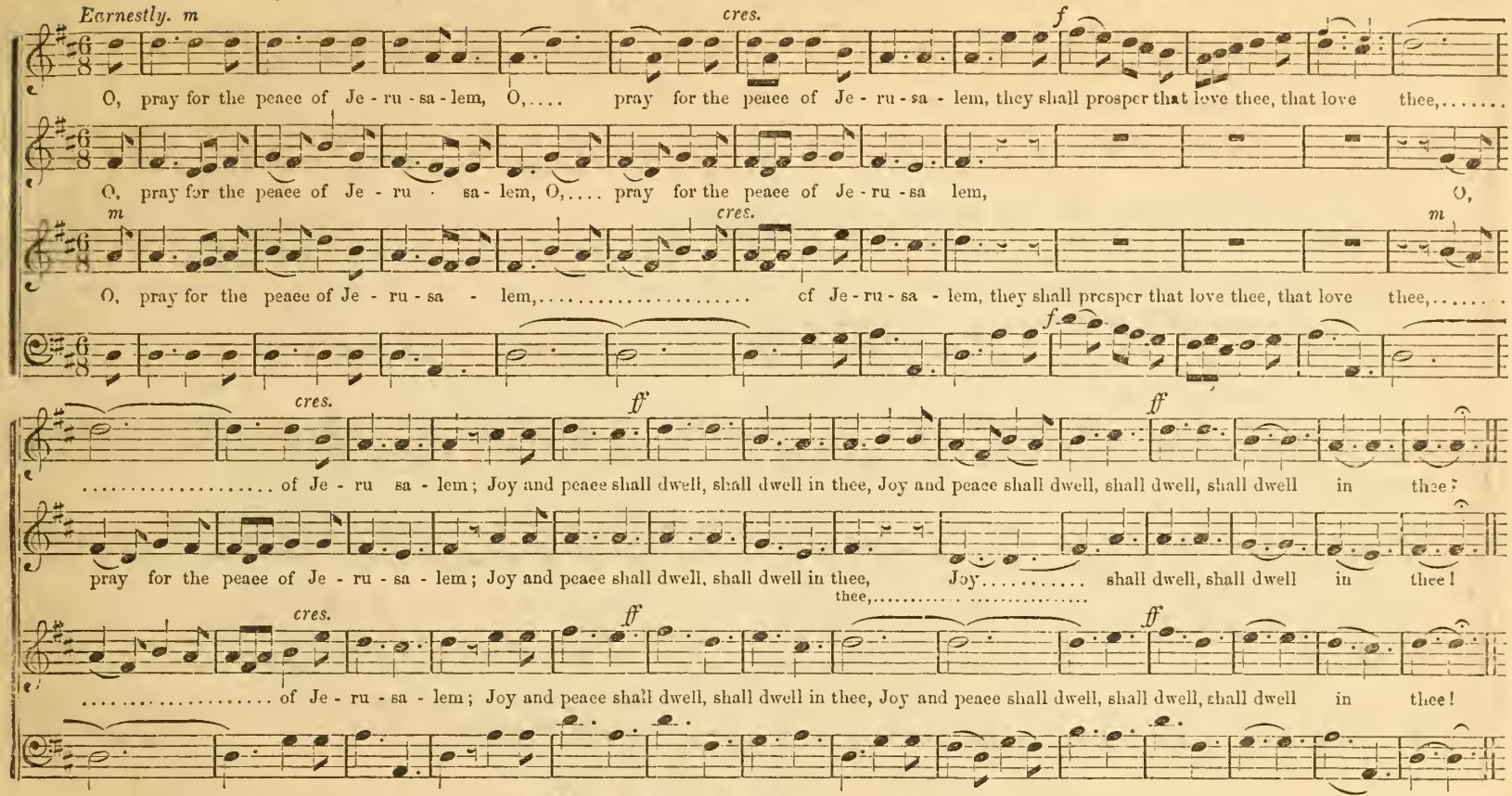
m *cres.* *p* *rit.* *ff* *tempo.*

They shall pros-per that love... thee, They shall pros per that love..... thee, shall prosper, shall prosper, They shall prosper that love thee!

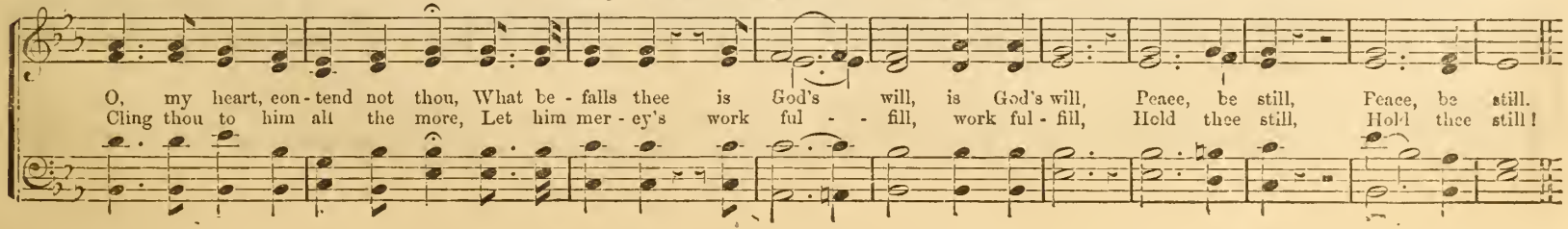
PEACE, BE STILL.

JAS. M. NORTH. FROM "ORIENTAL G. AND A. BOOK.

1. Peace, be still! Peace, be still! In this night of sor-row bow, O, my heart, con-tend not thou,
2. Hold thee still! Hold thee still! Though the Fa-ther scourge thee sore, Cling thou to him all the more,



PEACE, BE STILL. Concluded.



HYMN ANTHEM. Wake the Song of Jubilee.

T. J. Cook.

FOR MISSIONARY AND OTHER OCCASIONS.

Moderate, but spirited.

f

Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song of Ju-bi-lee, Let it ech-o, ech-o o'er the sea, let it ech-o o'er the sea. Wake the song of Ju-bi-lee,

1st sop.

f

2d sop.

Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song of Ju-bi-lee, Let it ech-o, ech-o o'er the sea, let it ech-o o'er the sea. Wake the song of Ju-bi-lee,

p *f* *p* Quartette.

Wake the song of Ju-bi-lee, Let it ech-o, ech-o o'er the sea, Let it ech-o, ech-o o'er the sea, Let it ech-o, Let it ech-o,

p

f *p*

Wake the song of Ju-bi-lee, Let it ech-o, ech-o o'er the sea, Let it ech-o, ech-o o'er the sea, Let it ech-o, Let it ech-o,

p

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

From "Modern Harp." *By Permission.*

Moderato. *p*

Our Fa-ther who art in heaven. Hal-low-ed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this

p

f Chorus. *p* Quartette. *f* Chorus. *Fine.* *mf* *f*

ech-o o'er the sea, ech-o o'er the sea, Let it ech o o'er the sea..... Now is come the promised hour, Je-sus reigns with sovereign pow'r; Now the desert

f *p* *f* *mf* *f*

ech-o o'er the sea, ech-o o'er the sea, Let it ech-o o'er the sea..... Now is come the promised hour, Je-sus reigns with sovereign pow'r; Now the desert

m *f*

lands re-joice, re-joice, re-joice, re-joice, And the islands join their voice, join their voice; And the whole cre-a-tion rings, Christ the Lord is King of kings;

m *f*

lands re-joice, re-joice, re-joice, re-joice, And the islands join their voice, join their voice; And the whole cre-a-tion rings, Christ the Lord is King of kings;

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Continued.

pp

day our dai-ly bread. And for-give us our tres-pass-es, as we for-give them that tres-pass a-gainst us. And lead us not in-to temp-

Wake the Song of Jubilee. Concluded.

L. C.

And the whole cre-a - tion rings, Christ the Lord is King of kings; And the whole cre-a - tion rings, Christ the Lord is King of kings, Christ the Lord is King of kings.

And the whole cre-a - tion rings, Christ the Lord is King of kings; And the whole cre-a - tion rings, Christ the Lord is King of kings, Christ the Lord is King of kings.

HYMN. How sweet to be allowed to pray.

J. E. Gould.

Andante.

1. How sweet to be al - lowed to pray To God the Ho - ly One, With fil - ial love and trust to say, O God, thy will be done
2. We in these sa - cred words can find A cure for ev - ery ill; They calm and soothe the trou - bled mind, And bid all care be still.

3. Oh! let that will, which gave me breath And an im - mor - tal soul, In joy or grief, in life or death, My ev - ery wish con - trol.
4. Oh! teach my heart the bless - ed way To im - i - tate thy Son! Teach me, O Lord, in truth to pray, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Concluded.

Cres *ff* *Dim.* *p*

ta - tion; But de - liv - er us from e - vil. For thine is the king - dom, and the pow - er, and the glo - ry, for ev - er and ev - er. A - men.

OPENING PIECE. Holy! holy! Sacred Day of Rest! J. M. Pelton.

Cres. *f*

Ho - ly! ho - ly! Sacred day of rest! Holy! holy! Day our Maker blest! Far away earth's cares depart, Holy peace fill every heart; While our voices joyful raise Songs to

Cres. *f*

Ho - ly! ho - ly! Sacred day of rest! Holy! holy! Day our Maker blest! Far away earth's cares depart, Holy peace fill every heart; While our voices joyful raise Songs to

Rit.

our Redeemer's praise, For the bounties of his love, Gently falling from above; For his mercies freely given, And the glorious hope of heaven: Holy! ho - ly! Sacred day of rest!

m *Rit.*

our Redeemer's praise, For the bounties of his love, Gently falling from above; For his mercies freely given, And the glorious hope of heaven: Holy! ho - ly! Sacred day of rest!

TRIO. Let me sleep. (For Male Voices.) I. B. W.

Slow.

1st & 2d Tenor.

1. Let me sleep in mother earth, Lay her sod up - on my breast, From her bosom I had birth, In her bosom I would rest. Rest,..... rest..... ..
2. Let no pomp of marble rise, Writ with golden praises o'er: Foes will none the less despise, Friends will none the less deplore. Rest,..... rest..... ...
3. If for ill my life has been, Sculptor's toil were vainly spent; If for good—the hearts of men Build the noblest mon-u-ment. Rest..... rest.....

Blessed be the Name of the Lord.

(SUITABLE FOR THANKSGIVING OR OTHER PUBLIC OCCASIONS)

THEO. F. SEWARD.

Energico.

Blessed be the name of the Lord, for his ben-e-fits un-to.... his peo-ple. Blessed be the name of the Lord, for his ben-e-fits un-to his peo-ple.

Blessed be the name of the Lord, for his ben-e-fits un-to ... his peo-ple. Blessed be the name of the Lord, for his ben-e-fits un-to.... his peo-ple.

Sound forth his praise with joy and gladness, Sound forth his praise with joy and gladness; Glo-ri-fy his name for ev-er-more, Glo-ri-fy his name for ev-er-more.

Inst. *ff*

Sound forth his praise with joy and gladness, Sound forth his praise with joy and gladness; Glo-ri-fy his name for ev-er-more, Glo-ri-fy his name for ev-er-more.

Inst

* The four succeeding measures may be left for the instrument alone.

CHANT. Lord, thou hast been our Dwelling-place.

1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in | all · gene-| rations { Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to ever- } last-ing, | thou art | God. || A-| men.

2. Thou turnest | man to de-| struction: | And sayest, Re-| turn, ye | children of | men.

3. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday, | when it is | past, | And | as a watch in the | night.

4. Who knoweth the | power of thine | anger Even according to thy | *fear*,— | so is thy wrath.

5. So teach us to | number our | days, || That we may ap-| ply our | hearts unto | wisdom.

To be sung after the Da Capo. *p* *A little slower.*

A - men, A - men. Bless, my soul, the name of him, of him who reign - eth o'er us ev - er, O, bless, my soul, the name of him, of him who

p

A - men, A - men. How gen-tle and lov - ing, Though ev - er we're rov - ing, Still mer-ci - ful prov - ing, O, let us sing,

Bless, my soul, the name of him, of him who reign - eth o'er us ev - er, O, bless, my soul, the name of him, of him who

D. C. a tempo.

reign - eth o'er us all. Blessing, hon-or, glo-ry, power, be to him for - ev - er - more. Join, join the glad cho - rus. Loud let his prais-es ring.

His goodness is o'er..... us, His promise be-fore us, Join, &c.

sing forth his praise..... His goodness is o'er..... us, His promise be-fore us, Join, join the glad cho - rus, Loud let his prais-es ring.

reign - eth o'er us all. Blessing, hon-or, glo-ry, power, be to him for - ev - er - more. Join, &c.

FIRM. (9th P. M.)

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. Double.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

FINE. D. C.

{ Far from mor - tal cares re - treat - ing, Sor - did hopes and vain de - sires, }
{ Here our will - ing foot - steps meet-ing, Ev - ery heart to heaven as - pires. } From the Fount of glo - ry beaming, Light ce - les - tial cheers our eyes;
D. C. Mer - cy from a - bove pro - claim-ing, Peace and par - don from the skies.

Earnestly.

O, RESTORE UNTO ME.

I. B. W.

w. *d* *cres.* *m* *f*

Oh! re - store un - to me the joy of my sal - va-tion, Oh! restore un - to me the joy of my sal - va - tion, The joy of my sal - va-tion, And

Oh! re - store un - to me the joy of my sal - vation, Oh! restore un - to me the joy of my sal - va - tion, The joy of my sal - va - tion, The joy of my sal - va-tion, And

Tenuto. *m* *cres.* *f*

with thy Ho - ly Spir it up - hold thou me; Oh! Lord, up - hold, up - hold thou me, And with thy Ho - ly Spir - it, up-hold thou me. A.....men, A.....men.

with thy Ho - ly Spir-it up - hold thou me; Oh! Lord, up - hold, up - hold thou me, And with thy Ho - ly Spir - it, up-hold thou me A.....men A.....men.

Earnestly.

BE KIND TO THE POOR.

I. B. W.

1. O! be kind to the poor—For how do we know But the shadow may change, And the gaunt form of woe Be our fel - low com-pan - ion Thro' the bal-ance of life, And we be made

Spirited.

O, SING UNTO THE LORD.

O sing un'o the Lord, un-to the Lord of hosts, O sing..... O sing unto the Lord. O sing un-to the Lord of hosts, sing, O sing,

O sing unto the Lord, un-to the Lord of hosts, O sing..... O sing un-to the Lord, O sing..... O sing un-to the Lord of hosts, Sing, O sing, O

O sing un-to the Lord, un-to the Lord of hosts O sing..... O sing unto the Lord, O sing un-to the Lord of hosts Sing, O

UNISON. . . . . UNISON. . . . . .

Sing, Ex - tol him, extol him, in lofty songs of praise, Sing, O sing. O sing and ex-tol him in loft-y songs, in loft-y songs, in lofty songs of praise. in lofty songs.... of praise. A - men.

sing..... ex-tol him in lofty songs of praise, Sing, O sing, and extol him in loft - y songs, in loft-y songs of praise, in lofty songs of praise, in lofty songs.....of praise. A - men.

sing, ex - tol him, extol him in lofty songs of praise, Sing, O sing, and extol him in loft - y songs, in loft-y songs, in lofty songs of praise, in lofty songs of praise. A - men.

UNISON. . . UNISON. . .

BE KIND TO THE POOR. Concluded.

feel wa-t's keen-edged knife, Be kind to the poor, be kind to the poor, Be kind, be kind to the poor.

2 Then be kind to the poor—
For 'tis pleasant to feel,
As we lie down at night,
And dreams o'er us steal,
That it has been in our power
To lighten the heart
Of one fellow mortal
From want's cankered smart.

3 O, be kind to the poor—
For your Saviour was kind
He healed up the sick,
And gave sight to the blind;
O, will you not pattern
By one full of love,
Whose heart was as humble
And meek as a dove?

If thou, Lord, shouldst mark our in - i - qui - ties, If thou, Lord, shouldst mark our in - i - qui - ties, O Lord, who shall stand, O Lord, who shall stand.

p *mf* *Cres.* *f* *dim.*

If thou, Lord, shouldst mark our in - i - qui - ties, If thou, Lord, shouldst mark our in - i - qui - ties, O Lord, who shall stand, O Lord, who shall stand.

O Lord, who shall stand.

It may as a Duet between Alto and Tenor, the Tenor singing the Soprano part. 2d time full Chorus. CHANT. *Quartet.*

Our help is in the Lord, for thee, O Lord, we wait; Our trust is in the Lord, who made heav'n and earth. 1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence .....

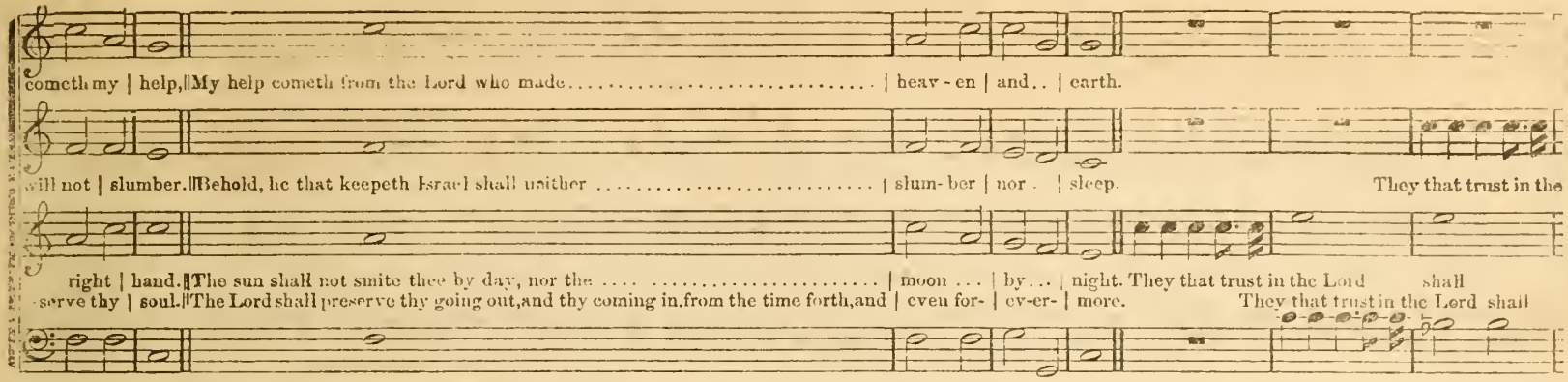
2. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved, he that keepeth thee

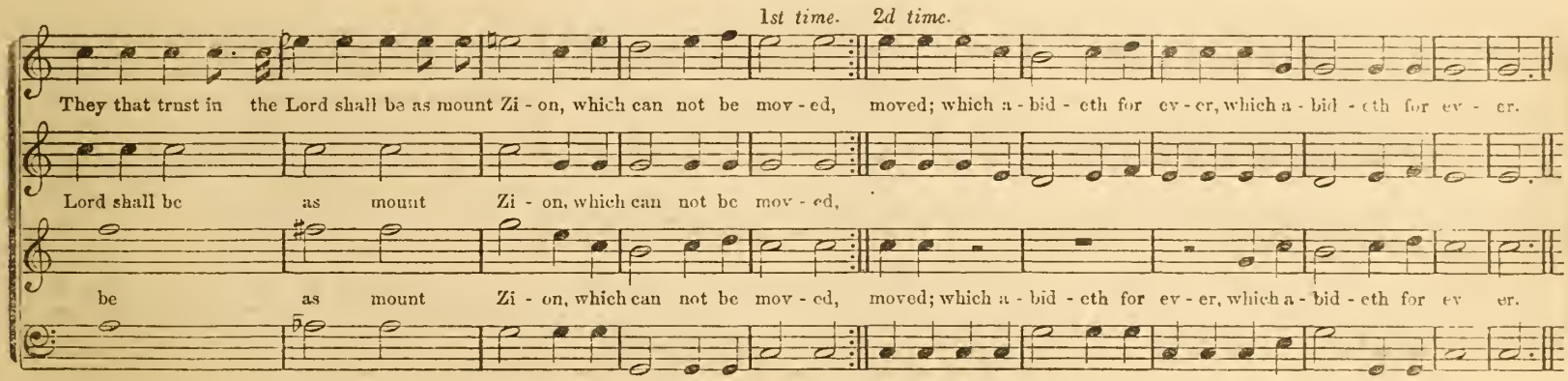
Our help is in the Lord, for thee, O Lord, we wait; Our trust is in the Lord, who made heav'n and earth. 3. The Lord is thy keeper, the Lord is thy shade upon thy

4. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil, He shall pre

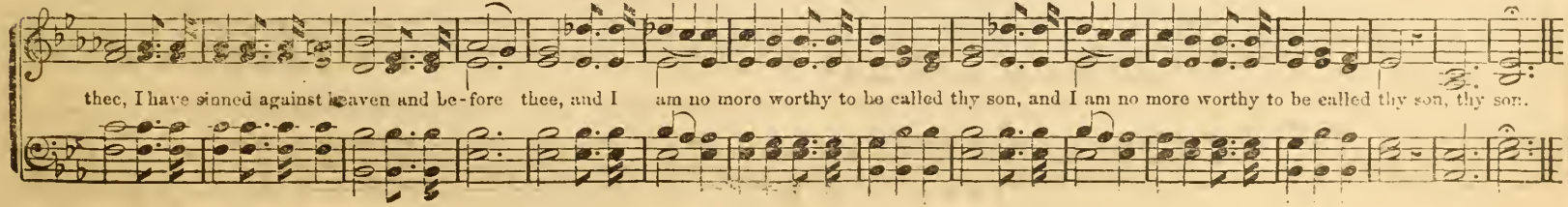
Andantino. SENTENCE. I will Arise. GEO. KINGSLEY.

I will a - rise, a - rise, and go to my Father, and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Fa - ther, Fa - ther, I have sinned against heaven and before





I will Arise. Concluded.



SPIRITED, VIGOROSO.

THE LORD REIGNETH. (ANTHEM FOR THE TIMES.)

W. B. B.

Be joy - ful, be joy - ful, be joy - ful in God! Trust in Him at all times; Be joy - ful, be joy - ful, be joy - ful in God!

Be joy - ful, be joy - ful, be joy - ful in God! Trust in Him at all times. Be joy - ful, be joy - ful, be joy - ful in God!

Trust in Him at all times. He can bring good out of e - - vil. He can bring light out of dark - ness: The Lord reign-eth, the

Trust in Him at all times. He can bring good out of e - - vil. He can bring light out of dark - ness: The Lord reign-eth, the

DALSTON. S. P. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

1. How pleased and blest was I, To hear the people cry,—"Come, let us seek our God to - day!" Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.
2. Zion! thrice happy place, Adorned with wondrous grace, And walls of strength embrace thee round: In thee our tribes appear, To pray, and praise, and hear The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

THE LORD REIGNETH. Continued.

Lord reign-eth, there-fore will I re-joice, The Lord reign-eth, the Lord reign-eth, there-fore will I re-joice,

Lord reign-eth, there-fore will I re-joice, The Lord reign-eth, the Lord reign-eth, there-fore will I re-joice, Re-

And praise his

And praise his name for ev-er more, And praise his name for ev - - - - er

And praise his name, And praise his name for ev - - er more, And praise his name, and praise his name for ev-er, ev-er

-joice, And praise his name..... for ev - - er more, And praise his name, his name.. .. ....for ev - - - er

name,..... And praise his name for ev-er, ev - - - er more, And praise his name, and praise his name for ev - - - er

MACKAY. S. H. M. (66, 86, 88.)

W. B. B.

1. This place is holy ground; World with its cares, away; A holy, solemn stillness round This lifeless, mouldering clay; Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear, Can reach the peaceful sleeper here.
2. Behold the bed of death—The pale and mortal clay; Heard ye the sob of parting breath? Marked ye the eye's last ray? No; life so sweetly ceased to be, It lapsed in immor - tal - i - ty.

THE LORD REIGNETH. Concluded.

more, for ev - er - more, for ev - - - - - er - more, for ev - er - more.

more, And praise his name for ev - er - more, for ev - - er - - more, for ev - er - more.....

more, And praise his name.....for ev - er - more, for ev - - er - - more, for ev - er - more.

more, And praise his name for ev - er - more, for ev - er, ev - er - more, for ev - er - more.....

ALLEGRO.

HYMN. The Lord is Great.

1. The Lord is great! ye hosts of heaven, adore him, And ye who tread this earth-ly ball; In holy songs rejoice aloud before him, And shout his praise who made you all.

2. The Lord is great! his ma-jesty how glorious! Resound his praise from shore to shore; O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made victorious, He rules and reigns for evermore.

3. The Lord is great! his mercy how abounding! Ye angels, strike your golden chords! O, praise our God! with voice and harp resounding, The King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Unison. *Unison.*

CYPRUS. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

p *f*

1. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim Salvation in Immanuel's name; To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there, And plant the rose of Sharon there.
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With holy zeal your hearts inspire; Bid raging winds their fury cease, And calm the savage breast to peace, And calm the savage breast, &c.

p *f*

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to the Son, Glo - ry be to the Ho - ly Ghost. As it was in the be - gin - ning, is

As it

now, And ev - er shall be, world with - out end, world with - out end, world with - out end. A - men

was in the be - gin - ning is now, And ev - er shall be, &c.

HYMN CHANT. The Guiding Hand.

S. J. VAIL.

SOLO. CHORUS.

1. "Is this the way, my Father?" "'Tis, my child. Thou must pass through this tangled, drear - y wild, If thou wouldst reach the city un - de - filed, Thy peace - ful home a - bove."

2. "But enemies are round." "Yes, child, I know, Where least expecting, there thou'lt find a foe; But victor thou shalt prove o'er all be - low, On - ly seek strength a - bove."

3. "My Father, it is dark." | "Child, take my | hand,
Cling close to me, I'll lead thee | through the | land;
Trust my all-seeing care; so | shalt thou | stand
'Midst | glory | bright a- | bove."

4. "My footsteps seem to slide." | "Child, only | raise
Thine eye to me, then, in these | slippery | ways,
I will hold up thy goings; | thou shalt | praise
Me | for each | step, a- | bove."

5. "Oh, Father, I'm weary." | "Child, lean thy | head
Upon my breast. It was my | love that | spread
Thy rugged path; hope on till | I have | said,
Rest, | rest, for | aye, a- | bove."

Andante.

ANTHEM. We wait for thy loving Kindness.

T. E. P.

f

We wait for thy lov - ing kind - ness, O Lord, we wait for thee, we wait for thee, O Lord, in the midst, the midst of thy

We wait for thy lov - ing kind - ness, O Lord, we wait for thee, we wait for thee, O Lord, in the midst, the midst of thy

p *p* *Cres.* *Dim.* *ff* *Unison.* *Allegro.*

tem - ple, we wait for thee, we wait for thee, O Lord, in the midst, the midst of thy tem - ple. Let the mount Zi - on re -

tem - ple, we wait for thee, we wait for thee, O Lord, in the midst, the midst of thy tem - ple. Let the mount Zi - on re

Slow. In recitative manner.

SENTENCE. And ye shall seek me.

From Musical Pioneer.

p

And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your hearts, Ye shall seek for me, and find me, ye shall

We wait for thy Loving Kindness. Concluded.

- joice, let the Mount Zi - on re - joice, let the Mount Zi - on re - joice, let the Mount Zi - on re - joice, let the Mount Zi - on re

re - joice,.....

- joice, let the Mount Zi - on re - joice, let the Mount Zi - on re - joice, let the Mount Zi - on re - joice, let the Mount Zi - on re -

Unison. ff Staccato.

- joice, let the Mount Zi - on re - joice. Let the Mount Zi - on re - joice in the Lord, A - men, A - men. A - - men.

- joice, let the Mount Zi - on re - joice. Let the Mount Zi - on re - joice in the Lord, A - men, A - men, A - - men.

And ye shall seek me. Concluded.

And ye

seek for me and find me, When ye shall seek for me with all your heart, Ye shall seek for me with all your heart. A - men.

GO TO THY REST IN PEACE. Funeral Hymn.

J. M. PELTON

1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re - pose; Thy toils are o'er, Thy trou - bles cease, From

2. Go to thy peace - ful rest, For thee we need not weep, Since thou art now a - mong the blest, No

3. Go to thy rest, and while Thy ab - sence we de - plore, One thought our sor - row shall be - guile, For

pp ad. lib. *m*

earth - ly cares in sweet re - lease, Thine eye - lids gen - tly close, gen - - tly close, Thine eye - lids gen - tly close.

more by sin and sor - row pressed, But hush'd in qui - et sleep, in qui - et sleep, But hush'd in qui - et sleep.

seen with a ce - les - tial smile, We meet to part no more..... We meet to part no more.

MODERATO.

PRAY FOR THE PEACE OF JERUSALEM.

V. NOVELLO

p *f*

Pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem! They shall pros - per, shall pros - per that love thee.

f

ANTHEM. Every Day I will bless Thee.

f *m* *Cres.*

I will ex - tol thee, my God, my King, Ev-ery day will I bless thee, Every day will I bless thee,

I will ex - tol thee, my God, my King, Ev-ery day will I bless thee, Every day will I bless thee, Every day will I bless thee, Every day will I bless thee,

f *m* *Cres.* *f*

all the day long. all the day long, Every day will I bless thee, all the day long, Every day will I bless thee, all the day long, all the day long, all the day long.

all the day long, all the day long, Every day will I bless thee, all the day long. . . . . all the day long, all the day long.

all the day long, all the day long, Every day will I bless thee, all the day long, Every day will I bless thee, all the day long, all the day long, all the day long.

PRAY FOR THE PEACE OF JERUSALEM. Concluded.

Peace be with - in thy walls,

p *f*

Peace be with - in, with - in thy walls, And pros - per - i - ty with - in thy pal - - - - - a - ces.
Peace, peace be with - in thy walls,

p *f*

Peace be with - in thy walls, with - in thy walls.

MODERATO.

MOTET. There is a River.

ARR. PARTLY FROM NOVELLO BY T. E. P.

p *f* *p*

There is a riv - er, the streams where-of shall make glad the ci - ty, the ci - ty of God, in the ho - ly

There is a riv - er, the streams where-of shall make glad the ci - ty, the ci - ty of God, in the ho - ly

pf

place of the ta - ber - na - cle, the ta - ber - na - cle of the most high. God is in the midst of

place of the ta - ber - na - cle, the ta - ber - na - cle of the most high. God is in the midst of

Dim. *f* *mf* *Dim.* *p*

her, She shall not be mov - ed, God is in the midst of her, She shall not be mov - ed, God shall

her, She shall not be mov - ed, God is in the midst of her, She shall not be mov - ed, God shall

THERE IS A RIVER. Concluded.

help her, and that right ear - ly, and that right ear - ly, right ear - - - ly, A - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - men.

Cres. - - - - - - - - - - *f* *Dim.*

help her, and that right ear - ly, and that right ear - ly, right ear - - - ly, A - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - men.

SLOWLY.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

T. J. COOK.

mp

Bless - ed are they that mourn, Bless - ed, Bless - ed, Bless - ed are they, are they that mourn, For

Bless - ed are they that mourn, Bless - ed, Bless - ed, Bless - ed are they, are they that mourn,

they shall be com - fort-ed, they shall be com - fort-ed, they shall be com - fort-ed, be com-fort - ed, A - men.
they shall be com - fort-ed, For they For they be com - - - fort - ed,

they shall be com - fort-ed, they shall be com - fort-ed, they shall be com - fort-ed, be com - fort - ed, A - men.

ALLEGRO MODERATO. **ANTHEM. The Earth is the Lord's.** FROM "CARMINA SACRA.

SEMI-CHORUS. (*Chanting Style.*)

1. The earth is the Lord's and the fullness there-of; The world and they that dwell therein. 2. For he hath founded it up - on the seas, And es - tab - lished it up-

1. The earth is the Lord's and the fullness there-of; The world and they that dwell therein. 2. For he hath found d it up - on the seas, And es - tab - lished it up-

Adagio. SOLO, OR SEMI-CHORUS. *Tempo Primo.*

- on the floods. 3. Who shall ascend in - to the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his ho - ly place? 4. He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; Who

SOLO, OR SEMI-CHORUS.

on the floods. 3. Who shall ascend in - to the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his ho - ly place? 4. He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; Who

SEMI-CHORUS.

hath not lift-ed up his soul un - to van - i - ty, Nor sworn de - ceit - ful - ly. 5. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, And righteousness from the God of his sal-

hath not lift-ed up his soul un - to van - i - ty, Nor sworn de - ceit - ful - ly. 5. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, And righteousness from the God of his sal

va - tion. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, And righteousness from the God of his sal - va - tion. 6. This is the gen- e - ra-tion of them that seek him, That

- va - tion. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, And righteousness from the God of his sal - va - tion. 6. This is the gen- e - ra-tion of them that seek him, That

Adagio. * *f* CHORUS. *Allegro.*

seek thy face, O God of Ja- cob. 7. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift- ed up, ye ev - er - last - ing doors, And the King of glo ry shall come in, the

seek thy face, O God of Ja - cob. 7. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift- ed up, ye ev - er - last - ing doors, And the King of glo-ry shall come in, the

SOLO, OR SEMI-CHORUS. *f* CHORUS.

King of glo - ry shall come in, the King of glo - ry shall come in. 8. Who is this King of glo - ry? Who is this King of glo - ry? The Lord, the

King of glo - ry shall come in, the King of glo - ry shall come in. 8. Who is this King of glo - ry? Who is this King of glo - ry? The Lord, the

* This may be sung as a separate tune.

The Earth is the Lord's. Continued.

Lord strong and might - y, the Lord, the Lord might - y in bat - tle. 9. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, E - ven lift them up, ye ev - er-

Lord strong and might - y, the Lord, the Lord might - y in bat - tle. 9. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, E - ven lift them up, ye ev - er-

Solo, or Semi-Chorus.

- lasting doors. And the King of glo - ry shall come in, the King of glo - ry shall come in, the King of glo - ry shall come in. 10. Who is this King of glo - ry?

- lasting doors. And the King of glo - ry shall come in, the King of glo - ry shall come in, the King of glo - ry shall come in. 10. Who is this King of glo - ry?

Chorus.

Who is this King of glo - ry? The Lord of hosts, the Lord of hosts, He is the King of glo - ry, He is the King of glo - ry.

Who is this King of glo - ry? The Lord of hosts, the Lord of hosts. He is the King of glo - ry, He is the King of glo - ry,

The Earth is the Lord's. Concluded.

Adagio.

He is the King, the King of glo - ry, He is the King, the King of glo - ry, the King of glo - ry.

He is the King, the King of glo - ry, He is the King, the King of glo - ry, the King of glo - ry.

SENTENCE. And ye shall seek Me. From "Carmina Sacra."

mp *cres.* *f*

And ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall

And ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall

f

search for me with all your heart, Ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, saith the Lord.

search for me with all your heart, Ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, saith the Lord.

THE CHRISTIAN'S GRAVE.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.
From The "Oriental."

mp

1. It is a lovely, hallow'd spot, Where weeping willows wave, Nor should the place be e'er forgot, That marks the Christian's grave.

3. For tho' the rel - ics must de - cay, The dust a - gain will rise, And shine in beau - te - ous ar - ray Be - yond the star-ry skies.

Cres. *Dim.*

2. Soft sleep - ing, in his low - ly bed, With no in - truder near, His breathless form was gently laid, Without one thought of fear.

4. E'en now the spirit, pure and bright, Is fired with ho - ly love, Re - joi - cing in the glorious light, That fills the realms a-bove.

mf *Cres.* *Dim.*

5. O yes, it is a hallowed place, Where weeping willows wave! Who would not run the Christian race, To triumph in the grave!

SENTENCE. Let the Words of my Mouth.

H. W. GREATOREX. BY PERMISSION.

Let the words of my mouth, and the med - i - ta - tions of my heart be al - way ac - cept - a - ble, be al - way ac-

Let the words of my mouth, and the med - i - ta - tions of my heart be al - way ac - cept - a - ble, be al - way ac-

- cept-a-ble in thy sight, O Lord, O Lord, my strength, my strength, O Lord my strength and my Re-deem - er, my Re - deem - er.

- cept-a-ble in thy sight, O Lord, O Lord, my strength, my strength, O Lord my strength and my Re-deem - er, my Re - deem-er.

SENTENCE. The Lord is in his Holy Temple.

KINGSLEY.

p *mf* *pp* *p* *p*

The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, Let all the earth keep si - lence, si - lence be - fore him. A - men.

The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple Let all the earth keep si - lence, si - lence be - fore him. A - men.

DOLCE. MODERATO.

MOTET. How Sweet are thy Words.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

How sweet are thy words, How sweet are thy words, How sweet are thy words un-to my taste, How sweet are thy words unto my

How sweet are thy words, How sweet are thy words un-to my taste, How sweet are thy words unto my

Cres. Dim.

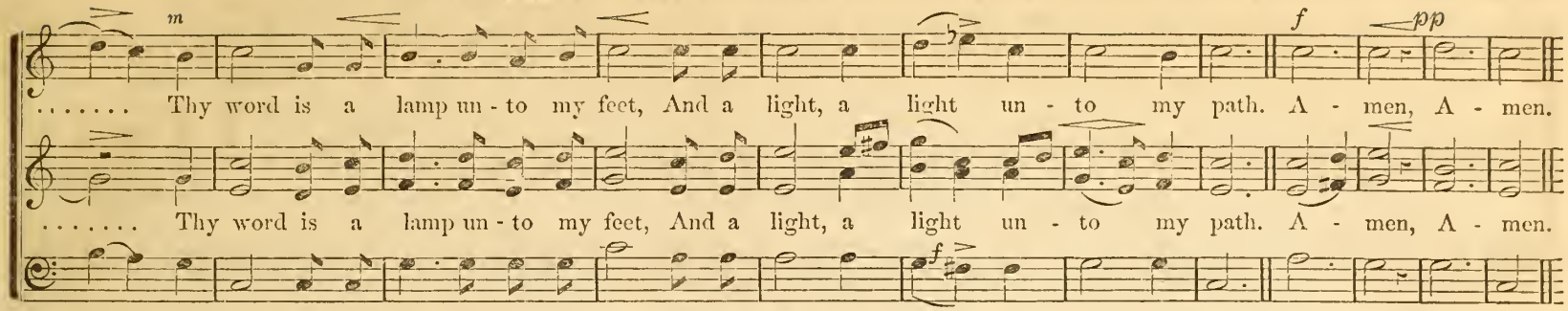
taste, O Lord, How sweet are thy words un-to my taste. Yea, sweet-er than

taste, O Lord, How sweet are thy words un-to my taste, Yea, sweeter than hon-ey to my mouth, ...

mp

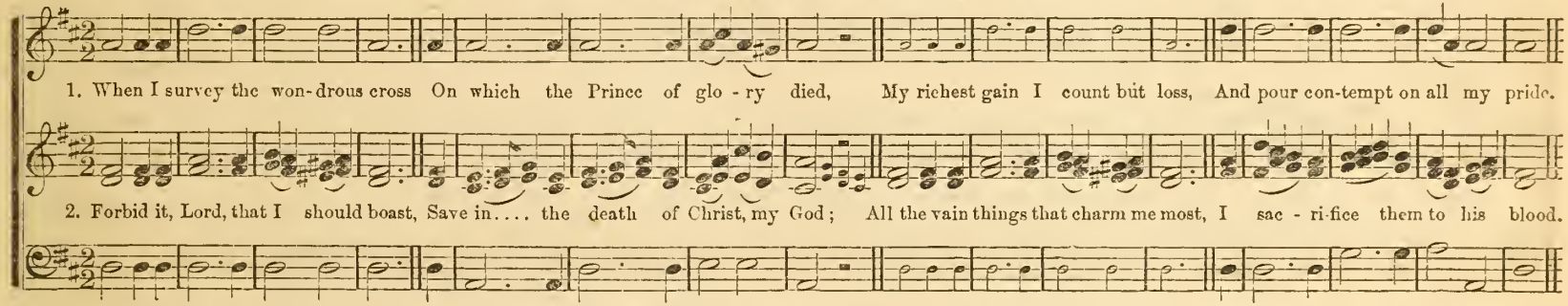
hon-ey to my mouth. Thy word is a lamp un-to my feet, and a light un-to my path . . .

. . hon-ey to my mouth. Thy word is a lamp un-to my feet, and a light un-to my path . . .



OLIVET. L. M.

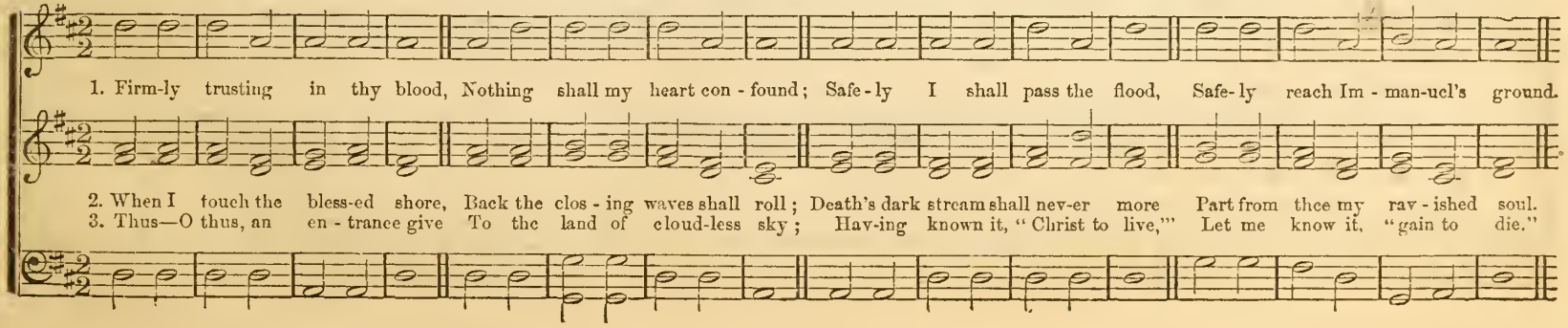
I. B. W.



(5th P. M.)

PRAYER. 7s.

ASAHEL ABBOT.



ALLEGRETTO. **HYMN-ANTHEM. Jerusalem, my Glorious Home.** DR. L. MASON.

mf

Je - ru - sa-lem! my glorious home! Name ev-er dear to me! When! When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, ... In joy and peace, In

Je - ru - sa-lem! my glorious home! Name ever dear to me! When! When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, ... In joy, ...

In joy and peace, In

joy and peace, In joy ..... and peace with thee. O, when shall I thy courts, thy courts ascend;

In joy ..... and peace with thee. 2. O, when, thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend; Where congregations ne'er break

joy and peace, O, when shall I thy courts, thy courts ascend;

O, when shall I thy courts, thy courts ascend? 3. There happier bowers than E-den's bloom, nor sor-row know: Blest seats! thro'

up, And Sab - baths have no end? 3. There hap-pier bowers than E - - den's bloom, No sin nor sor - - row know: Blest seats! thro'

O, when shall I thy courts, thy courts ascend? 3. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom, nor sor-row know: Blest seats! thro'

rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you, I onward press to you, I onward press to you. Je - rusalem ! Je - ru - sa-lem ! Name ev - er dear to me.....

rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you, I onward press to you, I onward press to you. Je-ru-sa-lem ! Je-ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me.....

rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you, I onward press to you, I onward press to you. Je - rusalem ! Je - ru - sa-lem ! Name ev - er dear to me....

4. Why should I shrink at pain and wo, Or feel at death dis - may ? I've Ca - naan's good - ly land.... in view, And realms of end - - - less day.

4. Why should I shrink at pain and wo, Or feel at death dis - may ? I've Ca - naan's good - ly land.... in view, And realms of end - - less day.

I've Ca - - naan's good - ly land in

5. Jerusalem ! my glorious home ! My soul still pants for thee ; Then, Then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys, thy joys shall see, When

5. Jerusalem ! my glorious home ! My soul still pants, My soul still pants for thee ; Then, Then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys,..... When

5. Jerusalem ! my glorious home ! My soul still pants for thee ; Then, Then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joy thy joys shall see, When

Jerusalem, my Glorious Home. Concluded.

I..... thy joys shall see, thy joys.. shall see. Je-ru-sa-lem! Je-ru - - sa-lem! Name ev - - er dear to me! Name ev-er dear to me!

I.... ... . thy joys shall see, thy joys shall see. Je-ru-sa-lem! Je-ru - sa-lem! Name ev - - er dear to me! Name ev-er dear to me!

SENTENCE. The Lord is in his Holy Temple.

Dr. L. MASON.

mp ANDANTE. Chorus. *mp*

The Lord is in.. his ho - - ly tem-ple, The Lord is in.. . his ho - - ly tem-ple,

mp *mp* Solo.

The Lord is in.. . his ho - - ly tem-ple, The Lord is in.... his ho - - ly tem-ple, Let all the earth keep si-lence,

mp *mp* Solo.

Let all the earth keep

Solo. Chorus *mp* Cres *pp*

Let all the earth keep si-lence, si-lence be - fore him. Let all the earth keep si-lence be-fore him. keep si-lence be-fore him.

Chorus *mp* Cres *pp*

Let all the earth keep silence, Let all the earth keep si-lence be - fore him, Let all the earth keep si-lence be-fore him, keep si-lence be-fore him.

si-lence, Let all the earth keep silence, si-lence be - fore him.

THE LAST BEAM.

QUARTETTE.

1. Fa-ding, still fad-ing, the last beam is shining, Fa-ther in heaven! the day is de-clining, Safety and in - no-cence fly with the light, Temptation and

2. Fa-ther in heaven! O hear when we call; Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all; Feeble and faint - ing, we trust in thy might, In doubting and

CHORUS.

danger walk forth with the night; From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield me from danger, save me from crime. Father, have mer - cy, Father, have

darkness thy love be our light; Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns, Wake in thy arms when morning returns. Fa-ther, have mer-cy, Father, have

mer - cy, Fa-ther, have mer-cy thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord. A - men.

mer - cy, Father, have mercy thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord. A - men.

FORGIVE. 5s & 7s.

1. Forgive my fol - ly, O Lord most ho - ly; Cleanse me from ev - e - ry stain.

2. For thee I languish, Pi - ty my anguish, Nor let my life be in vain.

ANTHEM. I HAVE SET WATCHMEN.

I. B. W.

I have set watch-men upon thy walls, O Je - ru - sa - lem, which shall never hold their peace, day nor night. Go thro' the gates, prepare ye the way, prepare ye the way of the

I have set watch-men upon thy walls, O Je - ru - sa - lem, which shall never hold their peace, day nor night. Go thro' the gates, prepare ye the way, prepare ye the way of the

people, Cast up the high-way, cast up the highway, cast up the highway, and gath-er out the stones. Lift up a stan-dard, lift up a stan-dard a -

people, Cast up the high-way, cast up the highway, cast up the highway, and gath-er out the stones. Lift up a stan-dard, Lift up a stan-dard, lift up a stan-dard a -

REPEAT FASTER.

- mong the people. Hal-le - lu-jah, hal-le - lu-jah, hal-le - lu-jah, A-men! Hal-le - lu-jah, hal-le - lu-jah, hal-le - lu-jah, A-men! A - men! Amen! A-men! A - men!

- mong the peo-ple. Hal-le - lu jah, hal-le - lu-jah, hal-le - lu-jah, A-men! Hal-le - lu-jah, hal-le - lu-jah, hal-le - lu-jah, A-men! ..... A - men!
A-men! A-men! A-men! A - men!

Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, ... Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, And he will sus-tain thee, And

Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, And he will sus-tain thee, And
Cast thy bur-den on the Lord,

f *m* *m*

strengthen thee, and com-fort thee, He will sus-tain thee, and com-fort thee, He will sus-tain thee and com-fort thee,

f *m* *m* *p*

strengthen thee, and com-fort thee, He will sus-tain thee, and com-fort thee, He will sus-tain thee and com-fort thee,

m REPEAT, *pp*

He will sus-tain thee, He will com-fort thee; Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord.

m

He will sus-tain thee, He will com-fort thee: Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord.

VIVACE. SOLO.

REJOICE IN THE LORD.

PARTLY COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY T. E. P.

Re-joice, re-joice, re-joice in the Lord, O ye righteous, O ye righteous, it becometh, it be-com-eth well the

CHORUS. *ff* SOLO.

just to be thankful unto him, to be thankful unto him. Halle-lujah, hal-le-lu-jah, hallelujah, Amen. Praise the Lord with harp and voice.

Halle-lu-jah, halle-lujah, halle-lu-jah, A-men.

DUET. CHORUS. UNISON.

Sing, sing prais-es un-to his name, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, A-men. For the word of the

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, A-men. For the word of the

Lord is true, And all his works are faith - ful. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

Lord is true, And all his works are faith - ful. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

- lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - - men. A - - men, A - - men.

- lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - - men. A - - men, A - - men.

MERDIN. 7s, 6s & 7s.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. { Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring To my raptured vision, }
{ All th' ecstatic joys that spring Round the bright elysian ; } Lo ! we lift our longing eyes, Break, ye intervening skies, Sons of righteousness, arise, Ope the gates of Paradise.

2. { Floods of ev-er - last-ing light Freely flash before him ; }
{ Myriads, with supreme delight, In-stantly a - dore him ; } An-gel trumps resound his fame, Lutes of lucid gold proclaim All the music of his name, Heaven echoing the theme.

HYMN. When, as returns this solemn Day.

Rather slow and in exact time.

Dr. MASON,

p *cres.* *mf*

1. When, as re - turns this so-lemn day, Man comes to meet his God, What rites, what hon-ors shall he pay? How spread his praise abroad? 2. From marble domes and

1. When, as re - turns this so-lemn day, Man comes to meet his God, What rites, what hon-ors shall he pay? How spread his praise abroad? 2. From marble domes and

f *p*

gild - ed spires Shall clouds of in - cense rise, And gems, and gold, and garlands deck The cost-ly sac - ri - fice? 3. Vain sin-ful man! Vain sinful man! cre-

gild - ed spires Shall clouds of in - cense rise, And gems, and gold, and garlands deck The cost-ly sac - ri - fice? 3. Vain sin-ful man! Vain sinful man! cre-

cres. *dim.* *p* *cres.* *f* *cres.* *ff* *mp* *f* *Adagio.*

- a - - - tion's Lord Thy offerings well may spare; But give thy heart—But give thy heart—and thou shalt find, Thy God will hear thy prayer.

- a - - - tion's Lord Thy offerings well may spare; But give thy heart—But give thy heart—and thou shalt find, Thy God will hear thy prayer.

LET EVERY HEART REJOICE AND SING.

GEO. J. WEBB, 1845.

FOR THANKSGIVING OR FOURTH OF JULY.

SPIRITED.

1. Let every heart re-joice and sing; Let cho - ral anthems rise; Ye rev'rend men and children, bring To God your sac - ri - fice; For he is good, the

2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heav'n his power is known; And earth, subdued to him, shall yet Bow low be - fore his throne. For he is good, the

Lord is good, And kind are all his ways; With songs and hon-ors sound-ing loud, The Lord Je - hovah praise, While the rocks and the rills, While the

Lord is good, And kind are all his ways, With songs and hon-ors sounding loud, The Lord Je - hovah praise, While the rocks and the rills, While the

vales and the hills A glorious an - them raise; Let each pro - long the grate-ful song, And the God of our fathers praise, And the God of our fathers praise.

vales and the hills A glorious an - them raise; Let each pro - long the grate-ful song. And the God of our fathers praise, And the God of our fathers praise.

THEN THOU WILT SHOW ME THE WAY.

ZINGARELLI

SPIRITED. CHRS.

Then thou wilt show me the way of sal - va - tion, of sal - va - tion; For in thy presence, for in thy

p *f*

Then thou wilt show me the way of sal - va - tion, of sal - va - tion; For in thy presence, for in thy presence, for in thy presence, for in thy

f SEMPRE. *f*

pres - ence is full - ness of joy, is full - ness of joy, For in thy pres - ence,

f *p* *f*

pres - ence is full - ness of joy, is full - ness of joy, for in thy pres - - ence, for in thy pres - ence, for in thy

For in thy pres - ence, for in thy pres - ence

for in thy presence is fullness of joy. At thy right hand are pleasures ev - er more, At thy right hand are

p

pres - ence is full - - - ness of joy. At thy right hand are plea-sures ev - er - more, At thy right hand are

is full - - - ness of joy.

plea-sures ev - er-more, At thy right hand are plea - sures ev - ermore, At thy right hand are plea - sures ev - er-more.

CRES. f f

pleasures ev - ermore, At thy right hand..... are plea - sures ev - ermore, At thy right hand are plea - sures ev - er-more, At thy right

At thy right hand are plea - sures ev - er-more,

At thy rig hand are pleasures ev - - ermore, At thy right hand are plea - sures for - ev - er - more, for - ev - - ermore, At thy right

hand are plea - sures for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more, At thy right hand are pleasures ev - ermore, At thy right

At thy right hand are pleasures ev - - ermore, At thy right hand are plea - sures for - ev - er - more, for ev - er-more,

ff

hand are plea - sures ev - er - more, At thy right hand are plea - sures ev - er - more, for - - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more.

ff

hand are plea - sures ev - er - more, At thy right hand are plea - sures ev - er - more, for - - ev - er - more, for - - ev - er - more.

SENTENCE. O how lovely is Zion.

WM U BUTCHER

Oh how love - ly, Oh how love - ly is Zi - on, how love - ly is Zi - on, how love - ly is Zi

Oh how love - ly, Oh how love - ly is Zi - on, how love - ly is Zi - on, how love-ly, how love - ly is Zi - on,

ci - ty of our God; how love - ly, how love - ly, how

ci - ty of our God; Oh how love - ly, Oh how love - ly, Oh how love - ly, how love - ly is Zi - on, how

love - ly is Zi - - on, ci - ty of our God; Oh how love - ly, how love - ly is Zi - on, how love - ly is Zi - - on,

love - ly is Zi - - on, ci - ty of our God· how love - ly, how love - ly is Zi - on, how love - ly is Zi - - on,

O HOW LOVELY IS ZION. Concluded

ALLEGRO.

ci - ty of our God; Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in

ci - ty of our God; Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee;

Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in

ADAGIO.

thee, shall dwell in thee, shall dwell in thee. Joy and peace shall dwell in thee.

Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, shall dwell in thee, shall dwell in thee. Joy and peace shall dwell in thee.

thee shall dwell in thee,

SENTENCE. O Lord, we trust in thee.

ARRANGED FROM HANDEL.

f

O Lord, we trust in thee a-lone, a - lone, a-lone, in thee we trust, in thee, O Lord, in thee, O Lord, O Lord, we trust a - lone in thee.
O.... Lord, we trust in thee a - lone, in thee a-lone, a-lone, a-lone, in thee we trust, in thee, O Lord, in thee, O Lord, O Lord, we trust a - lone in thee.

f

O.... Lord, we trust in thee a-lone, in thee a - lone, in thee a-lone, a-lone, in thee we trust, in thee, O Lord. in thee, O Lord, O Lord, we trust a - lone in thee.

OLD EASTER ANTHEM.

Hal - le - lu - jah! The Lord is risen in-deed, Hal - le - lu - jah!

The Lord is risen in - deed, Hal - le - lu - jah! The Lord is risen in-deed, Hal - le - lu - jah! Now is Christ risen from the

Now is Christ the first-fruits of them that slept. Hal-le-lu jah! Hal-le -

dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. Hal - le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le -

- lu - jah! And did he rise! And did he rise!..... did he rise! Hear, O ye nations; hear it, O ye dead! he rose! he rose! he

And did he rise!

- lu - jah! And did he rise! ..... And did he rise! ..... And did he rise! did he rise! Hear, O ye nations; hear it, O ye dead! he rose! he rose! he

He burst the bars of death, He burst the, &c., and triumphed o'er the grave! Then, then, Then I rose!

rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, He burst the, &c., and triumphed o'er the grave! Then, then, then I rose! then I rose!

then I rose! then first hu-man-i-ty, triumphant, passed the crystal ports of light, and seized e-ter-nal youth, youth.

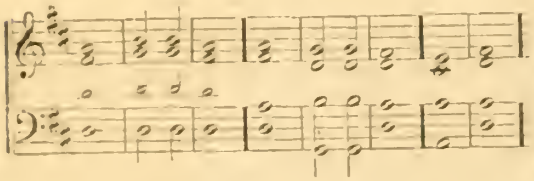
then I rose! then I rose! then first hu-man-i-ty, triumphant, passed the crystal ports of light, and seized e-ter-nal youth, youth. Man, all im-mor-tal,

Thine all the glo-ry, man's the boundless bliss.

hail! hail! Heaven, all lav-ish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glo-ry, man's the boundless bliss: Thine all the glo-ry, man's the boundless bliss.

CHANTS, as now used in this country, consist of what are termed the chanting note and cadence. The time of the chanting note is determined by the number of words that are to be sung to it, but the cadences should be in strict time, and not drawled out as is too often the case. The single chant has in the first strain one chanting note, and in the cadence two measures, the first having generally two notes, and the last one. In the last strain we have one chanting note and three measures to the cadence. A double chant is simply two single chants. There are, besides the single and double chants, peculiar chants, which are so constructed as to admit of odd metres and words of peculiar rhythm being sung to them. The bars, thus: "O praise | God · in his | holiness," are used to show when the cadence should be introduced, and the dots between *God* and *in* indicate the manner in which the words should be applied to the different notes of the cadence. The place to take breath is marked thus ', Observe in chanting the following rules: 1st. Recite the words about as [illegible] a good reader would read. Where the words are expressive of great joy, more rapid expression may be observed. 2d. Be careful to keep the pitch rigidly. 3d. Observe with care the expression of the words by the *dim.* and *cres.* Hymns of any metre can be chanted. The simple rule for the common hymn-chant of four lines is that the last three words or syllables of the second line should be used at the first cadence (the rest of the first two lines being sung to the chanting note), and five words or syllables are used to the last cadence, the rest of the words in the last two lines being used to the chanting note. This rule will hold good in Long, Common, Short, Sevens, Eighths and Sevens, and many other metres.

No. 1. SINGLE CHANT. (PECULIAR.)



SELECTION No. 1.—PSALM 23.

1. The Lord is my shepherd; I | shall not | want.

2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still | wa- — | ters.

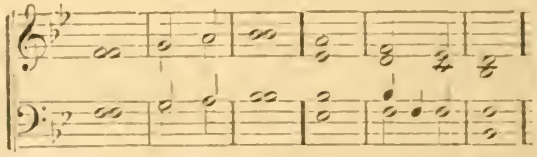
3. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's — | sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they | comfort | me.

5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup · runneth | over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord, | for- | ev- — | er. | A - | men.

No. 2. SINGLE CHANT. (PECULIAR.)



SELECTION No. 2.—PSALM 121.

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh · my | help.

2. My help cometh from the Lord, which made | heaven · and | earth.

3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.

4. Behold, he that keepeth Israel, shall not | slumber · nor | sleep.

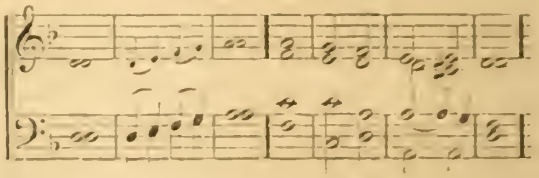
5. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy | right — | hand.

6. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon by | night.

7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall pre- | serve thy | soul.

8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even forevermore. | A- — | men.

No. 3. SINGLE CHANT.



SELECTION No. 3.—PSALM 90.

1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in | all · gene- | rations.

2. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to ever- | lasting | thou art | God.

3. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye | chil-dren of | men.

4. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and | as a | watch · in the | night.

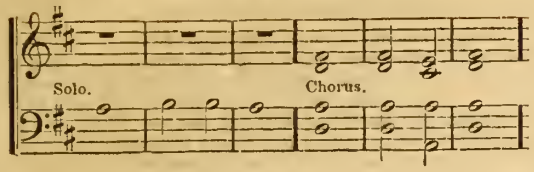
5. Thou carriest them away as with a flood, they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which | groweth | up;

6. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut | down, *cut* | *down*, and | withereth.

7. Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear; | so · is thy | wrath.

8. So teach us to number our days, that we may ap- | ply our | hearts · unto | wisdom.

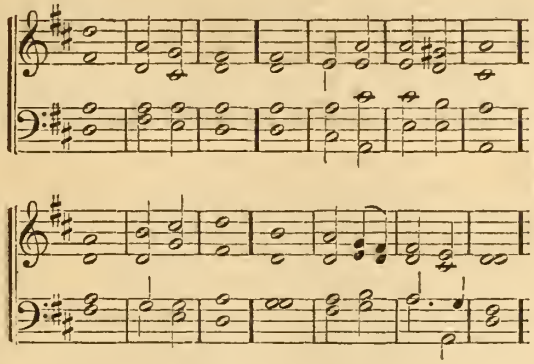
No. 4. SINGLE CHANT.



SELECTION No. 4.—Psalm 19.

1. The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his | handy- | work.
2. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto | night··showeth | knowledge.
3. There is no speech nor language where their | voice··is not | heard.
4. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the | ends··of the | world.
5. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to | run a | race.
6. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it, and there is nothing hid from the | heat there- | of. (*Sym.*)
7. The law of the Lord is perfect, con- | verting·· the | soul.
8. The testimony of the Lord is sure, making | wise the | simple.
9. The statutes of the Lord are right, re- | joicing·· the | heart.
10. The commandment of the Lord is pure, en- | lightening··the | eyes.
11. The fear of the Lord is clean, en- | during..for- | ever.
12. The judgments of the Lord are true, and | righteous ·altogether.
13. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold, sweeter also than honey, and the | honey- | comb.
14. Moreover by them is thy servant warned, and in keeping of them there is | great re- | ward.
15. Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from | secret | faults.
16. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins, let them not have do- | minion | over me.
17. Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the | great trans- | gression.
18. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Re- | deemer.··A- | men.

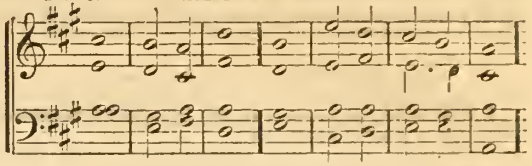
No. 5. DOUBLE CHANT.



SELECTION No. 5.—Psalm 95.

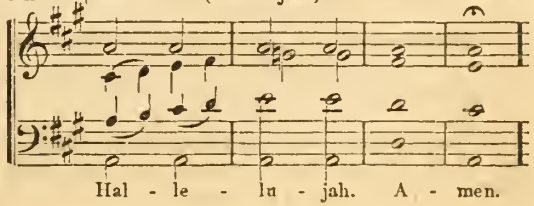
1. O come let us sing | unto··the | Lord; || let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.
2. Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving; || and show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.
3. For the Lord | is a··great | God; || and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
4. In his hands are all the corners | of the | earth; || and the strength of the | hills is | his — | also.
5. The sea is his | and he | made it; || and his hands pre- | pared··the | dry — | land.
6. O come let us worship | and fall | down; || and kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
7. For he is the | Lord our | God; || and we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his — | hand.
8. O worship the Lord in the | beauty··of holiness; || let the whole | earth··stand in | awe of | him.
9. For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth; || and with righteousness to judge the world and the people | with his | truth.
10. Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son; || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
11. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever·· shall | be, || world without | end. A- | men, | men.

No. 6. SINGLE CHANT.

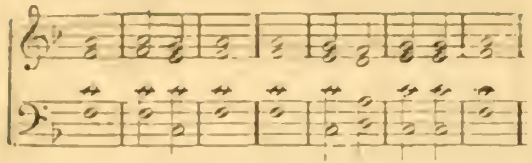


SELECTION No. 6—Psalm, 34.

1. How amiable are thy tabernacles, O | Lord of | hosts!
2. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth | out··for the | living | God.
3. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they | will be··still | praising thee.
4. Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose | heart··are the | ways of | them.
5. They go from strength to strength; every one of them in Zion ap- | peareth be-··fore | God.
6. O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer; Give | ear, O | God of | Jacob. (Hallelujah.)
7. Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of | thine an- | ointed.
8. For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand; I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to | dwell··in the | tents of | wickedness.
9. For the Lord God is a sun and a shield; the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that | walk up- | rightly.
10. O Lord of hosts, blessed is the | man that | trusteth··in | thee. (Hallelujah.)



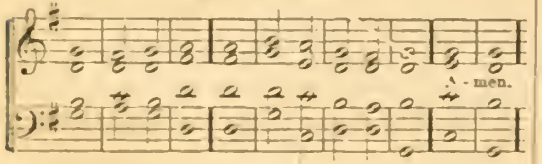
No. 7. SINGLE CHANT



SELECTION No. 7.— PSALM 67.

1. God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us ; ‖ and cause his | face to | shine upon | us.
2. That thy way may be | known up-on | earth, ‖ thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
3. Let the people praise | thee O, | God ; ‖ let | all the | people | praise thee.
4. Oh let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy ; ‖ for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.
5. Let the people praise | thee O, | God ; ‖ let | all the | people | praise thee.
6. Then shall the earth | yield her | increase ; ‖ and God, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.
7. God | shall— | bless us ; ‖ and all the ends of the | earth shall | fear— | him.
8. Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
9. As it was in the begining, is now, and | ever shall | be ‖ world | without | end. A- | men.

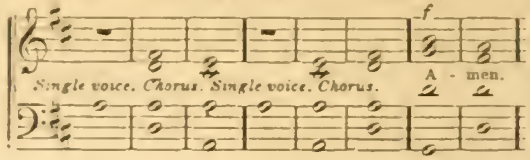
No. 8. SINGLE CHANT.



SELECTION No. 8. REV. iv. 8 and 11, and 5, 10 and 13.

1. Holy, holy, holy, | Lord··God Al- | mighty, ‖ which was, and | is, and | is to | come. (*Sym.*)
2. Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and | honor··and | power. ‖ for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they | are and | were cre- | ated. (*Sym.*)
3. Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain, ‖ to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength ; and | honor, and | glory, and | blessing. (*Sym.*)
4. Blessing, and honor, and | glory and | power, ‖ be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the | Lamb for- | ever··and | ever. ‖ Amen.

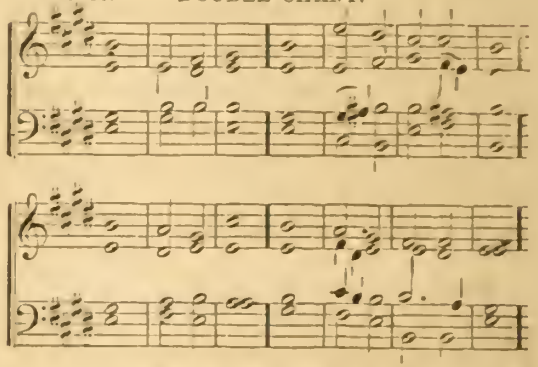
No. 9. SINGLE CHANT. (PECULIAR.)



SELECTION No. 9—PSALM 136.

Solo. 1. O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good!
Chorus. For his merey endureth forever.
Solo. 2. O give thanks unto the God of gods :
Chorus. For his merey endureth forever.
Solo. 3. O give thanks unto the Lord of lords :
Chorus. For his mercy endureth forever.
Solo. 4. To him who alone doeth great wonders :
Chorus. For his merey endureth forever.
Solo. 5. To him that by wisdom made the heavens:
Chorus. For his merey endureth forever.
Solo. 6. To him that stretched out the earth above the waters :
Chorus. For his merey endureth forever.
Solo. 7. To him that made great lights :
Chorus. For his merey endureth forever.
Solo. 8. The sun to rule by day ; the moon and stars to rule by night.
Chorus. For his merey endureth forever.
Solo. 9. To him that smote Egypt in their first-born :
Chorus. For his merey endureth forever.
Solo. 10. And brought out Israel from among them :
Chorus. For his merey endureth forever.
Solo. 11. With a strong hand, and with an outstretched arm :
Chorus. For his merey endureth forever.
Solo. 12. To him who divided the Red sea into parts :
Chorus. For his merey endureth forever.
Solo. 13. And made Israel to pass through in the midst of it :
Chorus. For his merey endureth forever.
Solo. 14. But overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red sea :
Chorus. For his merey endureth forever.
Solo. 15. To him who led his people through the wilderness :
Chorus. For his merey endureth forever.
Solo. 16. To him who smote great kings, and gave their land for an heritage to Israel his servant.
Chorus. For his merey endureth forever.
Solo. 17. Who remembered us in our low estate :
Chorus. For his merey endureth forever.
Solo. 18. And hath redeemed us from our enemies :
Chorus. For his merey endureth forever.
Solo. 19. Who giveth food to all flesh :
Chorus. For his merey endureth forever.
Solo. 20. O give thanks unto the God of heaven :
Chorus. For his merey endureth forever. Amen.

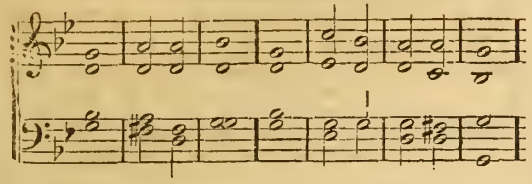
No. 10. DOUBLE CHANT.



SELECTION No. 10—PSALM 92.

1. It is a good thing to give thanks | unto··the | Lord ; ‖ and to sing praises unto thy | name— | O most | Highest.
2. To tell of thy loving kindness | early··in the | morning ; ‖ and of thy | truth··in the | night— | season.
3. Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | lute ; ‖ upon a loud instrument, | and up- | on the | harp
4. For thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through thy | works ; ‖ and I will rejoice in giving praise for the ope- | ration | of thy | hands.
5. Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son ; ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
6. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever··shall | be, ‖ world without | end. A- | men. A | men

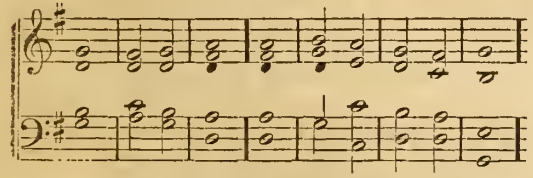
No. 11. SINGLE CHANT.



SELECTION No. 11—PSALM 51.

1. Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot | out··my trans- | gressions.
2. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquities and | cleanse me | from my | sin.
3. For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is | ever··be- | fore me.
4. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this | evil | in thy | sight.
5. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right | spirit··with- | in me.
6. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy | Holy | Spirit | from me.
7. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with | thy free | spirit.
8. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be con- | verted | unto | thee. Amen.

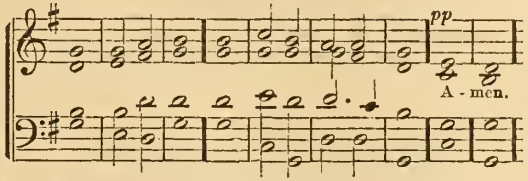
No. 12. SINGLE CHANT.



SELECTION No. 12—PSALM 24.

1. The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that | dwell there- | in;
2. For he hath founded it upon the seas, and es- | tablished··it up- | on the | floods,
3. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in his | holy | place?
4. He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor | sworn— | de— | ceitfully.
5. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of | his sal- | vation.
6. This is the generation of them that seek him, that | seek thy | face, O | Jacob.
7. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the king of Glory | shall come | in.
8. Who is this King of Glory? The Lord, strong and mighty; the | Lord— | mighty··in | battle.
9. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory | shall come | in.
10. Who is this King of Glory? The Lord of hosts, | he··is the | King of | Glory.

No. 13. SINGLE CHANT.



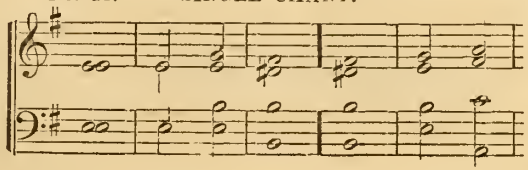
SELECTION No. 13.

1. Glory be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good | will to | men.
2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for | thy great | glo— | ry.
3. O Lord God | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al— | mighty.

(Down to 4th verse, Chant No. 14.).

9. For thou | only··art | holy, || thou | only | art the | Lord.
10. Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the glory of | God the | Fa— | ther. || Amen.

No. 14. SINGLE CHANT.



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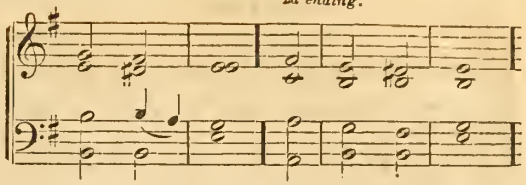
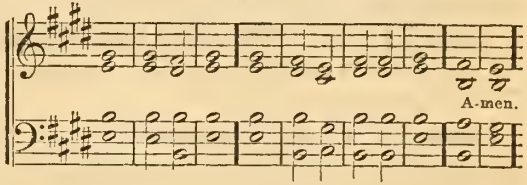


4. O Lord, the only begotten Son | Jesus | Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son··of the | Fa- — | ther.
5. That takest away the | sin··of the | world || have | mer··cy up- | on— | us.
6. Thou that takest away the | sin··of the | world || have | mer··cy up- | on— | us.
7. Thou that takest away the | sin··of the | world || receive, re- | ceive our | prayer.
8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, have | mer··cy up- | on— | us.

No. 15. SINGLE CHANT.

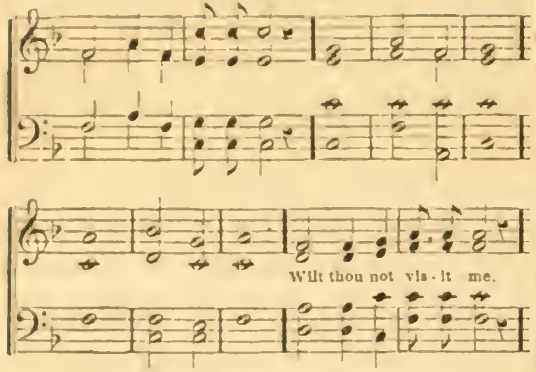


SELECTION No. 14.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name:
2. Thy kindom come; thy will be done, on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
3. Give us this day our | daily | bread;
4. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
5. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil;
6. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory,··for- | ever··and | ever. || Amen.

No. 16. CHANT.

"Wilt Thou not visit me?" W. B. B.



SELECTION No. 16.

Desires for God's presence.

1.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels Thy | gentle | dew;
Each blade of grass I see,
From Thy deep earth its quickening | moisture | drew.
Wilt Thou not visit me?

2.

Wilt thou not visit me?
Thy morning calls on me with | cheering | tone;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of | Thee a- | lone.
Wilt thou not visit me?

3.

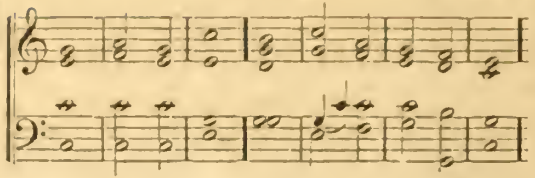
Wilt thou not visit me? I need thy love,
More than the flower, the dew, or | grass the | rain;
Come, like Thy holy dove,
And let me in Thy sight rejoice to | live a- | gain.
Wilt thou not visit me?

4.

Yes! Thou wilt visit me;
Nor plant, nor tree, Thine eye de- | lights so | well,
As when from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with Thine in | peace to | dwell.
Yes, Thou wilt visit me.

No. 17. SINGLE CHANT.

"Come to me." W. B. B.



SELECTION No. 17.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11: 28.

1.

With tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy | sea;
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly | whisper, | "Come to | me."

2.

It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my | soul may | flee;
O! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the | bidding, | "Come to | me."

3.

When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, en- | joy, and | see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice | utters, | "Come to | me."

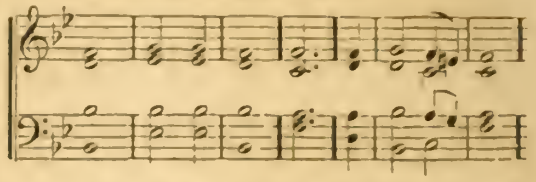
4.

Come, for all else must fail and die,
Earth is no resting | place for | thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy | portion, | "Come to | me."

5.

O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief and | ago- | ny,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently | whisper, | "Come to | me."

No. 18. SINGLE CHANT



SELECTION No. 18.—Humble Devotion.

1.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit,
My humble pray'r ascends—O | Father, | hear it!
Borne on the trembling wings of fear and meekness;
For- | give its | weakness.

2.

I know—I feel how mean, and how unworthy
The lowly sacrifice I | pour be- | fore thee:
What can I offer thee, O Thou most holy!
But | sin and | folly.

3.

Lord, in thy sight, who ev'ry bosom viewest,
Cold in our warmest vows, and | vain our | truest;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour—our lips repeat them—
Our | hearts for- | get them.

4.

We see thy hand—it leads us—it supports us:
We hear thy voice—it | counsels, | and it | courts us;
And then we turn away; and still thy kindness
For- | give our | blindness!

5.

Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing
To ev'ry gen'rous thought and | grateful | feeling!
O! who can hear the accents of thy mercy,
And | never | love thee.

6.

Kind Benefactor! plant within this bosom
The | seeds of | holiness, | and let them blossom
In fragrance, and in beauty bright and vernal,
And | spring e- | ternal.

7.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and | seraphs | are the | wardens;
Where ev'ry flow'r brought safe through death's dark portal,
Be- | comes im | mortal

PRAYER MEETING DEPARTMENT.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

FROM "COTTAGE MEL." W. B. B.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne, Make
D. C. And oft es - caped the tempt - er's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer, And oft es - caped the tempt - er's snare By

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear, To him whose truth and faith - ful - ness, En -
D. C. I'll cast on him my ev - ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer, I'll cast on him my ev - ery care, And

3. Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share; Till from Mount Pis - gah's lof - ty height, I
D. C. And shout, while pass - ing through the air, Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of prayer, And shout, while pass - ing through the air, Fare -

Fine. *D. C.*

all my wants and wish - es known: In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re - lief;
thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.

- gage the wait - ing soul to bless; And since he bids me seek his face, Be - lieve his word, and trust his grace,
wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

view my home, and take my flight: This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;
- well, fare - well, sweet hour of prayer.

DEAR COMRADE, PILGRIMS. [CONQUEST.]

W. L. MASON

1 Dear com - rade pil-grims of the cross, Although the way be drea-ry, Yet faint not, fain not, onward press, Tho' wounded, worn and wea - ry.
2 Tho' sore be - set, not o'- ver come, Cast down, but not des - pair-ing. We're traveling toward a heaveniy home. Our mas-ter's stan-dard bear-ing
3 We'll one an - oth - er's bur-dens bear, The toil - some jour-ney cheering; Our joys and all our sorrows share, Each day our home we're nearing.
4 Our Lord is God; his prom-ise sure, His he p shall fail us nev - er; And they who to the end en-du-re Shall reign with him for - ev - er!

Toil on - ward still Thro' eve - ry ill, Con - fi - ding in the Sav-iour; The jour - ney done, And glo - ry won, We'll sing his praise for- ev - er!

Toil on - ward still Thro' eve - ry ill, Con - fi - ding in the Sav-iour; The jour - ney done, And glo - ry won, We'll sing his praise for- ev - er!

Toil on - ward still Thro' eve - ry ill, Con - fi - ding in the Sav-iour; The jour - ney done, And glo - ry won, We'll sing his praise for- ev - er!

SION, WAKE, ALL PRAISE ACCORD.

1 Si - on, wake all praise accord, To thy Saviour, and thy Lord. Fountain he, for sin outpoured; The Mes - si - ah, the Mes - si-ah, The Prince of Peace is here
2 He who reigns on heav'n ly steep, Comes to seek his wandering sheep. Willing eve - ry soul to keep, The Mes - si - ah, the Mes - si-ah, The Prince of Peace is here
3 Si - on lift thy songs of praise With the faithful, now up-raise Carols sweet, and hymned lays: The Mes - si - ah, the Mes - si-ah, The Prince of Peace is here

1. When the spark of life is wan - ing, Weep not for me; When the languid eye is stream - ing, Weep not for me; When the feeble pulse is ceas - ing,
2. When the pangs of death as - sail me, Weep not for me; Christ is mine, he can not fail me—Weep not for me; Yet, tho' sin and doubt endeav - or
3. When the clay my form shall cov - er, Weep not for me; Then my tri - als shall be o - ver, Weep not for me; Safe from ev-ery vile tempta - tion,

Start not at its swift de-creasing, 'Tis the fettered soul's releas-ing—Weep not for me!
From his love my soul to sev - er, Je - sus is my strength for ever:—Weep not for me!
Safe from sin and trib - u-lation, With the saints I'll shout salvation—Weep not for me!

4.
In those hours you feel most lonely,
Weep not for me;
Think not of the dark grave only,
Weep not for me;
Far away my happy spirit
Shall the joys of heaven inherit,
Purchased by a Saviour's merit—
Weep not for me!

5.
When you pace the lonely dwelling,
Weep not for me;
When with grief your breast is swelling,
Weep not for me;
Let the thought of one day meeting,
All your silent anguish sweeten,
View by faith our happy greeting—
Weep not for me!

6.
Brave the storm a little longer,
Weep not for me;
Trials make the faith grow stronger,
Weep not for me;
I shall on the shore be standing,
When your happy spirit's landing,
All is safe with Christ commanding—
Weep not for me!

OAK. 6s & 4s.

DR. MASON.

1. { I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home;
{ Earth is a des - ert drear, Heaven is my home. } Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on ev - ery hand; Heaven is my fa - ther-land, Heaven is my home.
2. { What tho' the tem-pest rage, Heaven is my home;
{ Short is my pil - grim-age, Heaven is my home. } Time's cold and win - try blast Soon will be o ver - past; I shall reach home at last, Heaven is my home.
3. { There at my Saviour's side, Heaven is my home;
{ I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heaven is my home. } There are the good and blest, Those I loved most and best, There too, I soon shall rest, Heaven is my home.

CHRISTIAN'S DEATH SONG.

Wm. B. BRADBURY

1. I am fad - ing a - way to the land of the blest, Like the last lingering hues of the even Re - clin - ing my head on my
2. The world is fast sink - ing a - way from my sight, A tri - fle ap - pears all its treasures! I see them from hence ly e -
3. But there is a spot— one beau - ti - ful spot My heart lin - gers o'er with e - mo - tion; Its peace - ful en - joy - ments shall

4. Lo! up - ward I gaze, and the glo - ry su - preme, That il - lu - mines the heights of e - ly - sian, Shines down thro' the veil— there is
5. Lo! there are the towers of my fu - ture a - bode, The ci - ty on high and e - ter - nal! See, there is the E - den—the

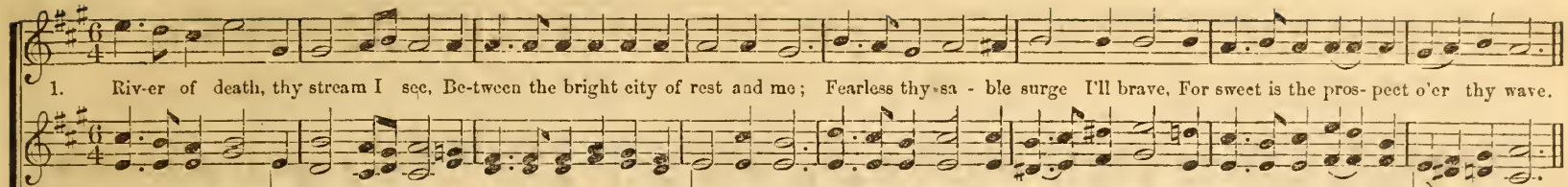
Sa - viour's breast, I soar to my own na - tive heaven, My war - fare is fin - ished, the bat - tle is won, To a
- - ter - ni - ty's light: How van - ish its pomp and its pleasures! How faint are the notes of the trum - pet of fame, Re -
ne'er be for - got; 'Tis the place of my form - er de - vo - tion. I see it, "outstretched in its love - li - ness," lie, Like a

life in each beam— It rend - ers im - mor - tal my vi - sion; The notes of soft mel - o - dy fall on my ear; Har -
riv - er of God! And the trees ev - er bear - ing and ver - nal: Haste, haste with me on - ward, com - pan - ion and guide, Let me

crown and a throne I as - pire: My cours-ers are swift - er than steeds of the sun. I mount in a cha - riot of fire.
- - fresh - ing its soul - flattering story! How tar - nished the lus - tre of each no - ble name! A me - te - or flash is its glo - ry.
gar - den of li - lies and ros - es; More charming to me, as it fades from the eye, Than the val - leys of Ca - naan to Mos - es.

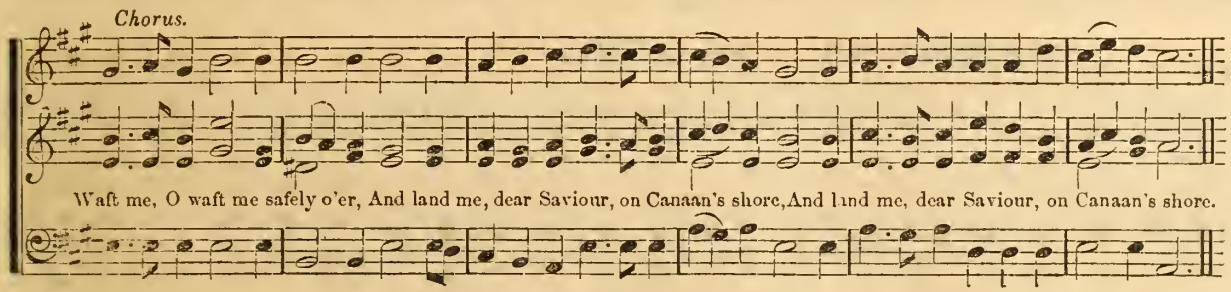
- - mon - ious the ca - dence and mea - sure; 'Tis the voice of the harp - ers on Zi - on I hear; Full high swells their cho - rus of plea - sure.
join in that hea - ven - ly ma - tin; Fly wide, ye bright gates! swift - ly thro' them I ride, Tri - umph-ant o'er sin, death, and Sa - tan.

RIVER OF DEATH. 8s & 10s.



1. Riv-er of death, thy stream I see, Be-tween the bright city of rest and me; Fearless thy sa - ble surge I'll brave, For sweet is the pros- pect o'er thy wave.

2. Why should I fear to stem thy tide, With him who has loved me as guard and guide? Wisdom and power control thy flood, While faith says my passage, was paid with blood.



Chorus.

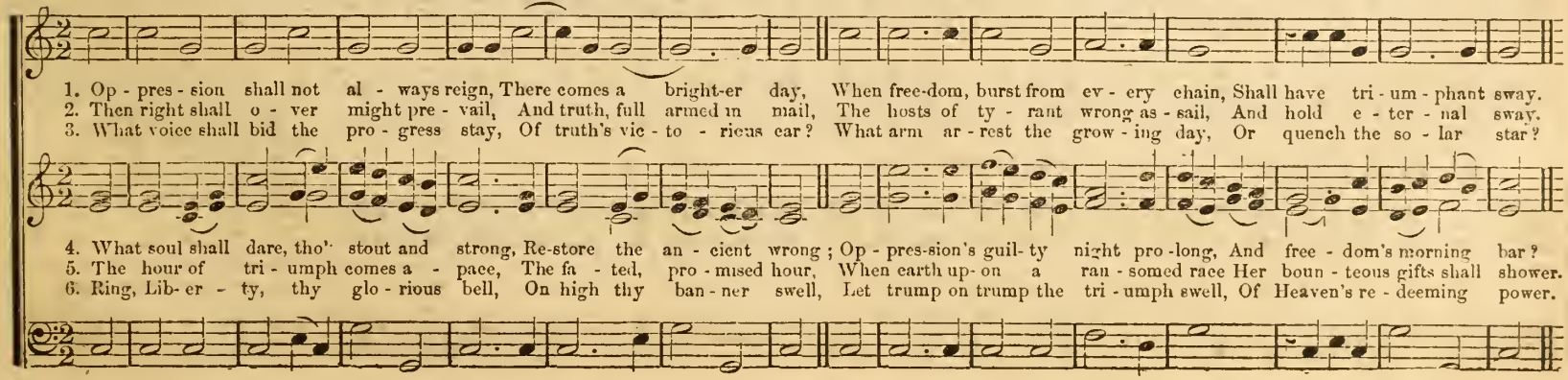
Waft me, O waft me safely o'er, And land me, dear Saviour, on Canaan's shore, And land me, dear Saviour, on Canaan's shore.

3. What is it gilds thy darksome foam?
'Tis light shining forth from my happy home—
Music that thrills my soul to hear,
Seems floating me over thy surface drear.
Waft me, O waft me, &c.

4. Help me, I feel the waters rise,
Yet visions of glory still glad my eyes.
Saviour, I come—I soon shall be
Among the blest purchase of Calvary.
Waft me, O waft me, &c.

ELNER. C. M. Hymn for our Country.

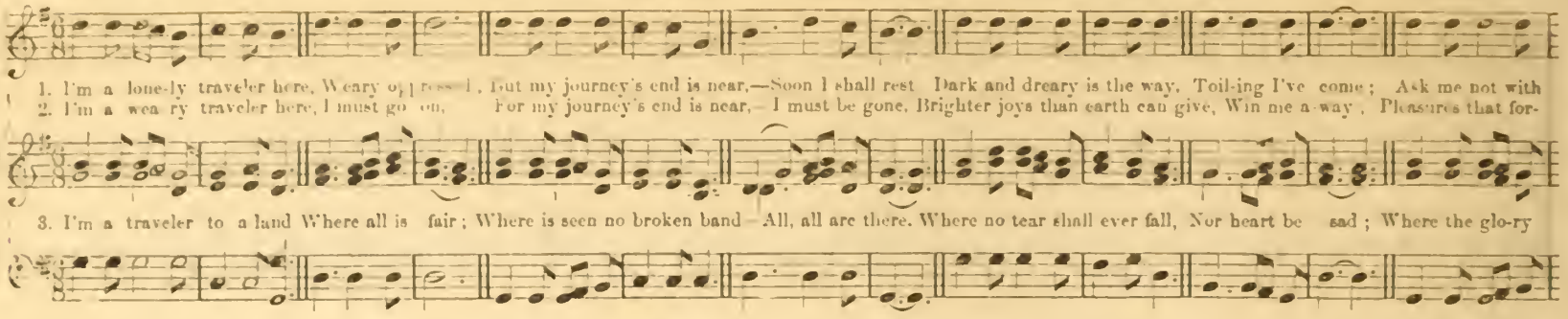
Dr. L. MASON.



1. Op - pres - sion shall not al - ways reign, There comes a bright-er day, When free-dom, burst from ev - ery chain, Shall have tri - um - phant sway.
2. Then right shall o - ver might pre - vail, And truth, full armed in mail, The hosts of ty - rant wrong as - sail, And hold e - ter - nal sway.
3. What voice shall bid the pro - gress stay, Of truth's vic - to - rious ear? What arm ar - rest the grow - ing day, Or quench the so - lar star?
4. What soul shall dare, tho' stout and strong, Re-store the an - cient wrong; Op - pres-sion's guil- ty night pro -long, And free - dom's morning bar?
5. The hour of tri - umph comes a - pace, The fa - ted, pro - mised hour, When earth up- on a ran - somed race Her boun - teous gifts shall shower.
6. Ring, Lib- er - ty, thy glo - rious bell, On high thy ban - ner swell, Let trump on trump the tri - umph swell, Of Heaven's re - deeming power.

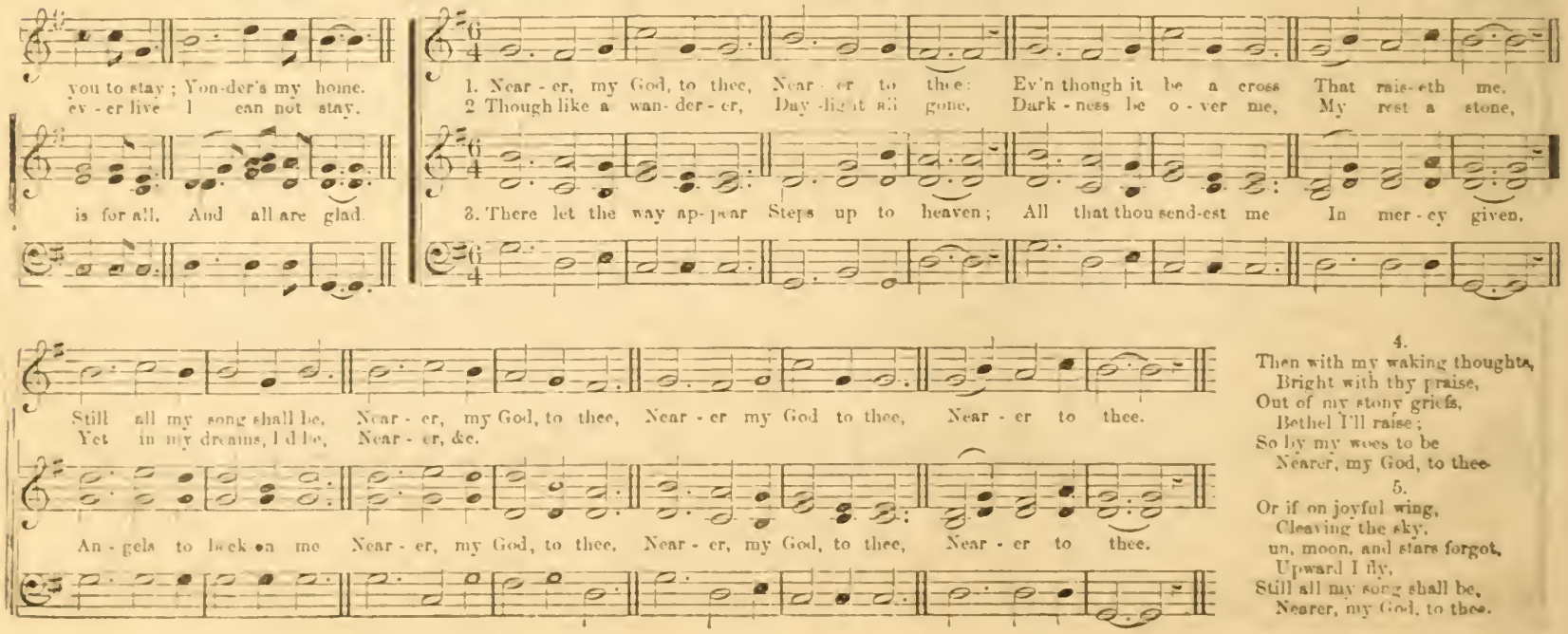
THE LONELY TRAVELER. 7s & 4s.

H. P. MAIN.



BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

DR. L. MASON.



4.
Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee.

5.
Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
un, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee.

ONDELL. C. M. Double.

Cres. *Dim.* *Cres.* *Dim.* *mp*

1. Je-ru-salem! my happy home, Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my la-bors have an end, In joy and peace, in thee? 2. O, when, thou ci - ty of my God,

3. Why should I shrink at pain and wo? Or feel, at death, dismay? I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And realms of endless day. 4. Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,

mf *f* *f*

Shall I thy courts as-cend, Where con-gre-ga-tions ne'er break up, And Sabbath has no end? Where con-gre-gations ne'er break up, And Sabbath has no end?

A-round my Sa-viour stand; And soon my friends in Christ be-low Will join the glo-rious band, And soon my friends in Christ below Will join the glo-rious band.

HUTTON. S. M. (For Our Country.)

Dr. HASTINGS, by Permission.

1. Hush the loud can-non's roar, The fran-tic war-rior's call! Why should the earth be drenched with gore? Are we not broth-ers all?
2. Want, from the wretch depart! Chains, from the cap-tive fall! Sweet mer-cy melt th' oppres-sor's heart— Suf-ferers are broth-ers all.

3. Churches and sects, strike down Each mean par-ti-tion wall! Let love each harsh-er feel-ing drown—Christians are broth-ers all.
4. Let love and truth a-lone Hold hu-man hearts in thrall, That heaven its work at length may own And men be broth-ers all.

Why should the earth be drenched with gore?

BEAUTIFUL CITY. Quartet or Chorus.

T. J. COOK.

mf *Cres.* *f* *mp*

1. Beau ti ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau ti-ful ci - ty that I love! Beau ti-ful gates of pearl-y white, Beau ti-ful tem ple—God its light! He who was
2. Beau ti-ful heav'n where all is light, Beau ti-ful angels, clothed in white; Beautiful strains that never tire, Beau ti ful harps thro' all the choir; There shall I
3. Beau ti ful crowns on ev-ery brow, Beau ti-ful palms the conquerors show; Beautiful robes the ransomed wear, Beauti-ful all who en-ter there; Thi ther I
4. Beau ti-ful throne for Christ our King, Beau ti ful songs the an-gels sing; Beau ti-ful rest and wanderings cease, Beautiful home of per fect peace; There shall my

f *Repeat pp*

slain on Cal - va - ry, O-pens those pearl-y gates to me. Zi - on, Zi-on, love - ly Zi - on, Beau - ti-ful Zi - on, cit - y of our God.
join the cho - rus sweet, Wor-ship-ing at the Sa - viour's feet. Zi - on, &c.

press with ea - ger feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet. Zi - on, Zi-on, love - ly Zi - on, Beau - ti-ful Zi - on, cit - y of our God.
eyes the Sa - viour see, Haste to his heaven-ly home with me. Zi - on, &c.

NO SORROW THERE. S. M.*

ARR. BY S. J. VAIL.

1. From Egypt's bon dage come, Where death and darkness reign, We seek a new, a bet-ter home, Where we our rest shall gain.

Cho. There'll be no sorrow there, There'll be no sorrow there, In heaven above where all is love, There'll be no sor-row there.

2 There sin and sorrow cease;
And, every conflict o'er,
We there shall dwell in endless peace,
Nor thirst, nor hunger more.

3 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
And love in every bos om reigns,
For God himself is King.

4 We hope to join the throng,
And soon their pleasures share,
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.

* From a very popular ballad by Rev. C. W. DUNBAR. Sold by C. W. DUNBAR, New York.

LOOKING HOME.

1. Ah! this heart is void and chill, 'Mid earth's noi - sy throng-ings; For my Fa - ther's man - sions still Earn - est - ly is long - ing.
2. Soon the glo - rious day will dawn, Heaven-ly plea - sures bring - ing; Night will be ex - changed for morn, Sighs give place to sing - ing.
3. O, to be at home a - gain, All for which we're sigh - ing, From all earth - ly want and pain To be swift - ly fly - ing.
4. With this load of sin and care, Then no long - er bend ing, But with wait - ing an - gels there On our soul at - tend - ing.
5. Bless - ed home, O, bless - ed home! All for which we're sigh - ing, Soon our Lord will bid us come To our Fa - ther's king-dom.

Refrain.

Look - ing home, Look - ing home, Towards the heaven - ly man - sions Je - sus hath pre-pared for me, In his Fa - ther's king - dom.

WE'RE GOING HOME. L. M.

FROM "WESLEYAN SACRED HARP."

Chorus.

1. { We go the way that leads to God, The way that saints have ever trod; } { We're going home, we're going home, We're going home to die }
{ So let us leave this sinful shore, For realms where we shall die no more. } { To die no more, to die no more, We're going, &c. [no more. }

2. { The ways of God are ways of bliss, And all his paths are happiness; } { We're going home, we're going home, We're going home to }
{ Then, weary souls, your sighs give o'er, We're going home to die no more. } { To die no more, to die no more, We're, &c. [die no more. }

3.

There is a land beyond the sky
Where happy spirits never sigh,
Then, erring souls, your sins deplore,
And sing of where we 'll die no more.
We're going home, &c.

4.

Come, sinners, come, and join our band,
And journey towards Immanuel's land;
Renounce the world with all its store,
We're going home to die no more.
We're going home, &c.

356 JASPER. C. M. Double.

Dr. L. MASON.

mp ALLEGRETTO. *dim.* *mp* *dim.*

1 There is a ci - ty fair and bri - ght, That eye hath nev - er seen, Where ev - er dwell-eth pure de - light, And heaven ly peace se - rene.

mp *dim.* *mp* *dim*

3. There liv - ing wa - ters cease-less flow From out the heaven - ly throne; There fair - est fruits pe - ren - nial grow, And want is nev - er known.
5 Nor sin ner sor - row com-eth there, Nor ev - er death nor pain, In love a - bid - ing, free from care, There saints for ev - er reign.

mf *mp* *f*

2. High walls of pre - cious gems and gold Se - cure from ev - ery ill; ..... Un - heard-of bliss and joys un - told With-in its bor - ders dwell.

mf *mp* *f*

4. Nor sun by day nor moon by night This heavenly ci - ty needs; ..... But glo - ry sheds a crys - tal light That nev - er wanes nor fades.
5. A - mong the ma - ny man-sions there O is there one for me? ..... Dear Lord, an hum - ble place pre-pare, That I may dwell with thee.

LIBERTY. 7s.

S. J. VAIL. From "The Shining Star,"

1. God made all his crea - tures free; Life it - self is lib - er - ty; God or - dained no oth - er bands Than u - ni - ted hearts and hands.
2. Sin the pri - mal char - ter broke—Sin, it - self earth's heaviest yoke; Ty - ran - ny with sin be - gan, Man o'er brute, and man o'er man.

3. But a bet - ter day shall be, Life a - gain be lib - er - ty, And the wide world's on - ly bands Love-knit hearts and love-linked hands.
4. So shall ev - ery sla - very cease, And God's children dwell in peace, And the new - born earth re - cord, Love, and Love a - lone is Lord.

A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

Chorus. Cres.

We are out on the ocean sailing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide; We are out on the ocean sailing, To a home beyond the tide. All the storms will soon be over, Then we'll anchor

Mil-lions now are safely landed, Over on the golden shore; Millions more are on their journey, Yet there's room for millions more. All the storms will soon be over, Then we'll anchor

f

in the harbor; We are out on the ocean sailing To a home beyond the tide; We are out on the ocean sailing, To a home beyond the tide.

in the harbor; We are out on the ocean sailing To a home beyond the tide; We are out on the ocean sailing, To a home beyond the tide.

3.

Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.
Chorus.—All the storms, &c.

4.

When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er;
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore.
Chorus.—All the storms, &c.

ANOTHER YEAR. 4s & 6s.

W. B. B.

1. An - oth - er year Has told its four-fold tale, And still I'm here, A trav-eler in this vale.

2. Ah! not a few Who seemed life's toil to brave, Are hid from view, With-in the si - lent grave.

3.

Why am I spared
To see another year?
Why have I shared
So many mercies here?

4.

From God alone
My mercies I receive;
To him alone
I would for ever live.

REST AT HOME.

From "Pilgrim Songs,"

Chorus.

1. How often I am weary, How often sad and dreary, What then but this could cheer me, I soon shall rest at home. When this poor body lies mould'ring, mould'ring in the tomb,
2. What then of tribulation, What then of sore temptation: Be this my consolation, I soon shall rest in heaven. When this poor body lies mould'ring, mould'ring in the tomb,
3. There shall my happy spirit Sing of my Saviour's merit, Who brought me to inherit Eternal rest in heaven When this poor body lies mould'ring, mould'ring in the tomb,
4. O brother shall I meet you, O sister shall I greet you, O sinner, shall I see you Among the blest in heaven? When this poor body lies mould'ring, mould'ring in the tomb,

When soft winds gently sighing o'er its quiet home, When strange sweet flowers in beauty, in beauty o'er it bloom, I shall rest at home, I shall rest at home.

When soft winds gently sighing o'er its quiet home, When strange sweet flowers in beauty, in beauty o'er it bloom, I shall rest at home, I shall rest at home.

OLD ATONEMENT. C. M.

Arranged by S. J. Vail.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins: And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains,

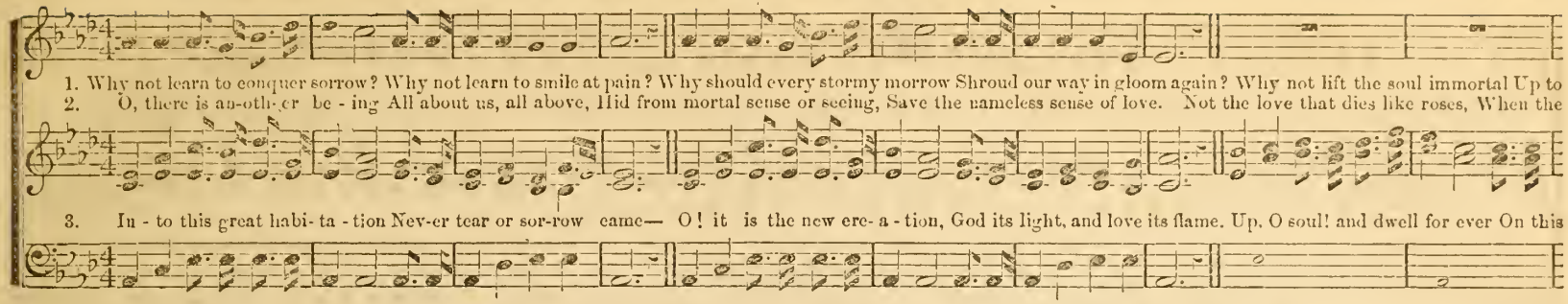
Fine. D. C.

D. C. And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

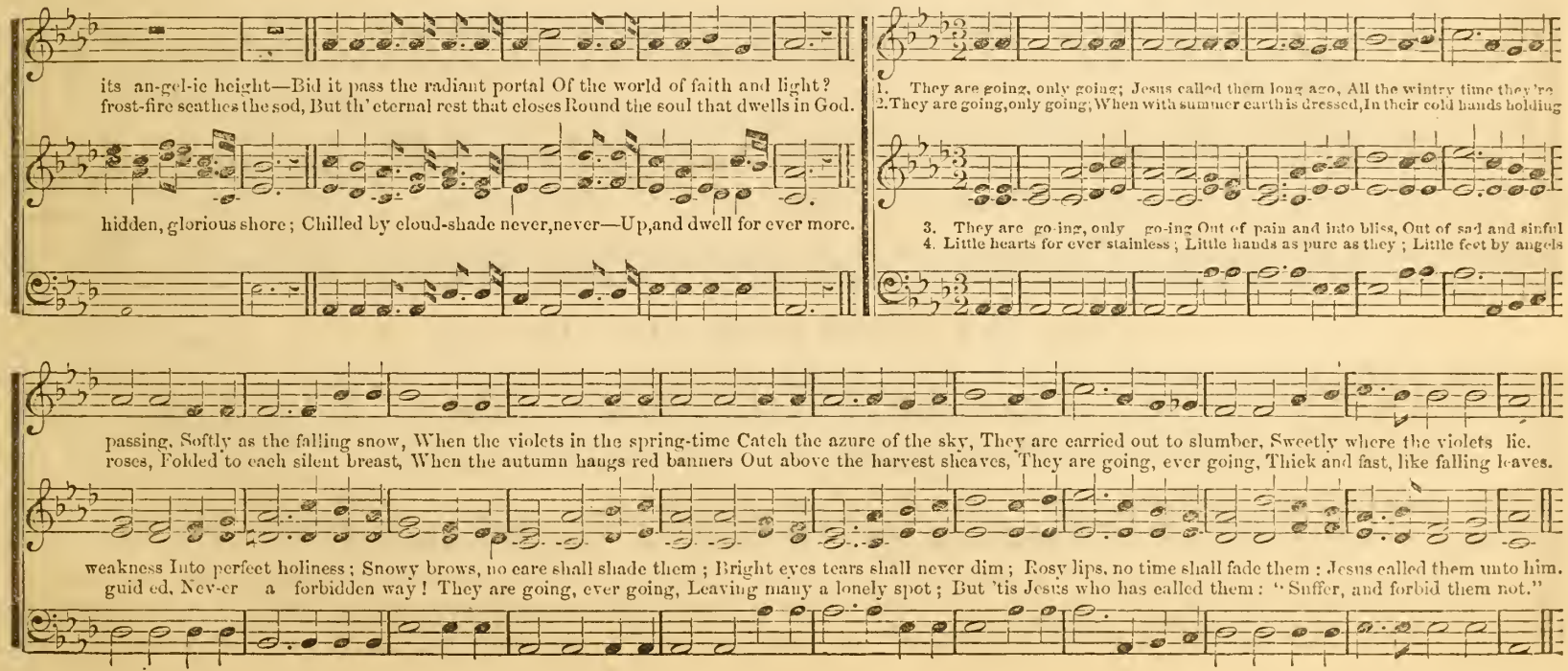
2.
The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day:
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3.
Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4.
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.



(9th P. M.) GOING HOME. 8s & 7s. T. F. SEWARD.



SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN?

WM. D. BRADBURY.

1. Shall we sing in heaven for ever—Shall we sing? Shall we sing? Shall we sing in heaven for ever In that happy land? Yes! O, yes! in that land, that happy land.
2. Shall we know each other ever In that land? In that land? Shall we know each other ever In that happy land? Yes! O, yes! in that land, that happy land.
3. Shall we sing with holy angels In that land? In that land? Shall we sing with holy angels In that happy land? Yes! O, yes! in that land, that happy land.
4. Shall we rest from care and sorrow, In that land? In that land? Shall we rest from care and sorrow, In that happy land? Yes! O, yes! in that land, that happy land.

They that meet shall sing for ever, Far beyond the rolling river, Meet to sing, and love for ever In that happy land.
They that meet shall know each other, Far beyond, &c.

Saints and angels sing for ever, Far beyond the rolling river, Meet to sing, and love for ever In that happy land.
They that meet shall rest for ever, Far beyond, &c.

5 Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that land?
Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that happy land?
Yes! O, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Children meet and sing for ever,
Far beyond, &c.

6 Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that land?
Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that happy land?
Yes! O, yes! in that land, that happy land,
We shall know our blessed Saviour
Far beyond the rolling river,
Love and serve him there for ever,
In that happy land!

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

WESTERN MELODY.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free! No, there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here; But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free, And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

1. Chris - tian, the morn breaks sweet - ly o'er thee, And all the mid - night sha - dows flee, Tinged are the dis - tant skies with
2. Tossed on the dark, proud waves of o - cean, Calm - ly com - posed, un - daunt - ed be; 'Midst the fierce tem - pest's dread com-
3. Chris - tian, be - hold! the land is near - ing, And the wild sea - storm's rage is o'er, List! to the heaven - ly hosts now
4. Cheer up! cheer up! the light breaks o'er thee, Bright as the sum - mer's noon - tide ray; The star - ry crown in realms of

glo - ry, A bea - con light hung out for thee. A - rise! a - rise! the light breaks o'er thee; Thy
- mo - tion, Thy God doth still re - mem - ber thee.

cheer - ing; See! in what throngs they range the shore. A - rise! a - rise! &c.
glo - ry; In - vites the hap - py soul a - way. A - way! a - way! ..... leave all for glo - ry, &c.

name is gra - ven on the throne; Thy home is in the world of glo - ry, Where thy Re - deem - er reigns a - lone.

CALBRA. 9s & 6s.

DR. L. MASON

1. O show me not my Sa - viour dy - ing, As on the cross he bled, Nor in the tomb a cap - tive ly ing, For he has left the dead.
2. Weep not for him at Cal - vary's sta - tion, Weep on - ly for thy sins; View where he lay with ex - al - ta - tion; 'Tis there our hope be - gins.

3. Still in the sla - ve ful cross I glo - ry, Where his dear blood was spilt; My soul is melt - ed at the sto - ry Of him who bore my guilt.
4. By death, he dat - ts dark king de - feat - ed, And o - ver - came the grave; His - ing, the tri umph he com - plet - ed: He lives, he reigns to save!

Then bid me not that form ex - tend - ed For my Re - deem - er own, Who, to the high - est heaven as - cend - ed, In glo - ry fills the throne.
Yet stay not there, thy sor - rows feed - ing, A - mid the scenes he trod: Look up and see him in - ter - ced - ing At the right hand of God.

Yet what, 'mid con - flict and temp - ta - tion, Shall strength and suc - cor give? He lives, the Cap - tain of sal - va - tion! Therefore his ser - vants live.
Heaven's hap - py my - riads bow be - fore him; He comes the Judge of men: These eyes shall see him and a - dore him: Lord Je - sus! own me then.

HARRIOTT. 6s & 5s.

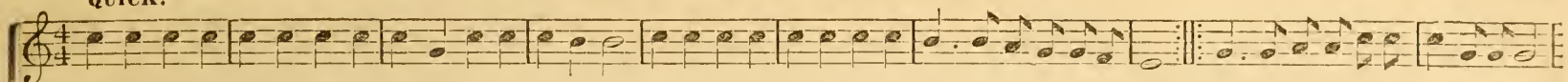
S. MAIN.

1. Why that look of sadness? Why that downcast eye? Can no thought of gladness Lift thy soul on high? O thou heir of heaven, [illegible] Lo, [illegible] heaven All his grace to prove.
2. Is thy burdened spirit Agonized for sin? Think of Jesus' merit; He can make thee clean; Think of Calvary's mountain, Where [illegible] Wash away thy guilt.

3. Is thy spirit drooping? Is the tempter near? Still in Je - sus hoping, What hast thou to fear? Set the prize before [illegible] Gird thy armor on [illegible] of grace and glory, Struggle for thy crown.

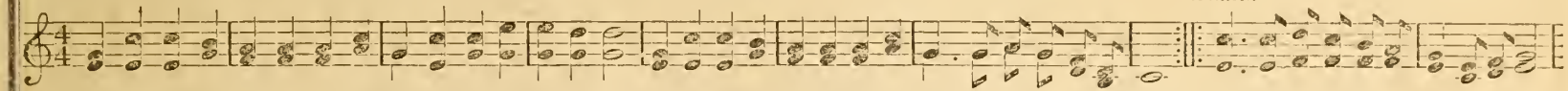
A FRIEND THAT'S EVER NEAR.

QUICK.

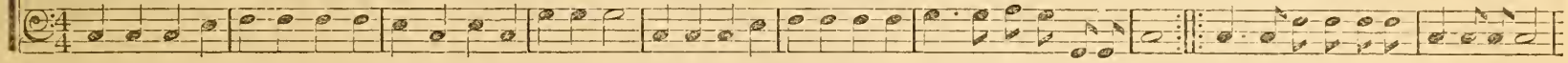


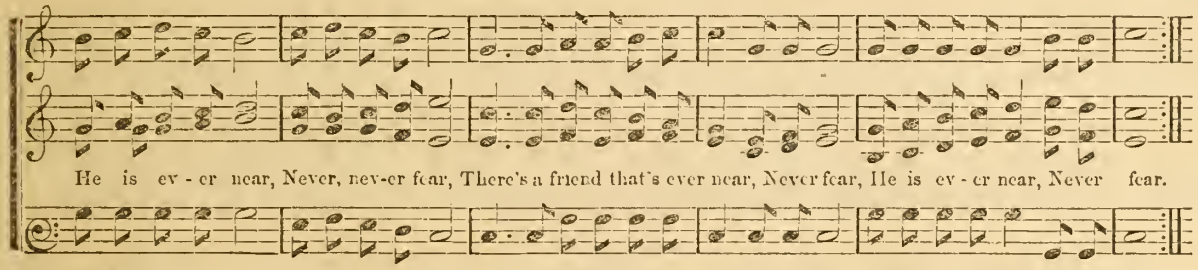
1. { Tho' the days are dark with trouble. And thy heart is filled with fear, There is one that sees thee ever, And will hold thee near and dear. } There's a friend that's ever near, Never [fear,
{ Cheerful hearts and smiling fa - ces Oft-en make thee happy here, Yet no one was e'er so happy But sometimes the clouds appear. }

REFRAIN.



2. { All thy prospects will seem brighter When the shadow leaves the heart, And the steps of time beat lighter, When the gloomy clouds depart. } There's a friend that's ever near, [Never fear,
{ Many days have dawned serenely, While the birds sang with delight, But the skies were dark and gloomy, Ere the sun had reached its height. }



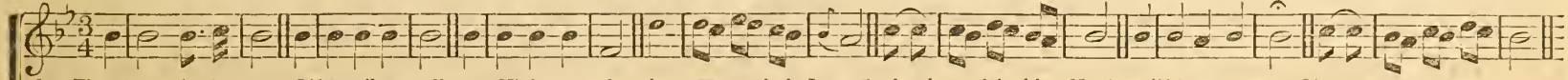


He is ev - er near, Never, nev-er fear, There's a friend that's ever near, Never fear, He is ev - er near, Never fear.

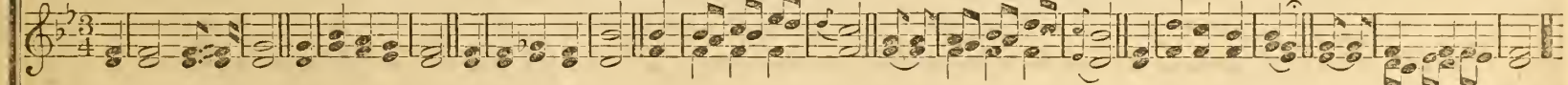
3.

Soon will dawn a brighter morning
On a blessed, tranquil shore;
Sighs will then give place to singing,
Tears to bliss for evermore.
Thou shalt see a world of glory,
And eternal joy and bliss;
Let not then thy soul be moaning
O'er the woes and cares of this.
Chor.—There's a friend, &c.

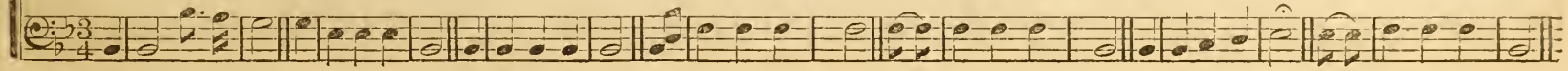
WORDS BY C. BEECHER (54th P. M.) **BEECHER. 5s.** W. U. BUTCHER.



1. There's rest in the grave, Life's toils are all past, Night cometh at last; How calmly I rest In the sleep of the blest, Nor hear life's storm rave O'er my green, grassy grave.
2. No rest in the grave—Heaven's dawn purples fast, Morn's splendors are east Like shafts thro' the gloom Of the dark, silent tomb; Heaven's fair bowers wave—No rest in the grave.

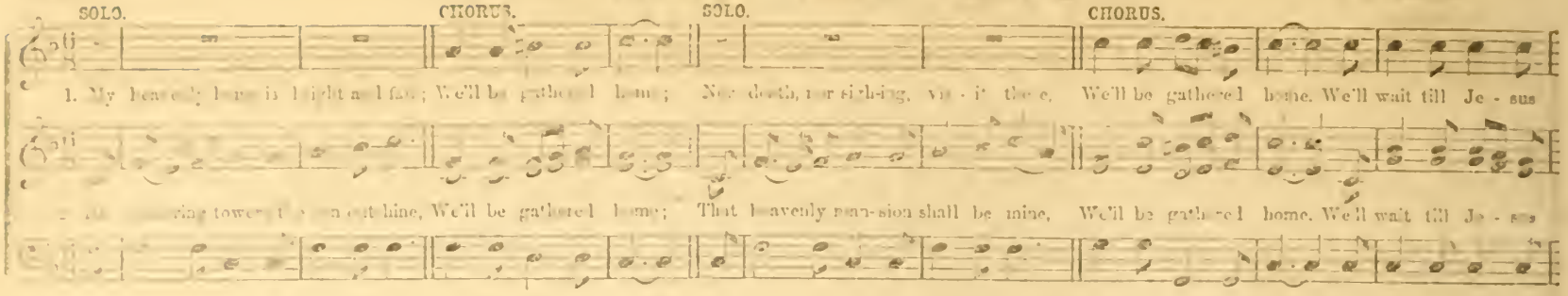


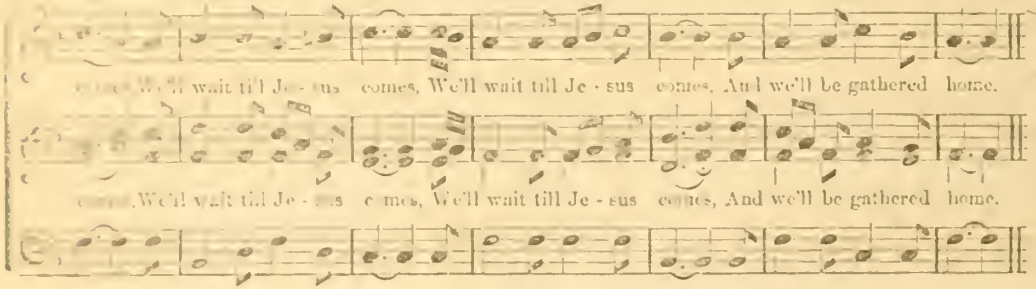
3. Arise from the grave! Heaven's bright, burning throng Come rushing along; They gird me about, And triumphant shout, As myriad palms wave, "Ascend from the grave."



OUR HOME WITH JESUS.

T. E. PERKINS.





3. My Father's house is built on high, We'll be gathered home;
Above the arched and starry sky, We'll be gathered home.

4. Let others seek a home below, We'll be gathered home;
Which flames devour, or waves o'erthrow, We'll be gathered home.

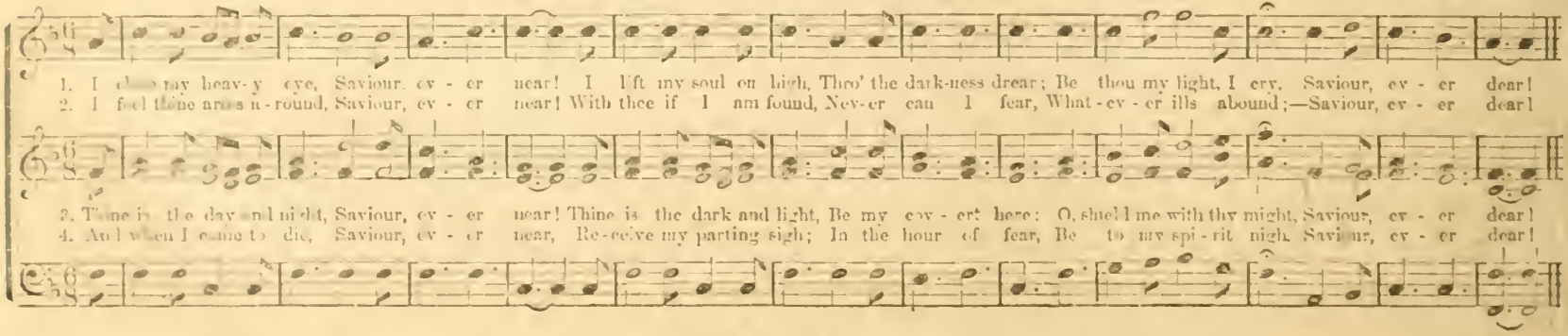
5. Be mine the happier lot to own, We'll be gathered home;
A heavenly mansion near the throne, We'll be gathered home.

6. Then fail this earth, let stars decline, We'll be gathered home;
And sun and moon refuse to shine, We'll be gathered home.

7. All nature sink, and cease to be, We'll be gathered home;
That heavenly mansion stands for me, We'll be gathered home.

SAVIOUR, EVER DEAR.

S. MAIN.



Moderato.

I LONG TO BE THERE.

T. J. COOK.

1. I've read of a world of beau-ty, Where there is no gloom-y night, While love is the mainspring of du-ty, And God is the fountain of light;

2. I've read of its flow-ing riv-er, That bursts from beneath the throne, And beau-ti-ful trees that ev-er, Are found on its banks a-lone;
3. To rise to that world of light, And breathe its balm-y air, To walk with the Lamb in white, And sing with the an-gels there;

I long, I long, I long to be there; I long, I long, I long to be there.

I long, I long, I long to be there; I long, I long, I long to be there.
I long, &c.

THE HEAVENLY LAND.

T. E. P.

1. There is a land im-mortal, The beauti-ful of lands,

2. Tho' dark and drear the passage That leadeth to the gate,
3. Their sighs are lost in singing, They're blessed in their tears,

Be-side this ancient por-tal, A si-lent sentry stands; He on-ly can un-do it, And o-pen wide the door, And mortals who pass thro' it, Are mortals never more.

Yet grace comes with the message, To souls that watch and wait; And at the time appointed A messenger comes down, And leads the Lord's anointed From cross to glory's crown.
Their journey heavenward winging, They leave on earth their fears: Death like an angel seemeth; "We welcome thee," they cry; Their face with glory beameth, 'Tis life for them to die!

366 (26th P. M.) **LOOMIS.** (Need of Jesus.) **7s & 6s.** 8. M.

STEADY and NOT TOO FAST.

1. I need thee, pre - cious Je - sus, for I am full of sin, My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is deal with - in,
2. I need thee, pre - cious Je - sus, for I am ve - ry poor, A strang - er and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store
3. I need thee, pre - cious Je - sus, I need a friend like thee; A friend to soothe and sym - pathize, A friend to care for me.
4. I need thee, pre - cious Je - sus, For I am ve - ry blind; A weak and fool - ish wan - derer, With dark and e - vil mind.

I need the cleans-ing foun - tain, Where I can al - ways flee— The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's on - ly plea.
I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way; To guide my doubt - ing foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.
I need the heart of Je - sus To feel each anx - ious care, To tell my ev - ery trou - ble, And all my sor - rows share.
I need thy cheer - ing pres - ence, To tread the thorn - y road; To guide me safe to glo - ry, To bring me home to God.

CALL. 6s & 4s. S. M.

1. To - day the Sa - viour calls: Ye wan - derers, come! O, ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam.?
2. To - day the Sa - viour calls: O, list - en now! With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly:
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
O, grieve him not away!
'Tis mercy's hour.

SALIS. L. M. With Chorus.

ARRANGED BY S. M.

1. From ev - ery stor - my wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat, 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy-seat.

2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads, A place than all be - sides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend, Though sundered far, by faith they meet A - round one common mercy-seat.

CHORUS, *for each verse.*

The mer-cy - seat, the mer - cy seat, The bles - sed, bles - sed mer - cy - seat.

The mer-cy - seat, the mer - cy seat, The bles - sed, bles - sed mer - cy - seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

CADDO. C. M.

W. B. B.

1. We meet up - on this lone - ly shore, Those whom we dear - ly love; When shall we meet to part no more, When shall we meet a - bove?

2. We meet to bid the sad fare - well; To love, to sigh, to part; A - las, how soon the sweet - est spell Is driv - en from the heart!

3. The f ir - est flowers we fond - ly love, How soon their beau - ty dies! But pu - rer they will bloom a - bove, In bowers of pa - - ra - dise.

4. In that bright, hap-py land a - far, We'll find the loved, the lost; And nought our hap-pi - ness can mar, When life's rough sea is crossed.

(35th P. M.) **MILLINGTON.** (87,87,77.) W. B. B.

1. What is life? 'tis but a va - por, Soon it vanish - es a - way: Life is but a fly - ing ta - per, O, my soul, why wish to stay?
2. See that glo - ry how re - splendent! Brighter far than fan - cy paints; There, in ma - jes - ty trans - cen - dent, Je - sus reigns—the King of saints:
3. Joy - ful crowds, let's rose sur round - ing, Sing with rapture of his love; Through the heavens his praises sounding, Filling all the courts a - bove.
4. Go, and hear his people's glo - ry, Mid the ransomed crowd ap - pear; There a joy - ful, wond'rous sto - ry, One that angels love to hear.

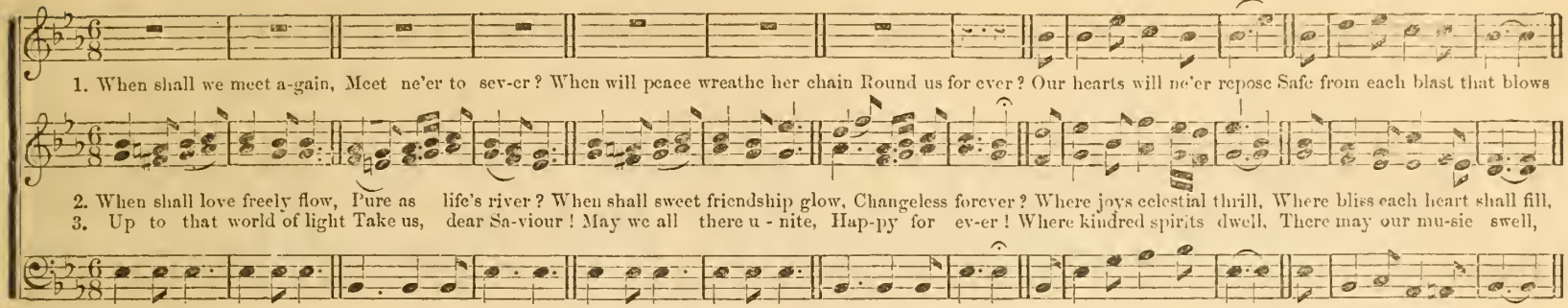
Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yon-der world of joy? Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yon-der world of joy?
Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly Straight to yon-der world of joy? Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly Straight to yon-der world of joy?

Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly Straight to yon-der world of joy? Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly Straight to yon-der world of joy?

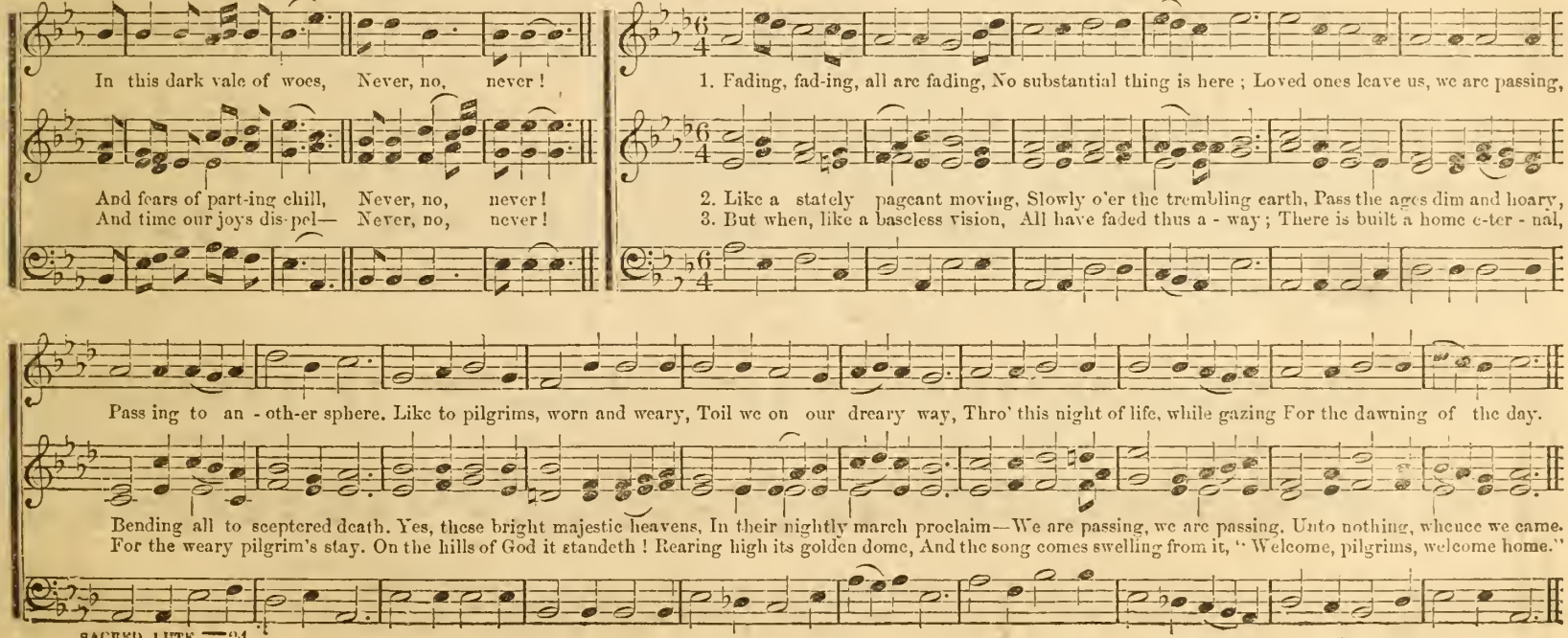
Why not spread thy wings and fly, Why not spread thy wings and fly

(45th P. M.) **SYLVAN SHORE. 8s & 4s. Peculiar.** D. F. HODGES.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea - ry pil - grims found; They oft - ly lie, and sweet - ly sleep Low in the ground.
2. The storm that wrings the win - try sky No more dis - turbs their deep re - pose, Than sum - mer eve - ning's lat - est sigh, That shuts the rose.
3. I long to lay this pain - ful head, And ach - ing heart be - neath the soil, To slum - ber in that dreamless sleep From all my toil.

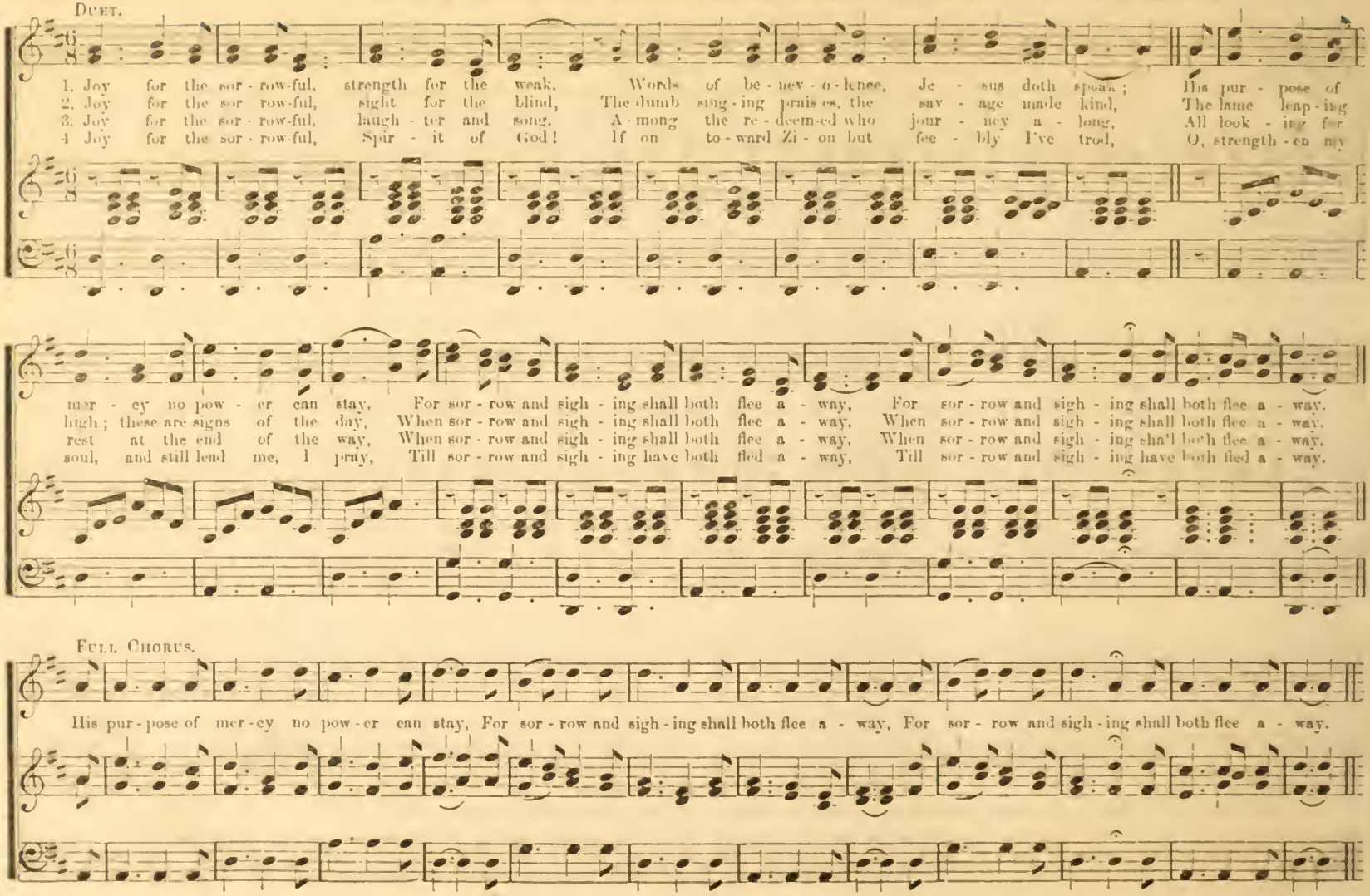


(9th P. M.) **MAGENTA. 8s & 7s.** (Double.) S. J. VAIL. From the "Day-Spring."



JOY FOR THE SORROWFUL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Come a - way, come a - way, life is too sad for thee; Chill are its winds on thy del - i - cate breast; Earth is too rude for thee; heaven shall be glad of thee; Come a-way,
2. Come a - way, come a - way, earth is not meant for thee; Beauti - ful spir - it, mount up to the sky; Friends who have lost thee shall mourn and lament for thee; Thou shalt re-

PIANO.

CHORUS.

love - ly one, come to thy rest. Low in thy nar - row bed Lay down my gen - tle head; Give back to moth-er earth all she can crave; All thy mor - tal - i - ty,
- joice in thy glo - ry on high.

Spread thy bright wings, and soar Spotless for ev - er - more, Sin-stain'd no longer, but white and for - given; Heir of in - fin - i - ty,

Doomed to fi - nal - i - ty, Leave it be - hind, in the dust of the grave, Leave it be - hind, in the dust of the grave.

Robed in di - vin - i - ty, Come a - way, hap-py one! come up to heaven! Come a - way, hap - py one, come up to heaven!

JUDGMENT. 6s & 7s.

1. O, there will be mourning, Be - fore the judgment - seat, When this world is burn - ing, Be-neath Je - ho - vah's feet. Friends and kindred there will part, Will
2. O, there will be mourning, Be - fore the judgment - seat, When the trumpet's warn - ing The sinner's ear shall greet! Friends, &c.
3. O, there will be mourning, Be - fore the judgment - seat, When, from dust re - turn - ing, The lost their doom shall meet. Friends and kindred there will part, Will
4. O, there will be mourning, Be - fore the judgment - seat, Jus - tice, ev - er frown - ing, Shall seal the sin - ner's fate. Friends, &c

part to meet no more; Wrath will sink the rebel's heart, While saints on high a - dore, O, there will be mourn-ing Be - fore the judgment - seat.

part to meet no more; Wrath will sink the rebel's heart, While saints on high a - dore, O, there will be mourn-ing Be - fore the judgment - seat.

SWEET THOUGHTS. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. When lan - guor and dis - ease in - vade This trem-bling house of clay, 'Tis sweet to look be - yond my pain, And long to fly a - way;—
2. Sweet to look in - ward, and at - tend The whis - pers of his love; Sweet to look up - ward, to the place Where Je - sus reigns a - bove;—
3. Sweet to look back, and see my name In life's fair book set down; Sweet to look for - ward, and be - hold E - ter - nal joys my own:—
4. Sweet to re - flect how grace di - vine My sins on Je - sus laid; Sweet to re - mem-ber that his blood My debt of suf - fering paid.

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee, my Saviour; I love thee, my God; I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know;
2. I'm hap-py, I'm hap-py, O won-drous ac-count! My joys are im-mor-tal; I stand on the mount! I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there.
3. O Je-sus, my Sa-viour, with thee I am blest! My life and sal-va-tion, my joy and my rest! Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,
4. O, who's like my Sa-viour? He's Sa-lem's bright King, He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing; I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,

(7th P. M.) THE CHRISTIAN'S GUIDE. 7s. Double.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY M. M. WELLS.

1. Ho-ly Spirit, faith-ful Guide, Ev-er near the Christian's side, Gen-tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev-er present, tru-est Friend, Ev-er near, thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heaven and prayer,

But how much I love thee I nev-er can show.
With Je-sus and an-gels, my kin-dred so dear.
Thy grace shall in-spire both my heart and my tongue.
While riv-ers of pleasure my spir-it doth fill.

Pilgrims in a des-ert land. Wea-ry souls, for e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice, Whisp'ring softly, wanderer, come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

Groping on in dark-ness drear. When the storms are raging sore, Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er, Whisper softly, wanderer, come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home.
Wond'ring if our names are there; Wading deep the dis-mal flood, Pleading naught but Jesus' blood; Whisper softly, wanderer, come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

374 AWAY OVER JORDAN. C. M. With Chorus.

W. B. BRADBURY.

SPIRITED.

1. Je - sus, my all to heaven is gone, *View the land, view the land,* He whom I fix my hopes up - on. *View the prom - ised land.*
2. His track I see, and I'll pur - sue, *View the land, view the land,* The nar - row way till him I view, *View the prom - ised land.*
3. The way the ho - ly pro - phets went, *View the land, view the land,* The road that leads from ban - ish - ment, *View the prom - ised land.*
4. The king's highway of ho - li - ness, *View the land, view the land,* I'll go, for all his paths are peace, *View the prom - ised land.*

REFRAIN. *f*

A - way, a - way o - ver Jor - dan, We'll view the land, View the land, A - way, a - way o - ver Jor - dan, We'll view the promised land.

EARTH'S STORMY NIGHT. Or WILLOW DALE. C. M. Double.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Earth's stormy night will soon be o'er. The rag - ing wind shall cease; The Christian's bark will reach the shore Of heaven's e - ter - nal peace;
2. Earth's shadowy years will soon be o'er, Heaven's blissful morn a - rise, And sor - row's night will then no more O'er-cloud our weep-ing eyes.
3. The pre - cious jew - els Je - sus sent To be our sol - ace here, Were on - ly for a sea - son lent, They're shin-ing brighter there.
4. In that blest place no loved ones part, No mourning there, no sighs; For God himself will gen - tly wipe All sor - row from their eyes.

THE WELCOME HOME. C. M. Double, with Chorus.

ADAPTED TO A DOUBLE CHOIR, OR QUARTET. W. B. BRADBURY.

1st Cho. 1. How sweet will be the wel - come home When this short life is o'er, When pain and sor - row, care and grief Shall dwell with us no more.
2d Cho. 1. When we that bright and heavenly land, With spir - it eyes shall see, And join the ho - ly an - gel band In praise, dear Lord, of thee.

1st Cho. 2. Lord, grant my frail and way - ward bark, May an - chor sure and fast, Be - side the shin - ing gates of pearl, Where I may rest at last!
2d Cho. 2. When once within, my soul shall know No hun - ger, thirst, or pain; No sick - ness, sor - row, care or death Shall vis - it me a - gain!
1st Cho. 3. O may I live, while here be - low, In view of that blest day, When God's bright an - gels shall come down To bear my soul a - way!
2d Cho. 3. When I shall walk the gol - den streets In gar-ments white and pure; And sing an end - less song to him Who made my soul se - cure!

FULL CHORUS.

The wel - come home, the wel - come home, The Chris-tian's wel- come, welcome home, The wel - come home, the wel - come home, The Christian's wel - come home.

The wel - come home, the wel - come home, The Chris-tian's wel -come home, The wel - come home, the wel - come home, The Christian's wel - come home.

wel-come home,

EARTH'S STORMY NIGHT. Concluded.

E'en now the dis - tant rays ap - pear, To chase the gloom of night; The Sun of Right-eous - ness is near, And ter - rors take their flight.
Then will the Lord of life and love Un - veil his beam-ing face; And nev - er from our sight re - move The bright ce - les - tial rays.

And we shall soon their love - ly forms In glo - rious robes be - hold; Shall sing with them in an - gel songs, With harps of shin - ing gold.
There ev - er - last - ing peace and joy, And trans-port shall be thine; Praise shall our ut - most powers em - ploy, In mel - o - dy di - vine.

(26th P. M.) O, WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS. 7s & 6s.

FROM THE "VESTRY HARP."

1. O, when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove, To drink the flowing foun - tains Of ev - er - last - ing love? When shall I be de -

2. But now I am a sol - dier My Captain's voice I hear, He gives me all my or - ders, And tells me not to fear; And if I hold out

- liv - ered From this vain world of sin, And with my bless-ed Je - sus Drink endless pleasures in?

faith - ful, A crown of life he'll give; And all his va - liant sol - diers E - ter-nal - ly shall live.

3. Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly —
I'll fly from sin and sorrow,
And bid them both adieu;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4. And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the war is ended,
You'll reign with him above.

SWEET LAND OF REST. C. M. D.

FROM THE "VESTRY HARP."

1. Sweet land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo - ment come, When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home:
And dwell with Christ at home. . . . . And dwell with Christ at home; When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home.

2. No tran - quil joys on earth I know, No peace - ful, shel - tering dome; This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home;
This world is not my home. . . . . This world is not my home; This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.

3. To Je - sus Christ I sought for rest, He bade me cease to roam; But fly for suc - cor to his breast And he'd con - duct me home;
And he'd con - duct me home. . . . And he'd con - duct me home; But fly for suc - cor to his breast And he'd con - duct me home.

4. Weary of wan - dering round and round This vale of sin and gloom, I long to leave th'unhal - lowed ground, And dwell with Christ at home;
And dwell with Christ at home. . . . . And dwell with Christ at home; I long to leave th'unhal - lowed ground, And dwell with Christ at home.

OLD FOLKS' DEPARTMENT.*

OLD DEVOTION. L. M.

D. READ. 1780.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morning light, by morning light, And talk of all thy truth by night.
2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mortal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, in tune be found, Like David's harp of sol - emn sound.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morning light, To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth by night.
2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mortal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp, of sol-emn sound.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing, To show thy love by morning light, To show thy love by mor - ning light, And talk of all thy truth by night.
2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mortal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da vid's harp, of sol-emn sound.

RUSSIA. L. M.

READ.

False are the men of high de - gree, The bas-er sort are van - i - ty; Laid in a bal-ance both appear Light as a puff of emp - ty air.

False are the men of high de - gree, The has-er sort are van - i - ty; Laid in a bal-ance both ap - pear Light as a puff of emp - ty air.

False are the men of high de - gree, The bas-er sort are van - i - ty; Laid in a bal-ance both appear Light as a puff of emp-ty air, Light as a puff of emp - ty air.

Laid in a balance, both appear Light as a puff of emp - - ty air, Light as a puff of emp - ty air.

** A number of the tunes in this department have been inserted to please the old people. The Harmony is bad.*

(9th P. M.)

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.

Fine. D. C.

1 { Sweet the mo-ments, rich in blessing, Which be-fore the cross I spend; }
{ Life and health, and peace pos-sess-ing From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend. } Love and grief my heart di-vid-ing, With my tears his feet I'll bathe:
D. C. Still in faith and hope a-bid-ing, Life de-riv-ing from his death.

(9th P. M.)

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head su-blime.
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy, Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way, From the cross the ra-diance streaming, Adds new lust-er to the day.
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and plea-sure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied; Peace is there, that knows no mea-sure, Joys that through all time a-bide.

(9th P. M.)

TURN TO THE LORD. 8s & 7s. Double.*

Arr. by S. J. Vail.

Fine. Chorus. D. C.

1. { Come, to Je-sus' in-vi-ta-tion, Now to mourning souls addressed; }
{ Why O why such he-si-ta-tion? Mourners, he will give you rest. } Turn to the Lord, and seek salva-tion, Sound the praise of his dear name
D. C. Glo-ry, hon-or, and sal-va-tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

D. C.

2 { Do ye fear your own un-fit-ness, Burdened as you are with sin; }
{ 'Tis the Holy Spir-it's wit-ness, Christ in-vites you, en-ter in. } Turn to the Lord, and seek salva-tion, Sound the praise of his dear name
D. C. Glo-ry, hon-or and sal-va-tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

* By omitting Chorus and using 2d verse.

CRANBROOK. S. M.

THOMAS CLARK.

1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear! Heaven with the echo shall resound, Heaven with the echo shall resound, And

2. Grace all the work shall crown, Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; It lays in heaven the topmost stone, It lays in heaven the topmost stone, And well deserves the

Heaven with the echo shall resound, Heaven with the echo shall resound, And

SILVER STREET. L. M. (With Coda.*)

I. SMITH.

all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth [shall hear.

praise, And well deserves the praise, And well deserves the praise.

all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth [shall hear.

1. Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing; Je - ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God.

2. He form'd the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their bound; The watery worlds are all his own,

Coda. *Tutti.* *Tutti.* *Slow.*

The u - ni - ver - sal King. Halle-lu-jah— Halle-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, Halle lu-jah, Praise ye the Lord.

Solo. *Solo.*

And all the so - lid ground. Praise ye the Lord, Halle-lu-jah—Praise ye the Lord, Halle -lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, Praise ye the Lord.

* This Coda may also be sung to Cranbrook.

DAY OF REST. S. M.

Arranged by H. P. Main

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And those re - joic - ing eyes, Wel-come to this re-
2. The King himself comes near, And feasts his peo - ple to - day, Here we may sit and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray, Here we may sit, and
3. One day in such a place, Where thou my God art seen, Is sweeter than ten thousand days Of pleas-ur-a-ble sin.
4. My willing soul would stay In such a frame as this And sit and sing herself a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss.

(2d P. M.)

GREENFIELD. L. P. M.

Edson.

1. I'll praise my Maker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler
2. Hap-py the man whose hopes rely On Israel's God; he made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their
powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mortal - i - ty en - dures.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or immortality en - dures.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or im-mor-tal-i - ty en - dures.
2. train. His truth forever stands secure; He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his promise vain, And none shall find his promise vain.

MAJESTY. C. M. Double.

1. These are the crowns that we shall wear, When all thy saints are crowned; These are the palms that we shall bear On yon - - der ho - ly ground. 2. These

3. That is the cit - y of the saints, Where we so soon shall stand, When we shall strike these des - ert-tents, And quit this des - ert-land. 4. Come,

are the robes, unsoiled and white, Which we shall then put on, When, foremost, 'mong the sons of light, We sit on yonder throne, When, foremost, 'mong the sons of light, We sit, &c.

crown and throne; come, robe and palm; Burst forth, glad stream of peace! Come, holy city of the Lamb! Rise, Sun of righteousness! Come, holy city of the Lamb, Rise, Sun, &c.

DEVIZES. C. M.

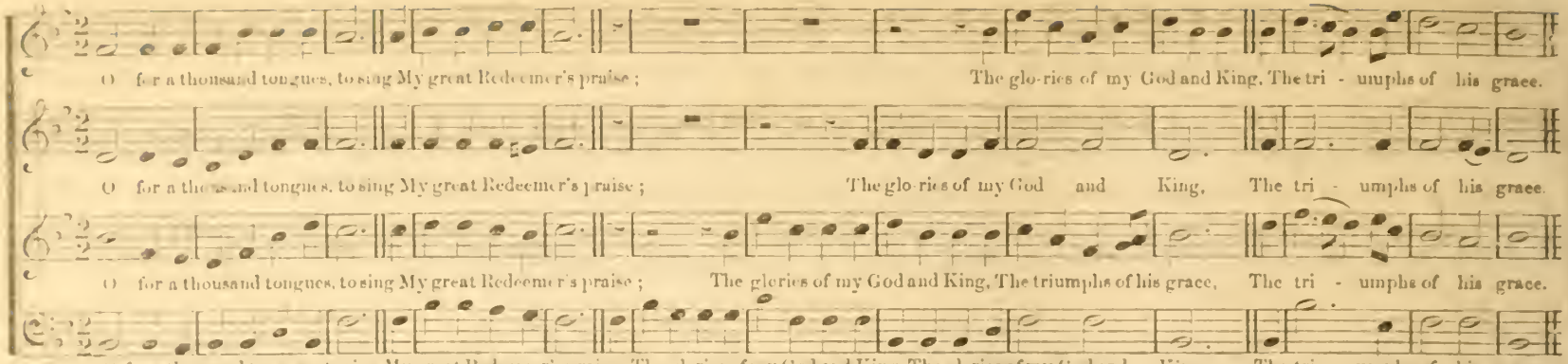
I. TUCKER.

1. I, in my flesh, shall see my God, When he on earth shall stand; I shall with all his saints as - cend To dwell at his right hand, To dwell at his right hand.

2. Then shall he wipe all tears a-way, And hush the ris - ing groan; And pains, and sighs, and griefs, and fears Shall ev-er be un-known, Shall ev - er be un-known.

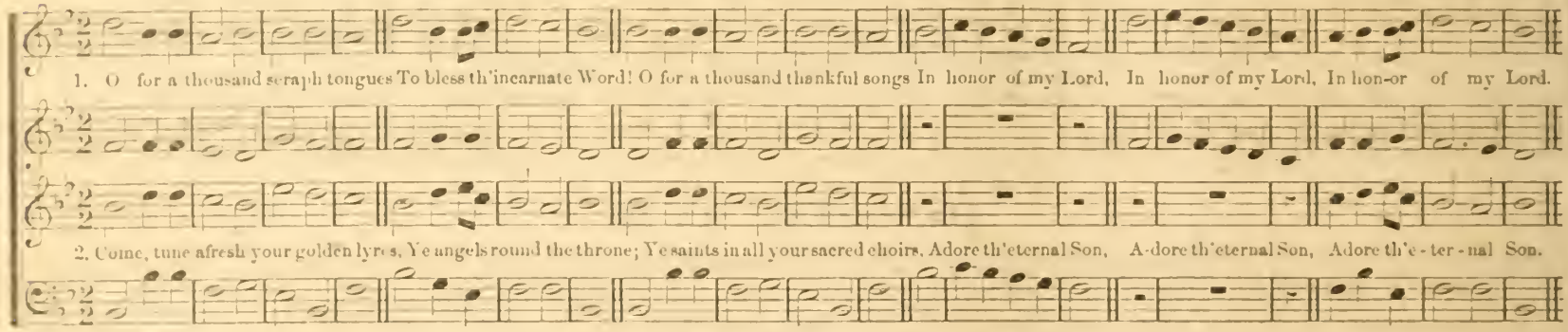
NORTHFIELD. C. M.

J. INGALLS.



CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

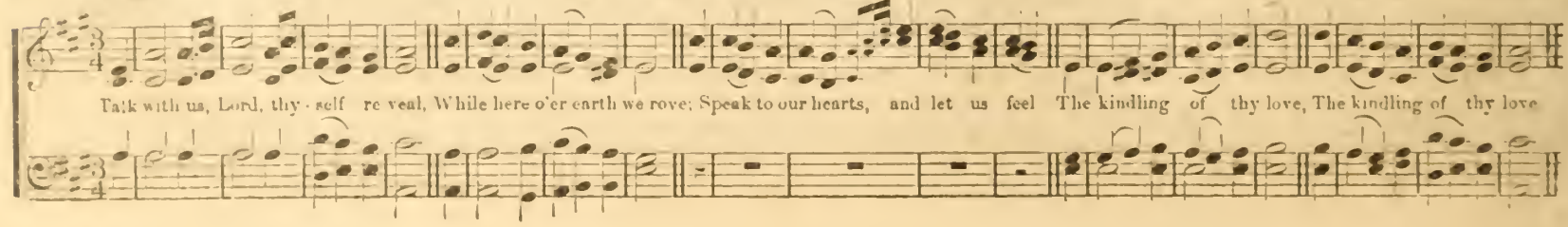
DR. RANDALL.



FIRM.

SWANWICK. C. M.

LUCAS.



MODERATO.

GENEVA. C. M.

JOHN COLE.

When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys, Transported with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys, Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys, Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys, Transported with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

MODERATO.

COLCHESTER. C. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

O 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say, "Up, Is - rael, to the tem - ple haste, And keep your fes - tal day."

OLD DOVER. C. M.

DANIEL READ, 1804.

1. O, could I find, from day to day, A near - ness to my God! Then should my hours glide sweet a - way, While lean - ing on his word.
2. Lord, I de - sire with thee to live A - new from day to day; In joys the world can nev - er give, Nor ev - er take a - way.
3. Blest Je - sus! come and rule my heart, And make me whol - ly thine, That I may nev - er more de - part, Nor grieve thy love di - vine.
4. Thus, till my last, ex - pir - ing breath, Thy good - ness I'll a - dore; And when my frame dis-solves in death, My soul shall love thee more.

EXHORTATION. C. M. (Old Folks' Tune.) HIBBARD.

2. On Jor - - dan's storm - y banks . . . I stand, And cast . . . a wish - ful eye

2. O the trans - port - ing, rapt - urous scene, That ris - - es to . . . my sight! Sweet

Sweet fields ar - ray'd in

To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie, ... Where my pos-ses - sions lie.

To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie, ...

fields ar-ray'd in liv - ing green, And rivers of de - light, Sweet fields array'd in liv - ing green, And rivers of de - light.

liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light, ...

MODERATO.

ST. JOHN'S. C. M.

Now shall my sol - emn vows . . . be paid To that al- might- y power, Who heard the long . . . re - quest I made, In my dis tress ful hour.

BLUE HILL. L. M. (Old Folks' Tune.)

1. E - ternal Power, whose high . . a - bode Becomes the gran-deur of a God:

4. Earth, from a - far, hath heard . . thy fame, And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;

In - fi - nite lengths But O, the glo-

In - fi - nite lengths be - yond the bounds But O! the glo - ries of thy mind

In - fi - nite lengths be-yond the bounds Where stars re - volve . . . . . their lit - tle rounds.

In - fi - nite lengths be - yond the bounds Where stars re - volve their lit - tle rounds, Where stars re - volve . . . . . their lit - tle rounds.

be - yond the bounds Where stars re - volve their lit - tle rounds, Where stars . . . . re - volve . . . . . their lit - tle rounds.

- ries of thy mind Leave all our soar - ing thoughts behind, Leave all . . . our soar - - - - - - - ing thoughts be - hind.

Where stars re - volve their lit - tle rounds, ... Where stars . . . . . re - volve . . . . . their lit - tle rounds.

Leave all our soar - ing thoughts be - hind, ... Leave all . . . . . our soar - - - - - - - - - ing thoughts be - hind.

ROLLAND. L. M.

W. B. B. From "Choralist," by Permission.

1. O sacred day of peace and joy, Thy hours are ever dear to me; Neer may a sinful thought destroy, The holy calm I find in thee, The ho - ly calm I find in thee.

SUFFERING SAVIOUR. C. M.

1. A - las! and did my Sa - viour bleed? And did my Sov'-reign die? Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
*Chorus. O the Lamb, the lov - ing Lamb, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry! The Lamb that was slain, now lives a - gain, To in - ter-cede for me.

2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When Christ, the migh-ty Mak - er, died, For man, the crea - ture's sin.

* The Chorus may be used or omitted, *ad libitum*.

FOREST. L. M.

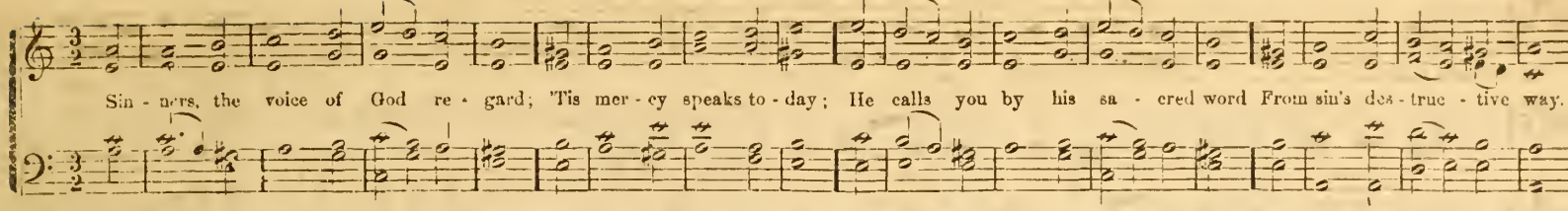
CHAPIN.

1. Come, sinners, to the gos - pel feast; Let ev - ery soul be Je - sus' guest; Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bid - den all mankind.
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in - vi - ta - tion is to all:— Come all the world! come, sinner, thou! All things in Christ are read-y now.
3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed, Ye rest-less wan - d'rers af - ter rest; Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind, In Christ a hear - ty welcome find.

(15th P. M.)

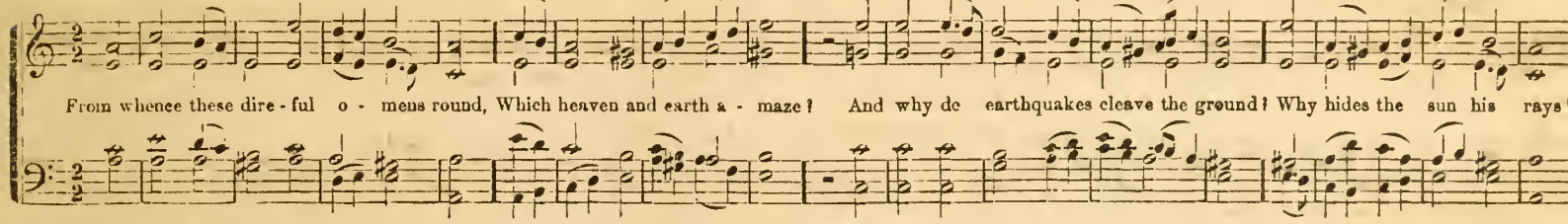
BELOVED. 11s & 8s.

1. Be joy - ful in God, all ye lands of the earth; O, serve him with gladness and fear; Exult in his presence with music and mirth, With love and devotion draw near.
2. Je - ho - vah is God, and Je-ho-vah a - lone, Crea - tor and Ru - ler o'er all; And we are his people; his sceptre we own; His sheep, and we fol-low his call.
3. O en - ter his gates with thanksgiving and song; Your vows in his temple proclaim; His praise in melodious accordance prolong, And bless his a - dor - a-ble name.
4. For good is the Lord, in ex - press-i-bly good, And we are the work of his hand; His mercy and truth from eter - ni-ty stood, And shall to e - ter - ni - ty stand.

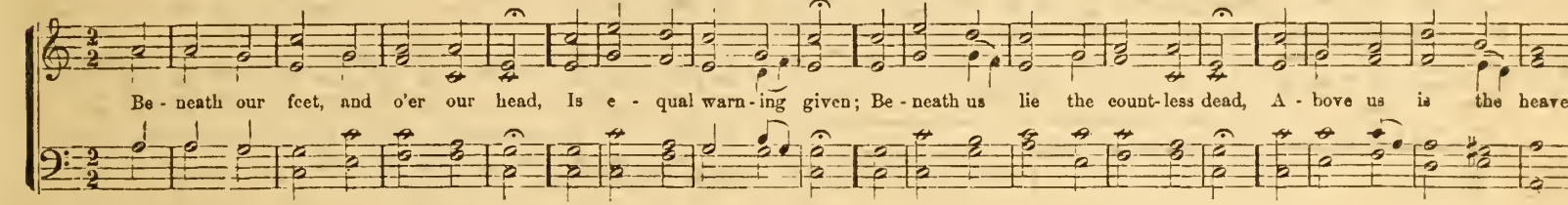


WALSAL. C. M.

Slow. English Tune.

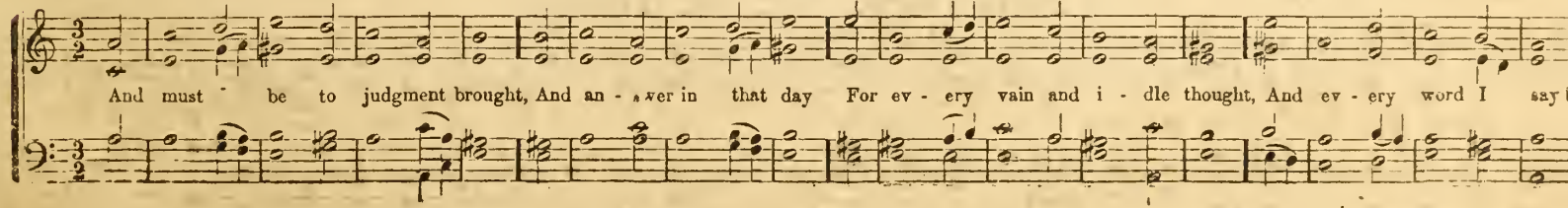


COLESHILL. C. M.



MALDEN. C. M.

TANSUR.



NEW DURHAM. C. M.

Hark, from the tombs a dole - ful sound, Mine ears at - tend the cry; Ye liv - ing men, come

Ye

Hark, from the tombs a dole - ful sound, Mine ears at - tend the cry; Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where

Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must short - ly

view the ground Where you must short - ly lie,..... Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must short - ly lie,

you must short - ly lie,..... Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must short ly lie.

lie,.....

BOSTON. C. M. Double.

BILLINGS.

The Lord of Sab - bath let us praise, In con - cert with the blest Who, joy - ful in har - mo - nious lays, Em - ploy an end - less rest.

From the third heaven where God resides, That ho - ly, hap-py place, The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, Adorned .....

The new Je -ru -sa -

From the third heaven where God resides, That ho - ly, hap-py place, The new Je - ru - salem comes down. A - dorned..... with

The new Je - ru- sa-lem comes down, A - dorned..... with shining grace,

..... with shin-ing grace, The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorned with shin- ing grace, A - dorned with shin - ing grace.

- lem comes down, A - dorned..... with shin - - ing grace,

shin - ing grace, The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorned with shin - ing grace, A - dorned with shin - ing grace.

The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorned with shin - ing grace.

BOSTON. Concluded.

Thus, Lord, while we re - mem-ber thee, We blest and pi - ous grow; By hymns of praise we learn to be Tri - umph-ant here be - low.

SHERBURNE. C. M.

READ

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - ry

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - ry shone a round, And

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - - - - - - - ry shone a-round. And

glo - - ry shone a round, And glo - - ry shone a - round, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

shone a-round, And glo - - - - - - - - - - ry shone a - round, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a - round.....

glo - - ry shone a - round, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - ry shone around, And glo - ry shone a - round.

glo - - - - - - - - ry shone a - round, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - ry shone a - round.....

BARBY. C. M.

MODERATO.

1. All praise to Him who dwells in bliss, Who made both day and night; Whose throne is in the vast a - byss Of un - cre - a - ted light
2. May we with calm and sweet re - pose, And heavenly thoughts refreshed, Our eye - lids with the morn un - close, And bless Thee, ev - er blest.

NEWBURGH. S. M.

Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his a-bode His most de-light-fu

He makes his churches, &c.

Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes his churches his abode, He makes his churches his a-bode, His most de-light-ful

He makes his churches his.... a - bode, He makes, &c.

seat. How beau-ti - ful they stand; The honors of our na - tive place, And bulwarks of our land, The honors of our na-tive place, And bulwarks of our land.

seat. How beauti - ful they stand, The honors of our na-tive place, And bulwarks of our land.

seat, Those temples of his grace, How beauti - ful they stand,

Sinner, can you hate the Saviour?

Now the Saviour stands a pleading At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now, in heaven he's interceding, Un - der-tak - ing sinners' part. } Sinners, can you hate the Saviour? Will you thrust him from your arms? Once he died for your behaviour, Now he calls you to his charms.

Spirited, but not too fast.

OLD DEVOTION. L. M.

Come, my be - lov - ed, haste a - way. Cut short the hours of thy de - lay, Fly like a youthful hart or roe, O - ver the hills where spi-ces grow.

Come, my be - lov - ed, haste a - way Cut short the hours of thy de - lay, Fly like a youthful hart or roe, O - ver the hills where spi-ces grow.

Come, my be - lov - ed, haste a - way, Cut short the hours of thy de - lay, Fly like a youthful hart or roe, O - ver the hills where spi-ces grow. Fly like a youthful

Fly like a youthful hart . . . or roe, O - - - - - - ver the hills where spices grow, O-ver the hills . . where spi - - ces grow.

Fly like a youthful hart or roe, Over the hills where spices grow, O - - - - - ver the hills where spices grow, O-ver the hills . . where spi - - ces grow.

hart or roe, Over the hills where spi - - - - ces grow, O - ver the hills where spi - - ces grow, O - - ver the hills . . where spi - - ces grow.

With Dignity.

WINCHELSEA. L. M

PRELUDE.

In-cumbent on the bending sky, The Lord descend-ed from on high; And bade the darkness of the pole Be - neath his feet tre - mend - ous roll

BRIMDALE. S. M. Double.

The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heaven-ly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.

Then let our songs a - bound, We're marching thro' E - manuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - ery tear be dry; We're marching, &c.

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

W. KNAPP.

1. Who shall as-cend thy heavenly place, Great God, and dwell be - fore thy face? The man who loves re - lig-ion now, And hum - bly walks with God be - low.

2. Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean; Whose lips still speak the thing they mean; No slanders dwell upon his tongue; He hates to do his neigh-bor wrong.

CEPHAS. L. M. Double.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. The spa-cious firm-a-ment on high, With all the blue e-the-real sky, And spangled heav'ns a shining frame, Their great O-rig-i-nal pro-claim.

2. Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And night-ly to the listening earth, Repeats the sto-ry of her birth.

cres. *f*

Th'unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre-a-tor's power dis-play, And pub-lish-es to ev-'ry land The work of an al-might-y hand.

While all the stars that round her burn, And all their plan-ets, in their turn, Con-firm their ti-dings, as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

(30th P. M.)

HENLEY. 11s & 10s.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is weary and distressed, Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father, Come unto me, and I will give you rest.
2. Ye who have mourn'd when the spring-flow'rs were taken, When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground, When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken, Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crown'd.
3. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim; Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling, Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
4. There, like an Eden, blossoming in gladness, Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed; Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness, Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

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